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The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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OUR COVER

● Look stunning on the ski slopes in this boldly patterned knitted sweater — and add a dash of color with the crocheted mod helmet. Instructions for making both are on page 12; for more ski styles to make, see this week's lift-out. Picture by Laurence Le Guay.

The Weekly Round

MR. WILLIAM P. KNOWLES, who tells how to "Breathe Well To Keep Well" (pages 20-23), looks some 20 years younger than his 74 years.

Sometimes called "Breather" Knowles, he said recently that he had taken 700 million breaths in his life, but only the last 400 million had been put to proper use.

Most people, he said, took 14 to 18 shallow breaths a minute. He now took only four deep ones a minute. If you follow his advice, fairly soon you should be taking only eight.

He has said: "When I was young, we used to breathe well because we worked hard."

"Men sawed wood, pitched hay, dug ditches. Women washed clothes by hand, scrubbed floors."

"Everyone walked a lot. Exercise wasn't something you took. It was something you got."

"Today all we do is sit. So now we must master the

art of breathing through changed habits."

And in his advice on how to breathe properly he gives a comprehensive and easy-to-follow series of exercises.

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Momma once said, "Don't university students attend classes any more? Pick up any newspaper or magazine and what do you see? University students marching up and down the street for hours and hours, all bearing signs. 'Don't do this, don't do that.' With all this marching, when do they get a chance to study?"

MOMMA'S MORAL:

"At one time a man sent his son off to university with a handshake and encouraging words. Today he tweaks the boy's beard and says, 'See you later, Demonstrator!'"



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AT YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 18, 1966

TEN YEARS MARRIED

The fairy-tale romance has become a happy family

By ANNE MATHESON, in London

● After ten years of marriage, Prince Rainier and Princess Grace of Monaco are taking their social life a little more sedately. In their assured position in international society, the limelight no longer beams mercilessly on them.

THEIR regal position still casts something of an aura about them when they move in a society that is still rather feudal.

Yet it is this love of old traditions, and a European society in which Princess Grace's life is entrenched, that has given the marriage its close-knit happiness.

Grace Kelly, beautiful Oscar Award-winning film star, would rather be Princess Grace, wife of the ruler of the tiny principality of Monaco, than queen it over Hollywood.

And when it came to the point she burned her boats and turned her back on Hollywood and Alfred Hitchcock, the man who made her a star, because "The people

of Monaco are very dear to my heart.

"I have obligations to them and I do not think they have the same feeling about films as in the United States," she explained when the dust of the battle of the film "Marnie" she was to have made four years ago had died down.

Although, Grace confessed, it was easier to be a movie star than a princess.

"As the wife of a head of State, I have constantly to remind myself I'm not an ordinary American citizen any longer, so not free to meddle in their politics," she explained.

Prince Rainier has more than once blessed his wife for not making her film career a problem.

"She has been sweet," he said, "and never bothered me about it. She knows I



have quite a bit on my plate."

On this mutual understanding, the undoubted happiness of Princess Grace and Prince Rainier has flourished.

Neither hesitates to say they are very happy indeed when asked. Both are quite explicit as to why their marriage has worked so well.

Understanding

"When I was acting, I wasn't a very happy person," says Grace.

"It isn't much fun to have success and no one to share it with. Now I have a very full and happy life."

Prince Rainier says, "Like every good marriage, ours is based on mutual understanding. Children bring a husband and wife closer and often cement the union."

He believes in a certain independence in marriage and thinks married people should not live too close to each other all the time.

But, above all, he placed "our love for each other" as the greatest single factor in their happiness.

"Of course," said the

Prince, "husbands and wives cannot always agree."

Grace endorses this.

"I am in favor of all Monte Carlo's old-fashioned charm," she says, "but the Prince puts more emphasis on modernisation."

Modernisation and Monte Carlo, which until their marriage ten years ago was just an antiquated playground for the diminishing ranks of international cafe society, is something they both feel so strongly about that it is the crux of the coolness between them and Greek millionaire Aristotle Onassis.

Rainier, as ruler of Monaco, has many troubles and his position is a cliff-hanging one.

The conflict with Onassis has been much publicised and Grace says the modernisation of the principality is behind it.

"We don't think he does enough for the development of Monte Carlo," she says when her Irish flares.

But in the modernisation of Monte Carlo Princess Grace wants it to remain elegant and a little old-fashioned.

"It isn't St. Tropez," she says.

Hard-working, well-disciplined Grace Kelly, whose icy coolness in looks covers a warm and generous heart, as any Monegasque will testify, made quite cer-

tain the marriage the world saw as little more than a "fairy-tale romance" would be as down-to-earth as any American could make it.

From the beginning, she began straightening up things around the palace; like seeing all the servants had tea or coffee breaks, morning and afternoon.

They had worked on a feudal system of no time off in a day that began at sunrise and went on long after sunset.

She soon straightened up her husband's ways and appearance. He used to stroll about the harbor in old clothes and rope-soled espadrilles, leaping on and off the various yachts with backslapping greetings.

Democracy

Princess Grace got Prince Rainier down to the hard work necessary to keep the tiny kingdom income-tax free and thriving.

They still have to rush back to Monaco from holidays at their country house as one crisis succeeds another in their troubled relations with France.

After her marriage, Princess Grace took over all the charities in Monaco and instituted many more.

She brought a breath of American democracy to schools and arranged scholarships for the children. She

● Ten years married last month, Princess Grace and Prince Rainier, who were guests at a charity ball in Seville, Spain, recently.

has just arranged a house for students in Rome.

Giving and taking has been the backbone of their marriage. Princess Grace was not a good sailor, so Prince Rainier reluctantly sold the Albeccarro, a yacht he had specially built.

"My wife has one fault, she is a worrier," Prince Rainier confessed, and he stopped deep skindiving because "Grace fears I may be caught in a rock or snag."

The poised and unflappable Princess Grace had a moment of fear which she quickly conquered for love of Monaco.

She went in front of television cameras and met the Press — for the first time since she gave up films — because she wanted to tell the world of Monaco's year-long centenary celebrations, which she and Prince Rainier were so ably charting.

For Princess Grace, the resplendent balls, the visiting ballet and theatre companies, the pageants and the fireworks, the old traditions being kept alive make her tenth year of marriage to "the Prince," as she always calls him, a very happy one.



● Family picture taken to mark the anniversary, with Prince Albert, 8, Princess Caroline, 9, Stephanie, 14 months.

Homes are equal to world's best

● "Denmark leads the world in housing today, but better-class Australian homes are equal to any I saw there or anywhere else in the world," says architect Mr. Nino Sydney.

MR. SYDNEY, chief architect for a Sydney construction company, has made a study of housing developments in 18 countries.

"Many new Australian houses resemble those being built in Denmark," he said. "Flat roofs, dark grey or charcoal roof tiles, cream or white-painted bricks, and exposed panels of timber were some similarities I noticed."

"A difference is our use of clinker and sandstock bricks, which is a good trend, as they give our houses a touch of individuality."

Mr. Sydney found very little brick being used in American houses.

"The most popular material is timber, faced with aluminium weatherboards. Bricks are used generally just for ornamentation, round the front door, for example. Roofs are mostly asbestos or wooden shingles or slates."

"Many houses on the American west coast and in Hawaii have attractive oriental roofs. But on the whole, I wasn't impressed by the external appearance of American domestic architecture."

"It looks old-fashioned and cluttered. There's a craze for traditional colonial designs, which to me are illogical in the second half of the 20th century. Architecture should express the times we live in."

EASY FINANCE IN AMERICA

"However, interiors of American houses are very comfortable and much larger than the average Australian home."

"Easy finance makes it possible for young couples to have one of these larger houses with every modern convenience from the start of their married life."

"The deposit on a \$U.S.20,000 house, for example, is only about \$1000—roughly 5 percent."

"They have more rooms and more storage space. They have amenities such as garbage-disposal unit, a dish-washing machine, a deep-freeze unit, even air-conditioning installed when the house is built."

"Two bathrooms are usual. The trend is toward



● Mr. Nino Sydney — he believes that prefabrication will cut housing costs in Australia.

a bathroom for each bedroom. A sewing-room for the wife and a workroom for the husband are also possible because of the easy finance.

"In addition to living- and dining-rooms, many American houses now have a cosy den with a fireplace."

"Also popular in some areas is the Florida room—an outdoor living-room incorporated into the basic design of the house—which would be ideal for Australian conditions."

"It is roofed, and completely screened with fine wire to keep out flies, moths, other insects. Some families even sleep in the Florida room on summer nights."

"An ever-increasing number of American houses also have a self-contained flatette, which provides a home for an elderly parent or a daughter and her husband during their first year of marriage, or bachelor quarters for a grown-up son, where he can study or entertain his friends."

Mr. Sydney found the best kitchens in Germany.

"I saw a wonderful exhibition of kitchens and bathrooms in Essen and was most impressed by their high-quality finish."

"Good features of the kitchen designs were cupboards fitted with adjustable shelves and work surfaces on two levels—one for standing, one for sitting."

"However, Australian housewives can feel happy about their kitchens. Generally they are of a very high standard."

Although Germany has the best kitchens, Denmark the best average quality housing, America the easiest housing finance, Australia has the highest percentage of people with homes.

SPACE LIMITED IN EUROPE

"Eighty-four percent of Australian families live in a house on a separate block of land," said Mr. Sydney. "This percentage is the highest in the world."

"In Europe, space is so limited that medium- and high-density developments are rapidly replacing houses."

"I saw huge blocks of flats in all the big cities, but in England, Denmark, Switzerland, and other European countries I also saw several charming, well-planned medium-density, mixed-development areas."

"They featured some individual houses, plus row houses, duplexes, and blocks of flats in garden settings."

"Eventually there must be more of this type of housing in Australia. A house is very pleasant, but one day people may have to choose between a flat five miles out or a house 50 miles out."

Mr. Sydney believes Australians are not likely to solve housing problems until

they catch up with the overseas trend of planning large residential areas and making much greater use of prefabrication building methods.

"Australian houses are built virtually one at a time with no regard as to how they will fit in with other houses in the area," he said.

By ENNIS HONEY

"When you buy a block of land and put a house on it, there's often nothing to stop someone else building on the block next door in such a way as to block your view or take away your privacy."

"Overall planning by experts is important to make a residential area a good place in which to live."

"The layout should be aesthetically pleasing. It should also be practical with shops and schools close by."

"The new township of Willingboro, New Jersey, is a good example of this overall planning."

"Erected by a private developer and designed by leading architects in consultation with engineers and landscape and color experts, it has 17,000 attractive homes, schools, a magnificent shopping centre, swimming-pool, and other amenities."

"This type of development can cut building costs considerably. So can prefabrication. Many people are inclined to think that prefabrication will result in poor-quality homes lacking individuality."

"Yet, they don't object to the fact that bricks, windows, doors, plaster boards, and other building materials have been prefabricated for years. It's not the prefabrication but the way the components are put together which is important."

In Hong Kong Mr. Sydney looked at the Government housing developments for the millions of refugees from Communist China.

"To house all these people, who were sleeping in the streets or under humpies of corrugated iron, the Government built huge blocks of flats eight storeys high, but without lifts."

"In these flats one room 16ft. x 11ft. accommodates six people. Water and toilets are at the end of the corridor on each floor. Cooking and washing are done on balconies."

- Soft pastels for autumn
- Plaid skirts for dining
- Hemlines still up, but only 2in. above knee
- Hair very short or very long, never in-between
- Scarves with everything



PARIS GOES PRETTY

-That's the report of Maggi Eckardt, who came out of retirement to model for the Paris spring collections

SOMBRE autumn tonings of brown and beige, usually identified with the sportive look, took on a pretty new pastel lift in the Paris spring collections, says top international model Maggi Eckardt.

Maggi, who turned her back on the glamor life she led in Europe as one of the world's most sought-after photographic models to marry a Melbourne-based diplomat 14 months ago, came out of retirement for three months last January to do the Paris collections.

She and her husband, M. Herve Hutter, spent a few days in Sydney recently with her mother, Mrs. F. Eckardt, of Drummoyne, on their way home to Toorak, Victoria, where Herve is commercial attaché with the French Trade Commission.

"We had planned to return to Paris for a holiday this year, anyway," said Maggi.

"So when my agency, Paris Planning, invited me to come for the collections, I couldn't resist the temptation of seeing and feeling all those superb clothes again."

Adored it!

Maggi left Australia by air soon after New Year. After brief stopovers in London and New York, she arrived in Paris on January 22 in time to join in the frenzied preparations for the fashion showings.

"I had barely set down my bags in my hotel," she said, "when I was whisked off to endless fittings and long photographic sessions, with everyone rushing about excitedly, working nine hours a day, seven days a week."

"I adored it, especially working with the new batch of clever young photographers who have appeared in Paris even in the 12 months I was away."

"One is Guy Bourdin, the darling of 'Vogue' editors. Aged 30, he is a talented artist as well as a photographer, and is noted for his wild, beautiful head shots."

Another is 28-year-old Jean Francois Jonvelle.

"He is quite brilliant," said Maggi, "and refuses to work with girls who 'pose.' The

● Romantic crepe evening gown by Nina Ricci is typical of the trend Maggi showed during the Paris spring collections. Note the gown's soft, flowing lines.

model must be herself, only, in front of his camera."

The results of Maggi's work will be seen soon in French and American "Vogue," "Harper's Bazaar," "Femme Chic," "L'Officiel," and "Jardin des Modes."

"Many of the shots were done on exciting locations," said Maggi.

"The job I enjoyed most was for French 'Vogue.' We spent ten days shooting for an 18-page spread in Malaga, on the Costa del Sol, Spain."

For "Harper's Bazaar," Maggi travelled to Switzerland three times and agreed to have her black hair cut into a short, small-head style by famous Alexandre of Paris.

"Alexandre was working with the fashion editor, an exotic half-Portuguese, half-Indo-Chinese girl called China, once a top model. Together they would pore over his book of 20 'ready-

to-wear' hairstyles while we were having fittings."

Having chosen the most appropriate hairstyle for each garment, Alexandre would either cut and set the model's hair or produce a suitable wig.

"I was to be featured in a short St. Laurent cocktail dress, beaded in navy-and-white sailor-look stripes," said Maggi.

"For this they decided my hair must be chopped to a short, little-boy style. At first I was dismayed, but it was a great success, and I can still have long hair when I feel like it with the use of hair-pieces."

Maggi said one of the most interesting factors to emerge from the collections was the bright, new adaptation of the country, sportive look.

"The French are inclined to become lazy about evening wear—except when it is really formal—and they have cunningly thought up a way to wear day clothes through to after-five," she said.

"For instance, plaid skirts, once worn only for a country drive or a polo match, can now be seen in all the Paris bistros at the dining hour."

"The reason is very simple. The skirts have taken on a new magic in gay pinks and pastel blues and greens in place of the classic autumn colors. When the French women wear them with a matching fine-knit

jumper-top and pastel nylons, they feel more alluring than ever."

Maggi said that hemlines were still up in Paris, but not in the exaggerated mini-skirt London manner. She rarely saw hems more than two inches above the knee.

According to Maggi, the most elegant girls in Paris are wearing:

- Very short or very long hair, never in-between.
- Low-heeled, chunky shoes, in crepe or a soft fabric for evening, striped, in florals, or checked for day, matched to stockings and dress for a one-color look.
- Lots of glaring, bright plastic jewellery to go with the new plastic disc dresses.
- Colored scarves with everything from suits to chiffons matched to formal evening gowns. They are worn as a head-scarf, in pockets, tied to handbags or



● Maggi and her husband, M. Herve Hutter, in Sydney on their way home to Toorak, Vic.

yellow (whatever color you'd like the day to be!) instead of sunglasses.

● Briefer-than-ever bikinis, worn to the beach with long, elegant, see-through lace dresses, and dress-up earrings.

● Handbags so small they fit only the bare necessities — comb, lipstick, and mirror; no bulging carry-alls.

● Stockings never skin-colored, always pastel to match an outfit, and often spotted. Just for fun, there are seasonal stockings with, for example, leaf motifs for autumn.

● Beautifully cut suits with slightly flared, uncluttered skirts, and short, little-boy jackets.

Apart from the new sportive look, Maggi says Parisians are having great fun being "amusing" for cocktail wear.

"The idea is to have a plain fabric, such as shocking-pink or orange crepe, and see how mad you can make it, with slit-sides, holes around the waist, cut-in sleeves, or a crazy halter-neck," she said.

For normal wear, Maggi says the accent is on soft, filmy muslins, in stripes and paisleys, with romantic, flowing lines. White organza is smocked in a little-girl manner; crepe falls to the ground in flowing pleats.

One of Maggi's treasured souvenirs is an evening gown of finely beaded mauve-an-l-pink muslin, which she found in a favorite boutique. The gown was made in 1900!

Fascinating

"It is a fascinating shop," said Maggi. "They specialise in finding and restoring old clothes to their former beauty, rather like the way people take pride in restoring old houses."

Maggi also bought a black cotton nightdress, finely embroidered and monogrammed, reputed to have belonged to a Spanish princess. It is nearly 70 years old.

Maggi was met in Paris by her husband in March. Before returning to Australia they spent a month with his parents, M. and Mme F. Hutter, at their homes in Marseilles, Aix-en-Provence, and Nimes.

"The Hutters have a magnificent vineyard in Nimes," said Maggi. "They even have bullfights, but, unfortunately, we missed the big one they have every Easter by a day."



● Short "little-boy" haircut for Maggi by famous hairdresser Alexandre of Paris. The suit, simple, perfectly tailored, is by Lanvin.

By MARY ELLEN JOHNSON

VISCOUNT

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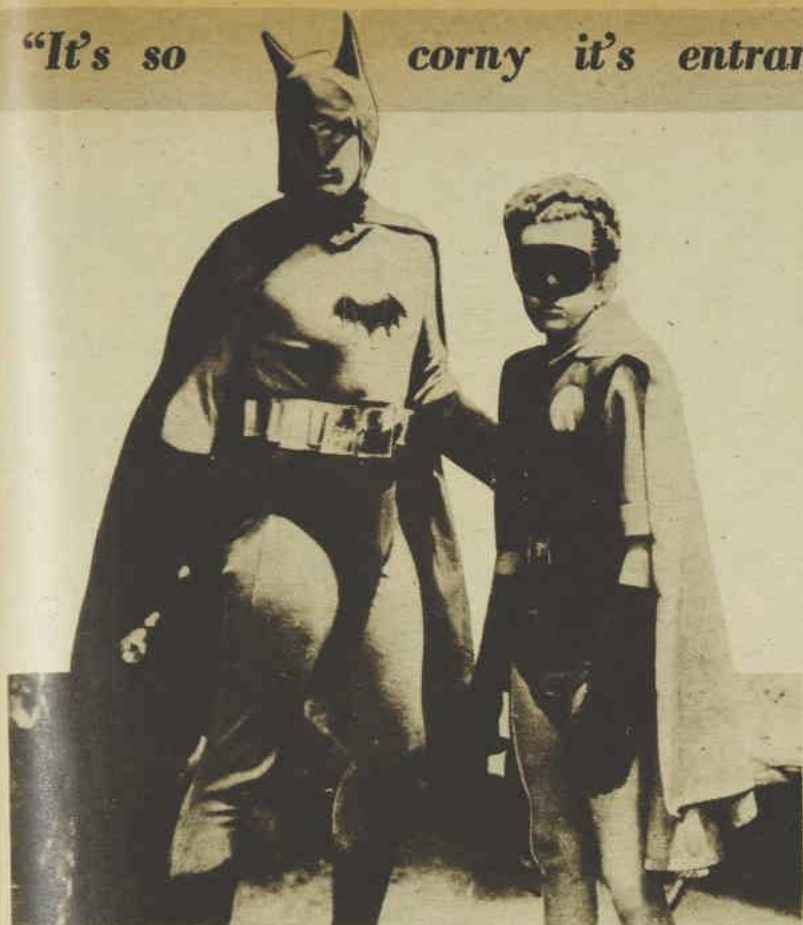


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"It's so corny it's entrancing, so old-fashioned it's new."



RETURN OF THE MIGHTY BATMAN

By JACKIE LEE LEWES

● With the screening of "Batman" at Sydney's Capitol Theatre from May 20, teenagers of the 1930s and '40s will get a nostalgic look at the past, and today's generation could be caught up in "Batmania"—a cult sweeping America.

THE "GOODIES": Batman (played by Lewis Wilson) and his able young assistant, Robin (Douglas Croft), in the disguise they wear when combating the forces of evil. No one guesses their identities.

LONG, long ago — before television — many of the mothers and fathers of today's teenagers had a Saturday afternoon date each week at the local picture theatre.

There they sat, munching popcorn, sipping orange squash, their eyes glued to the screen, watching Batman, the noble and fearless crime fighter, performing incredible feats of daring.

At the end of each episode they were left wondering: would the hero foil yet another dastardly attempt by the enemy to eliminate him?

The answer sent them hurrying back to "the pictures" week after week.

Corny? Of course. But so corny that when Columbia Pictures dug out 15 episodes of the vintage serial from the bottom of their film files and strung them together to make a mammoth 248-minute movie, the result entranced young, and not so young, Americans.

"Batmania" started in America last year.

The revival has been attributed to many sources: to an American university which screened the old serials for their students; to the Chicago Playboy Club, which showed one serial to its members, then ran the lot when it turned out to be a huge success; and to the cellar coffee lounges which are always on the lookout for "pop" entertainment.

Indirectly responsible for the revival were pop artists such as Andy Warhol and Roy Lichtenstein, who had

started exhibiting paintings of old-time comic strips along with soup-cans and hot-dogs.

Other artists began looking for more specimens of what America currently calls "camp"—something so absurdly old-fashioned that it's new.

"Batman" was an obvious choice. It WAS square, it WAS different. It was a change from the Bond-type movies of slick sophistication and gimmickry.

"Batman" offered a more rough-and-tumble entertainment, where audiences could boo the "baddies" and cheer the "goodies." It offered audience participation at an uninhibited level.

Next television jumped on the bandwagon and made a new series of Bat adventures.

In some quarters they were an instant success. Others felt that the TV producers had tried too hard, that the 1966 version was too contrived, and lacked the appeal of the unintentional.

But wherever its rebirth, "Batman" is back in its vintage glory, with fashions of the '40s, diabolical plots, and melodramatic dialogue.

Playboy hero

Recently I attended a special preview of the "Batman" film in Sydney.

The 15 episodes of the original dialogue had such sub-titles as "The Poison Peril," "The Mark of the Zombies," and "Embers of Evil."

Batman is a playboy named Bruce Wayne living in a mausoleum-type mansion with his young ward, Dick Grayson, and a more-British - than - the - British butler, Alfred.



THE "BADDIES": Dr. Dakar (played by J. Carrol Naish), flanked by two of his henchmen, holds a menacing radium gun in this scene from the adventure film "Batman." The film, which comprises 15 episodes of an old-time serial, runs for 248 minutes.

On the surface, Bruce is a good-for-nothing, rich young man who squanders his money.

Only the butler knows that Bruce is really Batman, and Dick (as Robin) is his off-sider—and a good boy to have around when the chips are down.

Together they are vigilantes against all forms of evil.

Instead of bats in the belfry, they have bats in the cellar, called, appropriately, Bat Cave.

A hidden door in a grandfather clock leads to this catacomb of laboratories, filled with crime-fighting equipment and Bond-like surprises.

It is a handy place to leave a captured "baddie" who is reluctant to talk—it would

be a strong man who could hold out when confronted by a roomful of greedy vampires at feeding time!

Throughout the film, Batman and Robin change into their Superman-type disguises.

The story tells about a takeover bid by an organisation in Tokyo which plans to rule the world. (Don't they all!)

Horror train

Head of the "agency" in the United States is a sinister-looking gentleman named Dr. Dakar—"humble servant of His Majesty Hirohito, Heavenly Ruler and Prince of the Rising Sun."

His headquarters are deep in the tunnels of a sideshow horror train, in the heart of Chinatown.

The audience, including me, got with it.

We winced as Batman and Robin crashed through windows (the pair are devils for punishment: they seldom take the easy way out by unlatching windows and climbing through unscathed); we gasped when Batman was tossed from the top floor of a multi-storeyed building, thrown down lift-wells, crashed over cliffs in burning cars, had gangplanks dropped on him, was caught in a mine cave-in, and blown up by dynamite.

Batman (need I say?) proved indestructible.

Even the theatre itself seemed to smirk as Dr. Dakar's henchman reported back—in each episode—that this time Batman was dead for sure.

We, the audience, knew better. We knew he was still lurking somewhere ready to do battle, pitting his wits and fists against the forces of evil.

At times the dialogue, unintentionally, has the absurdity of goon-like humor.

There are such gems as: "Smith? It sounds like a phony name"; Batman to Robin during high-speed chase after crooks: "I think they're trying to lose us"; kidnapped engineer as he is being trussed up by Dr. Dakar: "If this is part of the show, it isn't funny."

Lines, and there were many like these, were delivered with deadpan faces and brought guffaws from the audience.

Even Linda ...

There was a glorious moment, during another high-speed chase, when one gangster said: "I think there's a car following us, Hank. Step on it." And from the audience came a voice: "Yeah, step on that car, Hank!"

In true comic-strip tradition, the identities of Batman and Robin are never guessed.

Even Batman's girlfriend, Linda, doesn't wake up, although their costumes—well, see the picture at top of the page.

Bruce Wayne and Dick Grayson always manage to disappear out one door, and Batman and Robin come crashing through a window seconds later.

But still no one guesses who they are.

After the screening of "Batman" in Sydney, it will have preview screenings in other States.

Ayr: The small town with a big heart

It rallied to help a young family, including new-born triplets, shattered by the death of a battler father.



● Meal for three in the Ayr home their father, Bob Thompson, had worked so hard for. Below: Television for four — the set was paid off.



● The sugar town of Ayr, on the broad Burdekin in North Queensland, is small — population 8500 — but it has a big heart, as its inhabitants proved when tragedy overwhelmed a young family on the very crest of a wave of hope and happiness.

FROM the day his wife, Fay, 27, had presented him with boy triplets — March 27 — in Ayr General Hospital, joy rode daily with laborer Bobby Thompson at the wheel of the truck which he recently had bought in the hope of bettering himself.

Twins (as everybody thought) were on the way, and one at least, Bobby had prayed, would be a son.

They already had three daughters: Lynette Anne, who'd be nine on June 1; Diane Faye, eight on May 30; and Karen Maree, to turn five on April 23.

Now here he was, blessed with three sons no less, and what plans he was making to cope with his suddenly doubled family!

There was the full-width veranda of their old, plain, wood-and-iron corner house on Mackenzie and Coronation Streets near the middle of town. He would enclose that and fit louvres front and sides to make extra sleeping accommodation.

A fence was needed front and side, to keep the toddlers from straying on to the intersection. There was the painting of the house to

finish, a do-it-yourself job he'd begun.

Then there were the renovations throughout — lining the walls, fixing ill-fitting doors and windows, a hundred and one things.

Above all, there was the battle to make a bob. Only two weeks earlier, Bob had been laid off by the council.

But it was the truck, a seven-cubic-yard job, that his hopes rode on. Working for wages, an unskilled man — hell, a man would never give his kids the best on wages.

With sweat!

No, he must start up on his own. With luck a man might gross seventy quid a week, working that truck, for the council, for local merchants, for farmers and graziers.

With luck. With sweat. Certainly he should match the good money he'd made cane-cutting last season, before he had given up that strenuous work on medical advice.

● Thus Bobby Thompson, on April 1, 1966 . . . aged 34, born and raised in Ayr, lean, wiry, medium-height, good husband, fond father, well liked by his mates and

neighbors, known as a good bloke, the reliable, quiet, ordinary, decent sort, whose money went not on horses or booze (though he liked a beer, and had it when he felt like it) but on his home and family . . .

● Thus Bobby Thompson, battler . . . ("I gave him credit on some gear he needed," recalled Ian Gibson, auto company executive. "We wouldn't normally, for a man in his position. But he'd be okay; you could tell.") . . .

● Thus Bobby Thompson, proud father for the fourth-fifth-sixth time all at once . . . with his heart glad, faith in himself, head full of plans, happy and thankful that his wife was well and strong, that the babies were dandy ("They look just like him," his wife averred) . . .

● Thus Bobby Thompson . . . who, on this, the fifth day after his three sons were born, dropped dead.

Just like that.

There was no workers' compo. There was \$48 in his bank account. There was \$6 in his wife's purse. There was no insurance.

Not that he had been improvident. Quite the con-

Story and pictures by LARRY FOLEY

trary. But that's the way life is for the independent battler. There are never any frills, never any fringe benefits, never any cushions against disaster, never enough for the rainy day.

Early in their marriage, Bobby had given up his insurance policy, retaining only his wife's. They couldn't spare the cash for two lots of premiums.

They had lived at first in Bowen, her hometown, where she had been a waitress — her first and only job.

In Bowen, Bobby had built their house himself. They sold it when he took a job as caretaker at Bowen Aerodrome, which had a caretaker's cottage. Two years ago, he decided to move back to Ayr, where there was work in bulldozing, as new lands were being cleared in the sugar expansion program. He borrowed to make the move.

In Ayr, houses for rent were few, and No. 76 Mackenzie Street was for sale at \$3000 — deposit \$1000.

Bit of a bomb, but . . . Bobby borrowed \$200 as a down — payment; it was accepted.

Now to raise the rest of the deposit as soon as possible. Bobby slaved. Anything to make a bob. He saved



● Mrs. Fay Thompson with her three older children, Karen Maree, 5, Lynette Anne, nearly 9, and Diane Faye, nearly 8. At left she hangs out the washing. The truck her husband was buying is in the background.

\$800 in six months. He paid off another \$200 on the house in the following month. \$1800 to go. He was over the hump. Now it was just a matter of paying off the rest at \$10 a week.

At his death, Bobby had paid \$2090 on the house. With interest, there was \$1200 still due.

There was a washing-machine. It was almost paid off. There were payments due on the fridge. But the television set was paid off.

And there was the truck! Bobby had got it for \$2200, with his small sedan as a trade, and there was still \$500 to pay.

He had borrowed \$120 on his wife's insurance; repayment was due this year.

In short, Bobby, in two years starting from behind scratch (owing the money to finance the move from Bowen), had more than half-bought a house, more than half-bought a truck to make a living with, had very decently furnished and equipped the house, and made a good home for his wife and three little girls.

"I think it's terrific, what Bobby's done," Fay told me in her kitchen on April 15. "He hasn't stopped since we came up here, working and saving. He was just coming on real good, too."

Her tribute to Bobby was echoed by schoolteacher Jack Short, who on looking

into the family finances exclaimed: "He must have been a terrific worker!"

But there it was: Fay Thompson (nee Walding, of Bowen), widowed at 27, three little daughters, three new-born sons, \$54 to her name, \$1200 owing on the house, more owing on the fridge and washing-machine, \$500 on a big, useless truck.

What do you do? You give. Help, food, money, clothes. Kind words, if nothing else.

Ayr gave. Much of all these, and more. Two men kicked it off. First thing the day after Bobby died they called at the house, where Fay's mother, up from Bowen, was looking after things during the confinement. The two blokes left \$10 each; not their names. Just the cash.

Council employees started a fund. Apex, Lions, Rotary, Country Women's Association, Catholic Daughters of Australia—the organisations went into action. Local firms donated. A baby-food firm offered six months' milk products for the babies and, at the appropriate time, a supply of strained foods.

The drive—in theatre manager threw a record hop and barbecue to raise funds. Editor George Gibbs played it all big in his "Advocate." The ripples spread out.

From Townsville came a pram big enough for three. From Brisbane, Judy Brown wrote: "I am only 15 so I

haven't any money—but I can make baby clothes . . ."

From Indooroopilly, Mr. B. C. Keogh, enclosing \$10, wrote: "A little over five years ago our triplets arrived and I do recall the chaos that involved, with four other children—but at least there was a father."

Cash came in from all over the town: 50 cents, 67 cents, 90 cents, \$20, \$1, \$2—mostly ones and twos. It began to get out of hand.

A committee

So Shire Chairman Ernie Ford, cane-grower, called a public meeting for April 14. Twenty-seven attended—not a lot, but they represented just about every organisation in town. They formed a committee: Jack Short as president, Shire Clerk Keith Venables as secretary, Council cost clerk Merv Medley as treasurer; and members: solicitor Tom Bird, representing Apex; H. W. O'Brien (ALP); A. Shemlowski (Lions); I. Freshwater (Jaycees); Mrs. George Gibbs (Church of England Women's Guild); Mrs. H. Spottiswood (CWA); K. Hendricks; Mrs. Jack Short (CDA); N. Todd (Seventh Day Adventists).

The committee would register the Thompson Fund Appeal under the Charitable Organisations Act. As a minimum target, the committee set itself to (a) clear any liabilities on the Thompson home and furniture, (b)

extend the house to fit the increased family, (c) establish a trust fund to assist in rearing and educating the triplets.

Meanwhile, fund-raising activities had sprung up all over town—street stalls, stocked with home-made goodies; record hops; a variety concert; barbecues; morning teas; card parties. Collecting points were set up in business houses. By April 18 the fund total had reached \$1183.

A cot and mattress turned up at the house. Offers of housekeeping and nursing services came in.

The Jaycees undertook to complete the conversion of the veranda into sleeping accommodation. Parcels of baby clothing arrived. Bowen "Sallies" sent a parcel of clothing for Fay.

When I called at her home, Fay was still somewhat overwhelmed.

"I hadn't really known what the people were like here," she said. "I've only been here two years, and what with the kids and the house, I hadn't got around at all, I didn't know a soul, just neighbors and the shop."

"When I came out of hospital I thought I'd just have to sell everything. I don't know what I'd have done. I didn't know what to do about the payments and the debts and so on. Bobby always handled them all."

"But I did so want to

Sons he had prayed for



● Mrs. Thompson cuddles Robert while his triplet brothers, Harold and Douglas, rest in their humidicribs in Ayr General Hospital.



● Blue-uniformed Diane and Lynette leave for school, farewelled by their mother and Karen. Bob Thompson had planned to enclose the veranda. Now the Jaycees will complete it.

keep the house. Bobby's put so much into it."

It was a busy household the day I called. Fay's mother had gone home—Dad, a retired laborer, was not the best—and Fay's sister, Mrs. Betty Hobbell, who lives in Bowen, had come up, with the two youngest of her three (Jeffrey, 3, and Katherine, 10 months). But the place was spotless; the lino shone.

Fay fed her three their lunch, hurried the two older ones back to school, then went to the hospital to see her triplets.

They had come quickly and easily, she said. "No trouble at all, only eight minutes apart. After the first two, I thought that was all, and I kept saying, 'Hurry

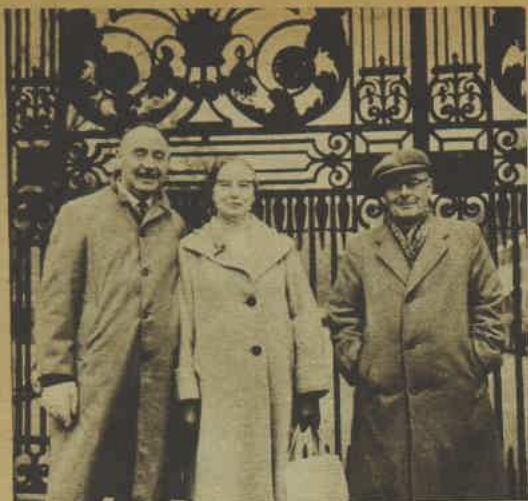
up, somebody go and tell Bobby.' He was home. He was so pleased he woke the neighbors to tell them. It was late and they were in bed."

They named the triplets Robert Wayne (4lb. 8oz.), Harold James (3.14), and Douglas William (4.6).

Harold and Douglas were still in their humidicribs. Fay was permitted to cuddle Robert.

Back at the house, over afternoon tea, Fay said: "There's his truck sitting out the back, it's just as if he was away on a fishing trip, like he sometimes does. The two older girls know, but the little one doesn't; I don't think she does, at least."

And she wept. Just a little.



REUNION after 43 years for Mr. G. A. Barringer (left), of Brisbane, and his sister, Mrs. S. Shelldrake, of Suffolk, England. At right is Mrs. Shelldrake's husband. Picture was taken at the gates of Edinburgh Castle. Mr. and Mrs. Shelldrake joined Mr. and Mrs. Barringer on the tour of Scotland.

SCOTLAND FOR EVER

(but oh those luscious scones!)

From JOYCE BOWDEN, staff representative on our World Discovery Tour, 1966

AFTER our Continental tour, and two days' rest in London, we set off northward to Scotland on a snowy morning.

From Buxton, in Derbyshire, where we spent the first night, we travelled to Lockerbie in Scotland, stopping at Gretna Green to see the blacksmith's shop which was once the setting for runaway marriages.

Here, two of our party, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hecker, of Maryborough, Queensland, took the roles of bride and bridegroom in a mock wedding. Although the Heckers are grandparents, the bridegroom looked a little nervous!

Our stay at Lockerbie House Hotel, a lovely old house set in green lawns where sheep grazed, was like a country holiday. The atmosphere, plus a delicious meal, made all our travellers feel relaxed. Many of them voted Scotland the best part of the trip so far.

I wondered how the sheep (Cheviot breed) managed to escape footrot in such boggy ground. When I was told that they wore little rubber boots, manufactured by a rubber company and fitted by shepherds, I thought it was a tall story. But I was assured it was correct.

Reluctantly leaving Lockerbie, we headed for Edinburgh, stopping for lunch and one of those enormous Scottish afternoon teas.

Cakes and scones disappeared amid complaints about waistlines.

In Edinburgh I realised why my forebears had left for warmer climes, but the cold weather didn't prevent us from enjoying our sight-seeing.

On the first day we visited the Forth Bridge and toured the Trossachs. Next morning

we saw Edinburgh Castle, St. Giles' Cathedral, and Holyrood, where we were lucky to have the head warden, James Sinclair, act as our guide.

The trip to Scotland was particularly happy for Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Barringer, of Brisbane, who, before leaving Australia, had arranged that Mr. Barringer's sister, Mrs. S. Shelldrake, and her husband join the tour.

The Sheldrakes live in Suffolk, and Mr. Barringer had not seen his sister for 43 years.

Mr. Barringer came to Australia at the age of 17 under a boy immigrant scheme. He was apprenticed to a farmer for 8/- a week, half of which had to be returned to the Government to help pay for his passage.

As we travelled back from Edinburgh toward the border, our courier-driver asked farmers on our bus whether they would like a photograph of some "Beattie highland cattle." We knew what he meant when we saw the shaggy animals with long hair falling over their eyes.

At Coldstream, the border town in which the second regiment of Household Guards, the Coldstream Guards, was first recruited in 1660 by General George Monck, we stayed at the Newcastle Arms Hotel.

The proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Low, had a special welcome for us because they had not long returned from Australia. Mrs. Low was born in Goulburn, N.S.W.

After a night at the historic city of York we returned to London for our free fortnight. Some were bound for short tours; others intended to visit relatives or sightsee in London.

On May 14 we will all meet again aboard the Oriana bound for home.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By
Mollie Lyons

HOW nice it has been to see Lady Sybil Phipps in Sydney again on a visit from her home in Westbury, Wiltshire, England, to her daughter, Mrs. Philip Parbury, and her family at Woollahra.

During her stay Lady Sybil has visited Queensland, Tasmania, and different parts of New South Wales, meeting and staying with many of her old friends.

She arrived in February and is due to leave by air on May 12.

I KNEW American guest-of-honor for Coral Sea Week, Vice-Admiral Paul H. Ramsey, had a crowded schedule during his visit to Sydney, but just how crowded I didn't know until I spoke with his public-affairs officer, Commander Oxedine, at the Coral Sea Luncheon, who told me the Admiral was so pressed for time that between engagements he had to do a quick change of uniform in the back of the car en route from the wreath-laying ceremony to the luncheon.

MOST elegant woman among the 300 at a luncheon this week was Mrs. R. W. Askin, wife of our Premier, whose chic black fox hat matched the collar of her elegant hip-length leopard-skin coat. Her dress and accessories were in black.

AND, on the subject of fashion, I heard from London this week from an Australian lass that bright purple shirts and mustard hipster pants are so IN for males over there. "However," she writes, "I'm sure the Australian male just wouldn't be seen dead in them."

BLUE ribbon award this week to Mrs. Ronald Farquharson for the luncheon she arranged at her home on May 11 after reading a Save the Children Fund pamphlet and deciding this would be her "effort." She has asked sixty people, who, as well as partaking of chicken and champagne, will see an exhibition of those delightful children's portraits by Dawn Anderson.

LATEST fund-raising idea thought up by the Crown Street Hospital Committee is a Literary Luncheon. (Do you remember, they were offered \$10,000 by an anonymous donor if they could raise the same amount by themselves by the end of the year?) Three authors — Pat Flower, Carol Odell, and Olaf Ruhen — have been asked to speak at the luncheon on May 18 in the St. James' Hall in Phillip Street, and they'll also autograph copies of their latest books. The committee is hoping that business girls (and boys) will turn up in force for the lunch.

MRS. EDMUND BUCKLEY tells me that her daughter June has planned her wedding with Raymond Hatton on May 14 so her sister, Elizabeth, can be bridesmaid before she leaves on June 4 for a five-month trip to England, Europe, and the United States. Elizabeth will be travelling with her cousin, Miss Meta Blood Smyth.



PREMIERE. Dr. and Mrs. Bob McInerney were among guests at the gala premiere of the film "The Spy Who Came in From the Cold," which marked the opening of the newly built Paramount Theatre.

ALSO off overseas soon is Rhonda Stewart, who leaves in the Orcades on May 12 for six months in England, Europe, and the United States. Rhonda, who has her pilot's licence, is particularly looking forward to visiting the Farnborough Air Display in England and the Ninety-Niners' (women pilots) Club in America, of which she is a member.

I LOVE the sound of the dear little character artist Pixie O'Harris and Mrs. Gavin Waite are creating as the symbol to be used by the American Women's Club this year while they are working for the Air Ambulance Appeal. It is to be called "Flaminy" and will be a cute little ambulance that always wanted to fly. It sounds fun and will feature prominently at the bazaar they are holding at "Craigend" in October.

NEWSY letter from Diana Williams tells of the marvellous time she is having in London, where she has now been working for more than a year. In one night she was lucky enough to meet composer Leonard Bernstein and his wife, Alicia, before going on to a small cocktail party, where she chatted with Princess Lee Radziwell and film star Leslie Caron. Di also tells of her latest hobby — brass-rubbing — which she is doing in old churches about the countryside. Her plans for the future include a two-week holiday in Majorca in June and a second visit to Ascot and the Garden Party.

DATE for your diary . . . the Grand Opening Night of the Ascot Theatre on May 12 arranged by the Spastic Centre Ladies' Committee. There's to be a champagne party and a floorshow after the film.

EXCITING time ahead for Lieutenant and Mrs. Robert Scott, who were married recently at All Saints' Church, Woollahra, and were in the throes of 'last-minute packing when we rang them. They were leaving by air the next day for a honeymoon in Acapulco, Mexico, and Bermuda, before going on to England, where they will make their home in Hampshire for the next year while Robert does a course at the Naval College in Portsmouth. Mrs. Scott was formerly Susan King.

A THREE-WEEK honeymoon in Fiji is planned by Jill Macnought and Michael Montague following their marriage at Riverview Chapel on May 30. Jill's bridesmaids will be her sister, Anne, Sue Rowe, Sally Callen, and Jennifer McCloskey. Pre-wedding parties will include a kitchen tea, which Sally will give on May 17, and a shower tea Jennifer is having on May 22. Jill and Michael will make their home on "Osterley," The Rock.



THREESOME. Mr. and Mrs. Bob Graham (left) with Mrs. Alexis Albert were also at the premiere, which was arranged by the Black and White committee for the Royal Blind Society. The Lieut.-Governor, Sir Kenneth Street, was present.



ART SHOW. Artist Paul Jones (at right) with Mrs. Jock Pagan and agricultural research officer Mr. John Natera, who came from Lae, New Guinea, to officially open a one-man exhibition by Mr. Jones of paintings inspired by a recent trip to New Guinea. The exhibition, at the Terry Clune Galleries, will remain open until June 3.



AT BALL. Visiting guests-of-honor for the Coral Sea Celebrations, Vice-Admiral Paul H. Ramsey and Mrs. Ramsey (left), with Major-General T. J. Daly, who is G.O.C. Eastern Command, and Mrs. Daly at the Coral Sea Victory Ball at the Trocadero, arranged by the ladies' committee of the Australian-American Association.



AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Spry after their marriage at St. Martin's Church, Killara, with their attendants (left to right), Mr. Norman Carlyon, the bride's sister, Miss Robin Henderson, Miss Wendy Rowe, Miss Jane Creighton, and her other sister, Miss Sally Henderson. The bride was Miss Kerry Henderson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Henderson, of Killara. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. Norman Spry, of Toorak, and Mrs. Marjorie Spry, of Toorak.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bragg leaving Christ Church, Hamilton, Victoria, after their marriage. The bride was Miss Georgina Clarke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Clarke, of "Devon Park," Dunkeld, Victoria. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Bragg, of "Rossdale," Aberdeen.



IN LONDON. Mr. and Mrs. Mark Burrell pictured outside Caxton Hall, London, after their marriage, with Australians Miss Virginia Osborne and Miss Camilla Madoe. The bride was Mrs. Margot Munro, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Westray Pearce, of Killara. The bridegroom is the younger son of Sir Walter and the Hon. Lady Burrell, of Knepp Castle, Sussex.



AT LEFT: Miss Janis Ekas (left), Mr. Graeme Lowe, and Miss Jeanette Crouch were among guests at the gala premiere of "Dr. Zhivago" arranged by the Golden Committee of the Royal N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Blind Children at the St. James Theatre. The Governor, Sir Roden Cutler, and Lady Cutler were the guests-of-honor.

NEXT WEEK:



Landscaping the Garden
BY ALLAN SEARLE

Planning a garden?
Wait till you see our
16-page lift-out

... it's a comprehensive guide, whether you're starting from bare earth, remodeling an old overgrown garden, or adding to a bushland setting.



Our new serial is unusual, combining crime and suspense with hilarious comedy — it's "The Busy Body," by Donald E. Westlake.

In color: beautiful waterbirds, photographed in Western Australia.



The family will love the SOUP (it's so hot and hearty) made from our souperb recipes!



You'll see news and views of Paris 1966 COAT FASHIONS — in color.

Crozzle Results

● Thirteen entries share the prize of \$500 for the top score in CROZZLE NO. 3. All had a total of 443 points.

● Forty entries share the \$500 for the next four highest scores, with total points of 442, 437, 436, and 435.

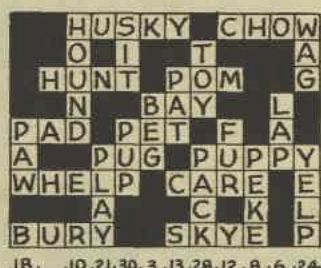
WINNERS sharing the top-score prize each receive \$38.46. They are:

D. W. Barber, 18 Menzies Ave., Brighton Beach, Vic. (3 shares); H. Gore, 804 Centre Rd., East Bentleigh, Vic. (2 shares); Mrs. J. Bielaj, 9 Kerin St., Moe, Vic. (2 shares); Mrs. D. H. Dun, M/S 54 Clarendale, via Ayr, Qld.; Mrs. J. Castner, 5/15 Foxton St., Indooroopilly, Qld.; J. W. Shannon, "The Checkers," Grenfell, N.S.W.; Mrs. I. V. Maunders, 51 South St., Manilla, N.S.W.; Mrs. J. S. Shannon, "Ballondean," Grenfell, N.S.W.; Miss M. Reynolds, 23 Cultowa Rd., Pymble, N.S.W.

Winners sharing the next four highest-scores prize each receive \$12.50. They are:

SCORE: 442 (11 entries)

Mrs. D. E. MacLeod, 76 Kareena Rd., Miranda, N.S.W. (7 shares); C. S. Timmins, 2 Addison Ave., Roseville, N.S.W. (2 shares); Mrs. R. D. Shaw, 6 Austin Cresc., St. Georges, S.A.; Mrs. M. Lyons, 21 Friend St., Edge Hill, Cairns, Qld.



18, 10, 21, 30, 3, 13, 20, 12, 0, 6, 24

TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS 173
PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED 270
MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY 443

● Prizewinning entry by D. W. Barber, redrawn by one of our artists for more satisfactory reproduction. Other winners had slight variations of this entry.

SCORE: 437 (23 entries)

Mrs. F. E. Nicholls, Mt. Bute, via Lismore, Vic. (9 shares); Mrs. E. Nicholls, Mt. Bute, via Lismore, Vic. (8 shares); Mrs. R. Richardson, "Blue Hills," Burrumbett, Vic. (6 shares).

SCORE: 436 (4 entries)

Mr. A. W. Back, Macquarie St., South Dubbo, N.S.W. (2 shares); Mrs. J. Back, Macquarie St., South Dubbo, N.S.W. (2 shares).

SCORE: 435 (2 entries)

Mrs. M. L. Reeves, 7 Luke St., Stawell, Vic. (2 shares).

Here are directions to make
the sweater and helmet
pictured on our cover

SKI SWEATER

THE ski sweater is knitted in a boldly patterned black- and-white design that will look stunning on the ski slopes.

Material: Villawool Slalom Sports and Ski Yarn; 8 (9, 10) balls main color (m.c.), 8 (9, 10) balls contrast color (c.c.); Nos. 4, 6, and 7 needles.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust; length, 26 in. (all sizes); sleeves, 17 in. (all sizes).

Tension: 4 sts. to 1 in.

Note: Use individual balls of color for each section.

BACK

With m.c. and No. 6 needles cast on 86 (90, 94) sts.

1st Row: K 8, p 2 (k 2, p 2) rep. ending k 8.

2nd Row: P 8, k 2 (p 2, k 2) rep. ending p 8.

Rep. these 2 rows until 1 in. Change to No. 7 needles and cont. until 3 in. Change to No. 6 needles and cont. until 4 in. from beg. ending on 2nd row, change to No. 4 needles and proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 8 m.c., 70 (74, 78) c.c., 8 m.c.

2nd Row: P 8 m.c., 70 (74, 78) c.c., 8 m.c.

Rep. from * to * until 2 in., ending on purl row.

Next Row: K 8 m.c., 20 (21, 22) c.c., 30 (32, 34) m.c., 20 (21, 22) c.c., 8 m.c.

Next Row: P 8 m.c., 19 (20, 21) c.c., 32 (34, 36) m.c., 19 (20, 21) c.c., 8 m.c.

Cont. to take 1 stitch extra each end into centre m.c. until 56 (58, 60) sts. in centre m.c. Tie a marker in below last row.

Next Row: Work 8 m.c., 7 (8, 9) c.c., 56 (58, 60) m.c., 7 (8, 9) c.c., 8 m.c.

Cont. as established until 44 rows from marker.

Next Row: Work 8 m.c., 8 (9, 10) c.c., 54 (56, 58) m.c., 8 (9, 10) c.c., 8 m.c.

Cont. to work 1 stitch less each end in centre m.c. until 30 (32, 34) sts. rem. in centre m.c. Rep. from * to * for 2 in., then work 2 in. in m.c. across all sts., then work from * to * for 2 in., at same time neatly inc. 1 stitch each end inside the 8 m.c. (by working 1st c.c. stitch, then pick up horizontal loop between and knit into back of it), work to last c.c. stitch, pick up loop between and knit into back of it on 3rd and every following 4th row 4 times (94, 98, 102 sts.) Work 4 rows ending on a knit row.

To Shape Shoulders and Neck — Next Row: Keeping end 8 sts. in m.c. p 38 (39, 40) sts., cast off loosely purlwise centre 18 (20, 22) sts., p 38 (39, 40) sts., keeping end 8 sts. in m.c.

Keeping patt. of color in order cont. on last 38 (39, 40) sts. and cast off for shoulder at beg. of next and alt. rows 5 (5, 5) sts. twice, 5 (5, 6) sts. once, 5 (6, 6) sts. once, 6 (6, 6) sts. twice, at same time dec. 1 st. every 2nd row 6 times on neck edge. Ret. to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

FRONT

Work as back.



SKI sweater with a dropped shoulder-line for easy action and helmet to keep ears warm.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using a small back-stitch sew up right shoulder. Press seam open.

Neckband: With right side facing, m.c. and No. 6 needles neatly pick up and knit 68 (72, 76) sts. evenly round neck edge beg. and ending 1 in. from shoulder. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 1 in. Cast off loosely ribwise. Sew up shoulder and neckband ends. Press seam open. Fold neckband in half to inside and sl-st. down.

SLEEVES

With m.c. and No. 7 needles cast on 44 (48, 52) sts. and work in rib of k 2, p 2. Cont. until 3 in. Change to No. 4 needles, c.c. and sl-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of the 3rd, then every 7th row thereafter until 64 (68, 72) sts. Cont. until sleeves measure 17 in. (or length required), ending on a purl row. Cast off loosely on next row.

TO FINISH OFF

Press sleeves on wrong side. On each side tie a marker 8 (8 1/2, 8 1/2) in. down from shoulder seams. Pin sleeve tops between markers and seam edges tog. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams open. Fold first 4 in. in m.c. in half up to inside and slip-stitch down.

MOD HELMET

● Crochet our little helmet, to add a dash of color and to keep your ears warm, your hair in place.

Materials: 3 balls Villawool Calypso; No. 5 Aero crochet hook.

With hook make 2 ch. Work 10 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, sl-st. to join d.c.

Next Round: 2 d.c. in each d.c. to end, sl-st. to join (20 d.c.).

Next Round: 1 d.c. in d.c., 2 d.c. in next d.c., rep. to end, sl-st. to join (30 d.c.).

Proceed for pattern as follows:

1st Round: 1 ch., (y.o.h. insert in d.c., pull through to 1 in. length, rep. twice, y.o.h. pull through all loops 1 ch., rep. once in same d.c., miss 2 d.c.) rep. to end, sl-st. in ch. on top of group. (10 double groups).

2nd Round: 1 ch., (y.o.h. insert hook in 1 ch. loop between groups of prev. row, y.o.h. pull through to 1 in. length, rep. twice, 1 ch. rep. once in same ch. loop) rep. to end of round, sl-st. in ch. on top of group.

3rd and 4th Rounds: As 2nd round.

5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th Rounds: As 4th round working 2 ch. instead of 1 ch. between groups, 2 ch., turn.

Proceed as follows to shape for face:

1st Row: As 8th round over 7 groups, 2 ch., turn.

2nd Row: As 1st row over 7 groups, 1 tr. in 2nd ch. of turning ch., 2 ch., turn.

3rd Row: As 2nd row.

4th Row: Work over 5 groups, 1 tr. in 2nd ch. of turning ch., 2 ch., turn.

5th Row: As 4th row.

6th Row: Work over 2 groups, miss last group 1 tr. in 2nd ch. of turning ch., 2 ch., turn.

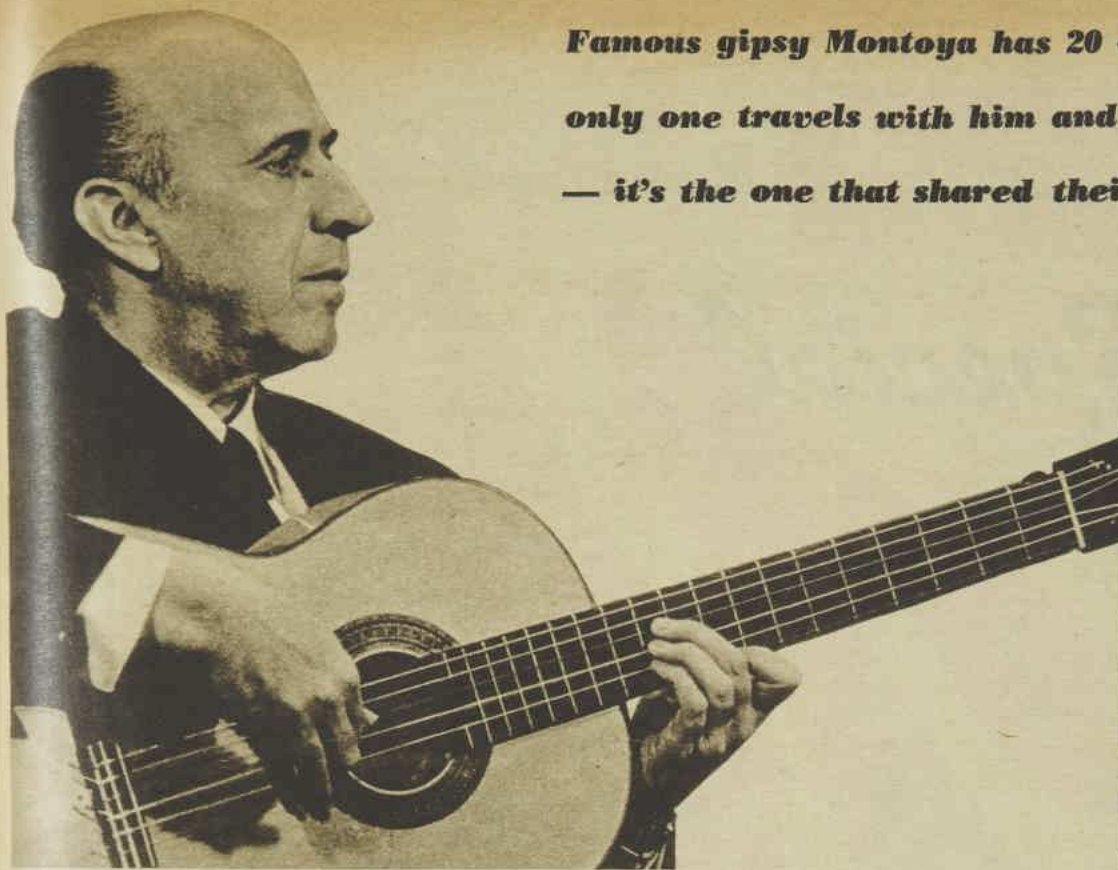
7th and 8th Rows: Work over 2 groups, 1 tr. in 2nd ch. of turning ch., 2 ch., turn.

9th Row: Work group in ch. loop between the two sets of groups, 1 tr. in 2nd ch. of turning ch., and fasten off.

Miss one dbl. group at centre back, join in yarn and work to correspond with other side in reverse.

TO FINISH OFF

Join in yarn at centre back and work 1 d.c. in each space round all edges and fasten off. With yarn double make a ch. length of 10 in. and fasten off. Tie as illustrated.



**Famous gipsy Montoya has 20 or more guitars, but
only one travels with him and his attractive wife
— it's the one that shared their flamenco honeymoon**

He doesn't read music— he makes it

CARLOS MONTOYA, the world's most celebrated flamenco guitarist, has a son who also plays the guitar—with a difference.

Son Allan MacLean Montoya is the bearded leader of a rock-'n-roll group called the Chosen Ones, and performs on an electric guitar customarily turned up to the highest achievable decibel count.

"He makes a wonderful noise," his father told me, raising his dark eyes expressively.

Carlos Montoya, too, makes a "wonderful noise" (albeit a less strident one) in the opinion of the millions who have heard his string wizardry on recordings, on radio and television, and in concert halls over the past three decades.

Flamenco is the style of music (and dance) developed by the gypsies of Andalusia, in southern Spain.

Montoya, a Spanish-born gipsy whose command of English is limited, and his charming American wife, Sally MacLean Montoya, who acts as interpreter and business manager, have travelled throughout America and most of the world since their marriage in 1940.

But they have never been Down-under, and their forthcoming tour of New Zealand and Australia has excited them as much as if they were leaving their New York flat for the first time.

The enthusiasm and curiosity of the Montoyas about new countries is both refreshing and remarkable, considering that they usually spend 11 out of 12 months of each year "on the road."

Somehow they have managed to find time for family life and have raised two sons — Allan, 22, and Carlos, jun., 24. Allan has his own Manhattan flat ("We just couldn't live with that rock-'n-roll music," his mother explained) and Carlos is married.

The whole family get together during the month's holiday which the Montoyas take in summer in their lovely country home on Long Island (near the place where John Howard Payne wrote "Home, Sweet Home").

Sally MacLean was a flamenco dancer and met Carlos in Paris just before World War II. And how did an American girl, descended from a General in the Confederate Army, learn that exotic form of dancing?

"My father was in the United States diplomatic service," she explained. "I was raised in Europe, and I

By
GEORGE McGANN, of our New York staff

became fascinated with flamenco music.

"It became my professional career. However, I gave it up when I married Carlos."

Carlos Montoya, heir to the ancient Spanish gipsy tradition (his uncle, Ramon Montoya, was the best-known guitarist of his day), cannot read music. But, as one critic noted, "he does something much more important — he makes music."



Carlos began playing the guitar when he was eight, and at 14 was a full-fledged professional musician, accompanying outstanding singers at the Cafe Madrid and on tours of the Spanish countryside.

He served for three years in the Spanish Army in Morocco against the Moors. His guitar was slung on one

shoulder and his rifle on the other. In between skirmishes he played flamenco to audiences sometimes composed of foes as well as friends.

When he got out of the Army he accompanied the famous flamenco dancers Escudero, Teresina, and Argentinita on world tours.

In Japan in 1938, he was responsible for the rise of a flamenco cult. When he went there again twenty years later people came up to him with programs he had autographed on his first visit.

"It was touching. Despite the atom bombs and the war, the Japanese still remembered Carlos and his music," Mrs. Montoya said.

Montoya was the first flamenco guitarist to perform as a concert soloist, he was the first to appear with a symphony orchestra, the first to appear with a jazz ensemble backing him, and has just completed a suite for orchestra which he is recording with the Cincinnati Symphony.

When I arrived at the Montoya flat a group of friends was listening to a recording of "St. Louis to Seville," the guitarist's newest

LP, in which he plays traditional blues with a jazz group.

"It's very rare for Carlos to listen to one of his own recordings," Mrs. Montoya told me. "But this one is so different from anything he has done before."

Actually there is a strong link between the improvisation of jazz musicians and the improvising that the traditional flamenco musician does each time he performs.

Music critics are forever analysing the art of Carlos Montoya, but he is privately amused by most of their flowery comments.

Heart and head

"I just play from the heart, from what I have known, learned, and felt about flamenco from the time I was born," he said. "I carry it all with me, in my head."

"If I can get back to Spain once a year, return to the atmosphere of the flamenco world, and hear what is being played, that is all I need."

I asked about the guitars he uses and the number he might take on a long journey, such as the Australian tour.

"He will take only one," Mrs. Montoya replied. "Carlos has his favorite among the twenty or more he owns, and it goes every-

where with him. It is never out of his hand or sight.

"I found this out very early in our married life — on our honeymoon, to be precise, when I had to share a lower berth in a railway sleeping car with Carlos and his guitar."

Carlos is a Spanish gipsy from the tips of his toes to the top of his balding head, some 5ft. 4in. above. But he adopted U.S. citizenship shortly after the end of World War II.

As his wife tells the story, the examining magistrate at the swearing-in ceremony asked him, "Do you like the American form of government?" Carlos, whose English was even weaker then, answered with a resounding "No!"

A quick jab in the ribs from his wife prompted the musician to change his reply to, "I mean, I like it very much."

Mrs. Montoya then interrupted the proceedings to ask the judge whether they could leave for Washington, as her husband had an engagement with the President.

"The President?" asked the judge.

"President Truman," replied Mrs. Montoya. "He has invited my husband to play for a White House dinner."

The judge signed the citizenship papers promptly.



CARLOS MONTOYA with his wife and guitar. She was a flamenco dancer when they met in Paris before the German invasion.

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DICK VAN DYKE TO MAKE THREE TV SPECIALS

By NAN MUSGROVE

● **Dick Van Dyke's success story goes on and on. He's just being lined up to make three hour-long TV variety specials during the next three years.**

THIS may not sound much for such a big star, but Dick has so many movie commitments that he had to be booked well in advance for the TV shows.

He will make them in mid-1967, 1968, and 1969.

Dick Van Dyke, of "The Dick Van Dyke Show" (TCN9, Tuesdays, 7 p.m.), impresses me as a businessman as well as a funnyman and first-class actor.

He says one TV variety special a year is all he can manage. I am sure "manage" means more than meets the eye—probably it means he feels he can only keep his TV image bright and shining by doing one super-quality show a year instead of a number of mediocre ones.

According to gossip round America's TV world, Dick, by signing his TV specials contract, has "done a Streisand." He has signed for conditions and fees equal to those gained by Barbra Streisand in 1964.

Barbra, the star of "Funny Girl," signed for three CBS specials, the first of which has already been seen twice on Sydney's TCN9. This special brought her an original fee of \$A.300,000, plus a continuing interest in the residuals.

CBS is also concerned in the Dick Van Dyke specials, which probably will be seen by viewers in Australia on TCN9.

Right decision

Dick Van Dyke should get a special medal for his efforts to keep up the quality of his shows. He was the one who wrote finish to "The Dick Van Dyke Show" in America at a time when everyone else wanted it to go on.

He said he wanted it to end while he, the cast, and the writers were still turning out quality material—not scraping the bottom of the barrel for ideas.

Just once in a while over the past few weeks I have felt he made the right decision—there were one or two episodes in which the search for a situation seemed to me to be a little desperate.

But "seemed" is the operative word—a week later the show came up with a brilliant piece of foolery, fresh as a daisy, confounding my opinion.

The show ended in America in an uproarious episode called "The Gunslinger." It's a Western spoof and everyone got in the act, including Dick's three eldest children—Chris, 16, Barry, 15, and Stacy, 11. Even the writers of the show got bit parts in a Western street scene.

More to come

In Australia we are behind the American schedule, and TCN9 will continue the series into the last half of the year.

After this it is to be hoped that TCN9 repeats the show. It is three years since it started, and I'm sure it would be enjoyable to see repeats of the early episodes.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, what are the other principals of "The Dick Van Dyke Show" doing to earn an honest penny?

It has just been announced that Mary Tyler Moore (Laura) has been cast in a big budget movie, "Thoroughly Modern Millie."

Her co-stars are the fabulous Julie Andrews and Carol Channing (America's original "Hello, Dolly"). After that she has contracted to make her own TV special sometime about December, 1966.

Rose Marie (Sally Rogers), who has just finished a cabaret appearance at Sydney's Chevron Hotel, has gone back to America with a big decision to make. Will she marry again or will she go on with her TV and personal cabaret appearances?

I think she is lonely and longing to marry again, but

Television



is frightened to in case her second marriage doesn't work out as well as her first to bandleader Bobbie Guy, who died almost two years ago.

Certainly her man, an American hotel manager, paid her plenty of attention while she was in Sydney, with frequent trans-Pacific telephone calls, almost daily letters, and a constant supply of red roses.

Morey Amsterdam, the man Rose Marie described to me as a "human joke-box," has all kinds of things lined up, but he is most excited about coming to Australia. He is due for a season in the Chevron's Silver Spade from June 20.

Morey will be paying his second visit to Australia; his first was ten years ago, before his big successes on TV, when he was a supporting act in a Lee Gordon Big Show at the Stadium.

The man who told me about Morey Amsterdam is a showbiz fan—he sees everything that comes along,



GENE BARRY, left, who is coming to Australia for a season at a Sydney nightclub. He became famous for his TV role as Amos Burke.

DICK VAN DYKE, above, who is so busy with movie commitments that he can manage only three specials for TV in three years.

Indeed I think he would be a revivifying quizmaster should Bob Dyer ever feel like a holiday from TV.

I am no longer a constant viewer of "Pick-a-Box." The show depends for liveliness on the quality of its contestants, and there have been long dull patches between people like Tony Hill, John Morris, and the perennial Barry.

I think it needs contestants with brighter personalities than the usual run, less talk, and more questions, for questions are surely what make a good quiz show.

★ ★ ★

COMING to Australia is very "in" in Hollywood at present. Our next caller is Gene Barry—Amos Burke in person—suave, smooth, singing and, of course, travelling from points A to B in a custom-built Rolls-Royce.

Barry has made a million out of being the elegant detective in "Burke's Law," and has added to it as a super-spy in "Amos Burke, Secret Agent" (TCN9).

He is bringing his cabaret talents to Sydney for a season at Chequers, and will also be seen in person on TV.

Elegance will be the passport at Chequers, I'm sure—I can't imagine Barry making a risqué joke or singing a suggestive song—for elegance has always been his trademark.

Remember him as Bat Matterson, the cane-swinging Indian-fighter and U.S. marshal? He's come a long way since then.

and is an entertainment connoisseur.

"Look," he said speaking about the Lee Gordon Big Show, "I can't even remember who the main attraction was, but I do remember this funny little guy, a stand-up comedian, who was an uproar."

I imagine that Morey Amsterdam will be fun. He has an irreverent, impromptu approach to humor.

Barry as a quizmaster?

BARRY JONES, beaming happily, carried off another \$2000 when he defeated Ian Gillies, billed as "Britain's Brain of Brains," in the latest championship play-off in BP's "Pick-a-Box."

What horrifies me is the constant demand from many people that Barry Jones should retire. I'm against it—without him I think the show would lose its brightest, freshest asset.

I couldn't raise a smile

A COMEDY formula that will amuse everyone seems to be the hardest of all things to find in TV.

It certainly hasn't been found by the producers of "Please Don't Eat the Daisies," ATN7's new comedy series. I sat through the premiere, unable to even raise a smile, my face getting stiffer and stiffer as one incredible, unfunny situation followed another.

The ingredients used are young parents (Patricia Crowley and Mark Miller), their four young sons, their English sheepdog, their problems, and quaint habits. "Please Don't Eat the Daisies" was a famous funny book and a popular movie.

I wondered what the author, Jean Kerr, thought when she saw the TV series. I hope her bank balance cushioned the shock.

★ ★ ★

PROBABLY everything that should have been said about "Culloden" (ABC-TV) has already appeared in print. When I sat entranced (and shattered) through the repeat screening of this wicked massacre, I couldn't help thinking of the people who keep saying things like, "Television doesn't fulfil its responsibilities," and "There is nothing worth watching on TV."

What a lot they miss. I find not a week passes when there is not something that is enriching in entertainment, education or information.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 18, 1966

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"THE LONG, HOT SUMMER"

● Life in the rural community of Frenchman's Bend, in America's Deep South, where the TV series "The Long, Hot Summer" is set, is not as simple as it appears.

This is not to be wondered at, because the TV series of hour-long dramas is based on "The Hamlet," written by famous American novelist William Faulkner, noted for his seething complications.

Shown above are the main characters of "The Long, Hot Summer" in their romantic pairs. From the back row, left, they are: hero, Ben Quick (Roy

Thinnes); heroine, Clara Varner (Nancy Malone); her father, the dominating influence in Frenchman's Bend, Will Varner (Edmond O'Brien); his long-time girlfriend, Minnie Littlejohn (Ruth Roman), who owns and operates the local hotel; the postmaster's daughter, Eula (Lana Wood), who is romancing with Jody (Paul Geary), weak son of Will Varner.

● "The Long, Hot Summer" may be seen in Sydney on TCN9 on Tuesdays at 8.30 p.m.; in Brisbane on QTQ9, Mondays, 8.30 p.m.; in Melbourne on GTV9 and in Adelaide on NWS9 later in the year.

Follow that clip!

★ What do people use paper-clips for? Often not for clipping papers!

This is according to visiting English stationer Denis Aubrey, of Manchester.

Mr. Aubrey said that a team of German statisticians recently investigated the fate of 100,000 paper-clips.

They found that about 25,000 of the clips were used straight off for cleaning such things as pipes.

Another 20,000-odd were used as card-game "chips," and 7000 or so to hold stockings in place.

About 2500 were used as makeshift screwdrivers; and "doodlers" twisted another 4000 into weird shapes.

Seven thousand just "went missing"—lost on floors, in drawers, or tossed away.

So, apparently, only about 34,500 were used solely as originally intended.

'SMITHS' MELTING AWAY

● In this modern world of machinery and mass production, the silversmith's craft is fast disappearing.

But interest in it should be revived when the work of Victorian silversmith Geoffrey Gordon (pictured right), of Mt. Eliza, is on display at the Kozminsky Galleries, Melbourne, from May 23-25.

Mr. Gordon, 30, believes he is the only full-time, independent silversmith in Australia working entirely by hand. He has designed and made silver chalices, wine cups, candlesticks, and various pieces of jewellery for his exhibition.

Mr. Gordon says that many of the skilled silversmiths in England now are growing old. But, in order to keep the craft alive, silversmith firms have become patrons of their own art and encourage craftsmen in their handwork.

Formerly an arts and crafts teacher, Mr. Gordon gave up painting to take up silversmithing. After gaining his teacher's certificate at Prahran Technical School, he was accepted for a post-



graduate course at the Royal College of Art, London.

Silversmithing is painstaking work, and each piece takes Mr. Gordon hours of work — which precludes its being sold at a bargain price.

One chalice took him 167 hours to make. This was made of silver and washed with gold and bears an intertwined design of thorns.

Mr. Gordon pointed out that the art of making articles in silver and then washing them with gold is ancient.

"I saw a chalice in England made in this way in about the year 1300," he said. "It was always thought to be solid gold until an X-ray revealed that it was made basically of silver."

HE'S MAD ABOUT MEAD (but his tree can't take it)

★ "Ahhhhh," said the man, with a look of rapture, "May 15—that's when the Granny Smiths will be ripe, and that's when I'll begin my brewing."

HE'S Mr. Reg Foster, of Canterbury, Vic., who uses his Granny Smiths to brew the ancient beverage of mead, which dates back about 9000 years.

(Mead, which is made from honey, water, apples, and yeast, is the oldest fermented drink known to man. Long before the Roman occupation of Britain, the Britons had brewed honey drinks, and mead is recorded in Persian literature.)

Mr. Foster is Melbourne's most enthusiastic mead-maker and has been brewing the drink now ("for my own amusement") for ten years. He says he will continue to brew it until he produces the "perfect" mead.

"Mind you," he said surprisingly, "I don't like mead as a drink at all, and if I make a gallon of mead

a great percentage of it goes west. My wife can't understand why one particular tree in the garden (around which I dump the surplus) is a bit stunted!"

Mr. Foster is also a backyard beekeeper and uses his own honey — and many other varieties gathered from around Australia — in his mead brews.

Each year he organises Honey Week — to be held this year from May 16-20 at Melbourne's Lower Town Hall — and to kick off Honey Week he likes to present some of his best samples of mead to friends.

He feels that if they're taken with mead they could be encouraged to make it — and therefore use honey.

Well, that's logical, isn't it?

THE WORM (RE)TURNED

● Courtesy is catching — fish! A Sydney ferry recently dropped off three kids with fishing-lines at a suburban wharf. After untying and pulling away, the ferry suddenly reversed and went back to the wharf. A kindly crew member had found that the anglers had left aboard their tin of bait.

★ It may not be cricket, but it's still fun and games when famous English cricketer Freddie Trueman "goes on the ground" to play with his charming year-old twins, Rodney and Rebecca.

'Protest' song helps doomed old barracks

■ There is "civil war" in Perth at the moment — between those who want to pull down the century-old Barracks, at the top of St. George's Terrace, and those who want to preserve them.

FREDA VINES, whose book "The Lonely Shore" we serialised in 1958, wants the Barracks saved and feels so strongly that she has written song lyrics to make her point.

But the lyrics have been so successful that they might even ease the situation!

In three weeks she has:
● Composed the lyrics — called "I Met a Tall Soldier" — to the tune of "The Cowboy's Lament."
● Had it recorded by the quartet the Wayfarers, who later sang it on "In Perth Tonight" on Channel Seven.
● Seen the Barracks Defence Council have sheet music printed.

The song goes:
At dusk in the Terrace I met a tall soldier
In bravely peaked cap and a jacket of grey.
"Oh, maiden," he sighed, "I am lost and I'm lonely
Because they are stealing our Barracks away."

"We came with the Convicts.
We guarded your country.
Our graves have grown green grass for many a day.
But who will remember the Pensioner Soldiers
If you let them steal all our history away?"

"At the Crimea I charged with the gallant Six Hundred.
My scars and my medals were won on that day."

Or must our brave spirits go wandering forgotten
Because they have stolen our Barracks away?"

So saying, the soldier saluted and left me.

Through pale mist his grey shape went marching away.

So far and so faintly a bugle kept calling.

"Oh, don't let them steal all the Barracks away."

SEEING BELIEVING?

● One shape is larger than the other. Or is it? Cut out both and re-match them.





A special family—the Pippens, Margaret (18), Christine (15), Gwenda (14), Michele (10), Deborah and Donna (6).

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BREATHE WELL TO

By
WILLIAM P. KNOWLES

How to make

● When all parts of the lungs are used, centres of infection are prevented from forming. My system trains the lungs to work efficiently.

I HAVE two aims: the cure, alleviation, or symptomatic relief of serious cases of bronchitis, and its allies; the general improvement of health so that the body is both organically and bacteriologically fitted to resist diseases of the lungs, and of other organs and faculties.

My exercises are for the benefit of those whose ailments are chronic; for those people who have half-resigned themselves to days or weeks of bronchial distress every winter, and for those who fear that bad breathing is beginning to impair their general efficiency.

I have found the simple "in-out" breathing rhythm can be greatly improved on, and that for certain ailments slightly more elaborate exercises bring enormously increased benefits.

Breathing from the diaphragm is popularly looked on as a lazy man's way of

doing the job. In fact, it is responsible for the majority of the average person's intake of air.

This type of breathing draws the breath down to the lower levels of the lungs, where it does most of its work.

Certainly it does not seem to have any special relation to sedentary habits or putting on weight; and some of us may actually under-employ our breathing from the abdominal level, and so accentuate digestive troubles.

An over-development of breathing from the upper chest, on the other hand, can be dangerous.

Lift, expand

The person whose clavicular breathing is exaggerated, pulls air into his lungs and then puffs it out again before it has had a chance to do much useful work.

Probably most of us should encourage our thoracic breathing—the kind which means lifting and expanding the ribs—if we are to use our bodies to the best advantage.

It is the intercostal muscles which turn over the air most thoroughly, and take it up to those generally under-employed tops of the lungs, which can so easily become breeding grounds for germs.

But health, through breathing, does not come as a result of the action of any one set of our providentially multiplied organs. It depends on the harmonious use of all of them together.

This was one of the truths unconsciously recognised by ancient yogis, who practised the art, discipline, religion, and science of yoga.

My breathing methods, though simplified and tailored to the pace of the 20th century, have many similarities with those which have been used, and found effective, for thousands of years in the East.

A knowledge of the importance of good breathing was not confined to, and did not end with, the old yogis. Hints of it are to be found in many religions, philosophies, and even ritual sports, particularly those which have

had any connection with the East.

The Japanese swordsman, for instance, is taught special shouts which should accompany certain thrusts so that he will be both stimulated and relaxed; and perhaps the exaggerated grunt of those all-in wrestlers one sees on television do some good for the contestants.

Air is neither rationed nor expensive, and all that really prevents our taking as much of it as we need is laziness.

It has been proved to me by experience that breathing problems are so general (and, in many cases, so similar) that a fairly straightforward course of printed exercises could help in hundreds of thousands of cases.

Way of life

I should stress that though my exercises may start as no more than a daily dozen for the respiratory system, they are designed to develop into a habit, and a way of life.

In that way, breathing becomes as unconsciously good as it is so often unconsciously poor, and a person can control his breath when he wants to, rather than let it control him.

The exercises are based on rhythm: the very gentle true, slow, and deep breathing;

the quick, almost panting breaths which I use to cleanse the lungs; the slower rhythm of the circulation of the blood.

It is important that the exercises be fairly accurately timed. A metronome is ideal for this; a watch with a seconds dial is almost as good.

Some like to count mentally, "one and two and three," at the normal rate of speech of about 120 words a minute. Others prefer to repeat "one little second two little seconds three . . ." at a faster pace. (During breathing exercises it is best to do this counting strictly in the mind, and without silently moving the lips.)

Either way one can become a reasonably accurate human stopwatch; but it may need a little practice.

If you fix your attention on the lungs themselves, you tend to strain their muscles unnecessarily.

A tip, which I have found useful, while performing the exercises is to concentrate on the sensations of the nose, which is normally used on both the "in" and "out" breaths.

There is nothing mystical about this recommendation—it simply means that only through the nostrils can we

feel the movements of air into and out of our lungs, which themselves register no sensation.

I would never think of instructing a student to "take a deep breath" without being sure that he understood that he had to sweep out as much as possible of the residual air from his lungs before introducing a new "tide."

Lung capacity

Most people find they can comfortably hold their breath in for five or ten seconds longer than they can hold it out, presumably because in both cases the carbon dioxide content rises to the insupportable point where we have to gasp for new oxygen; there is more, and fresher, air to work on after an in-breath.

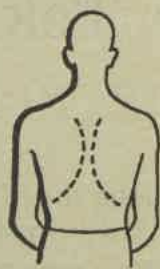
Take a normal full breath and speak the following passage aloud, quietly, and rather faster than the normal rate, not pausing for punctuation. How far you can get before becoming uncomfortable will provide a rough gauge of your lung capacity:

To be or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer

THE KNOWLES METHOD:



INCORRECT



CORRECT

● How the student should keep the shoulder-blades together to balance the weight of the chest.

● The correct posture for the Knowles Breathing Technique to be applied for full effect.



● Posture is important in all my exercises, and the primary feature of this is a closing together of the shoulder-blades from the normal nine inches or so, to two or three inches without actual hollowing of the back.

AS I describe the posture in the illustrations, at left, it is for someone seated in a chair, which is undoubtedly the best position, but it can be adapted to standing or lying on the back.

The main thing to remem-

ber, whether sitting, standing, or lying down, is to keep the shoulder-blades together, arms and legs straight, hands at sides, heels close, and head sunk a little forward.

Begin by taking a hard chair which will let your feet rest comfortably on the floor when sitting erect. If it is too high, place a book or stool under your feet. If it

KEEP WELL

your lungs work

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?
To die, to sleep
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep! perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.

I managed only the first three lines when I was "out of training." An average is about eight lines, but when fully fit I have achieved the whole passage.

Posture

Another major point concerns the importance of posture.

There must be few of us who have not at some time been ordered by a parent, teacher, or employer to stand up straight, pull our tummies in, thrust our chests out, square our shoulders, and so on.

This is not good advice when doing breathing exercises.

Some of these commands should be disobeyed.

For instance, artificially to flatten the abdomen is to make the correct division of work between diaphragm and intercostals impossible, and though breathing exercises may help one get rid of a spare tyre, the pretence that the tyre does not exist will not help the exercises to work.

The general principle to adopt during my exercises is to relax mentally and physically—although relaxation can never be complete, because much tension comes from the muscles over which we have no control.

Concentrate

Often I have found help from the slight self-hypnosis produced by sitting with the light behind me, gazing at a black spot on a white background about six feet away and thinking of nothing but that and the exercise itself.

Hold the shoulder-blades close together. Unless this is done, too much of the weight of the lungs is carried by the diaphragm, which is then discouraged from rising properly.

Furthermore, the intercostals are cramped, and the work which they should be

doing is passed on to higher, auxiliary muscles.

And, finally, the weight of the ribs, breastbone, collarbone, and shoulder-blades themselves presses on the lungs to some degree and prevents proper ventilation.

Round-shoulderedness is probably the commonest cause of bad breathing, because it hangs a load on the lungs which they were not intended to bear. Though we may find it difficult to correct this in our daily life, we can do so when taking breathing exercises, even if confined to bed.

Most of my exercises can be carried out in spare time — sitting in a train, waiting at a bus stop, at the wheel of a car in a traffic jam, walking up a street, or even lying in bed.

They can be combined with other forms of exercise, such as swimming; or, at the other extreme, unlike almost any other form of getting fit, they can be practised by a semi-paralysed invalid. I worked out some of their principles even while I was desperately sick.

My methods make the minimum demands on my students. I do not recommend cutting down on smoking,

but I have had so many letters from those who have lost their desire for cigarettes after overhauling their breathing that I feel this by-product of my methods is worth mentioning.

Many of my students who have taken up breathing methods specifically for respiratory complaints have told me of other "fringe" benefits that have resulted.

Work improves

Manual workers, as well as professional singers, speakers — to name a few — have found that their work is better because of correct breathing.

One student has claimed he has learned to control the pain of an intractable chronic disease; others report the lessening of acute nervous strain, improved eyesight, loss of heaviness after meals, the easing of headaches, migraines, and sinus troubles.

Because of the very simplicity of the exercises, there is a danger of taking them too casually. So I must stress that my course does demand something that you, and only you, can supply: a certain keenness and application.

● William P. Knowles, 74, says he has taught 100,000 people how to use their lungs.

THE AUTHOR

MR. KNOWLES is convinced that proper breathing can ease the difficulties resulting from respiratory diseases.

Today, in London, he teaches his methods mainly by correspondence, coaches a few private pupils, and makes special lecture appearances.

What Mr. Knowles teaches comes from his own experiences.

As a young man in his native Manchester, he developed a persistent cough and his doctor recommended a drier climate. Knowles went to live in Montreal, Canada.

There he met a Dr. O. Z. Ha-nish, who suggested that proper breathing might help him. Knowles followed this advice, developed deep breathing, and his cough disappeared within a few years.

At the outbreak of World War I, he returned to England to join the Army, where doctors pronounced him medically fit.

He was severely wounded in action in 1916 (he weighed 6st. when he left hospital), and was invalided out of the Army.

Aged 25, he started a career in Manchester as a salesman, and later became sales manager for successive companies.

In the early 1920s he began part-time lecturing on breathing methods. In 1932 he gave up his sales career to become a full-time consultant on breathing methods.

After a lecture tour of the U.S.A., he returned to London in 1935 and founded the Institute of Breathing.

Mr. Knowles' exercises are aimed at relieving the symptoms of even the most serious and chronic chest complaints; building up in the healthy body resistance to respiratory ailments; restoring to the majority of those who spend much of their life bent over a desk, lathe, or sink the benefits of breathing from a natural posture.

BASIC EXERCISES

is too low, place a book on the chair to raise the seat.

Sit on this chair, bolt upright, and, as a separate movement, draw the shoulder-blades together while keeping the chest firm by pressing the shoulders gently back and slightly down.

The simplest way to do this is to tuck your elbows into your side, raising your hands horizontally. Then, keeping the hands in the horizontal position, and with elbows still hugging the side, draw back the arms as far as they will go without straining.

Finally, lower the hands on to the thighs. By so doing you will have brought

the shoulder-blades together. In this position you cannot drop the chest or distend the abdomen, and you will give free play to the muscles of the diaphragm and chest.

The feet should be placed a little apart and pointing slightly outwards; the knees, too, should be slightly apart. The spine should be held away from the back of the chair. The body should lean slightly forward. The head should be slightly bent, and the muscles of the face relaxed.

Keep the lips closed but the teeth slightly apart, with the tip of the tongue pressing gently against the inside of the lower set. This will

ease breathing passages of the head, including the sinuses.

In the exercise described below, the outgoing as well as the intaken breath should pass through the nostrils, so the face need never be moved.

EXERCISE 1

Cleansing

To carry out this cleansing breath, first breathe in gently, but as deeply as you comfortably can. Then breathe out and in again, out and in again, rather as if you were sawing wood, with the exhalation representing the

cutting or working stroke and the inhalation the pull-back or recovery stroke: the out-breath will always be slightly longer than the in-breath.

Continue breathing in this way until you are in danger of finding it a strain.

Then purse your lips at the end of an exhalation and blow out: you will find that you can still puff out a fair quantity of air.

Pause a second and then let a long and satisfying in-breath sweep automatically into your lungs.

Start again and do this exercise two or three times more.

Now you are ready for really slow, deep breathing.

EXERCISE 2

Slow, deep

Keeping the upright posture already described, start to fill your lungs to their

fullest capacity, but do not strain in any way.

Breathe IN while you count four seconds silently. Pause a second. Then, without lowering the chest, breathe OUT to the count of four seconds. Again pause.

Continued overleaf

To sum up the rhythm of the second exercise:

Breathe In . . .	Breathe Out . . .
to a count of 4 seconds	to a count of 4 seconds
" " 5 "	" " 5 "
" " 6 "	" " 6 "
" " 7 "	" " 7 "
" " 6 "	" " 6 "
" " 5 "	" " 5 "
" " 4 "	" " 4 "
Pause 1 second	Pause 1 second



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when you should begin feeding Nestlé's "Strained" foods. If you try some yourself it will taste rather flavourless. But baby will love it. At first, introduce just a few of the varieties available. Then "educate" him slowly to all the new tastes in the range (the Nestlé's Feeding Programme shows you how).

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You know that baby's diet is important, and that his requirements change con-

tinually during the first year. His diet must be balanced for vitamins, protein and minerals; it must also be balanced for liquids and solids. A good diet will also help develop baby's tiny digestive system and teach him to enjoy new tastes and textures. To help you through baby's vital first year, Nestlé's now offer you a book containing complete day-by-day, month-by-month menus. Clinically balanced, they provide a safe, sure, easy programme for meeting baby's continuously changing diet needs. (A sample menu is reproduced at right.)

Complete Manual, free.

The book compiled by Nestlé's food experts is based on Nestlé's Lactogen (the complete milk formula) and Nestlé's Strained and Junior Baby foods. Because these three are designed to work together, a balanced diet becomes quite simple. (The book also deals with other aspects of infant feeding and is thus the first truly practical and comprehensive manual available on this vital subject.)

The book is free to all mothers. Please write or call the Nestlé's Infant Feeding Advisory Service located in all State Capitals, or write (Box 423, P.O., Darlinghurst, N.S.W.).

Suggested menu 9-12 months

Here is a typical daily menu from the new "Balanced Feeding" manual. There are many more like it in the book which is free on request.

Note: Your doctor, clinic sister or hospital may recommend that, at meal time, baby be given his bottle before solids, that varieties may be altered for individual infants and that vitamin C intake be further supplemented by ascorbic acid tablets.

TIME	MENU No. 1
On waking	Lactogen Feed.*
Breakfast	3-4 teaspoons Cereal mixed with Lactogen. Approx. 1 "Junior" jar Egg and Bacon Breakfast. A rusk or small piece of toast may be given additionally later on. Then Lactogen Feed.*
Dinner	Approx. 1 "Junior" jar Chicken Dinner. Approx. 1 "Junior" jar Egg Custard with Rice. Then Lactogen Feed.*
4 p.m.	2-4 ozs. Fruit Juice.
Tea	Approx. 1 "Junior" jar Lamb Liver Dinner with Vegetables. Approx. 1 "Junior" jar Chocolate Custard. Then Lactogen Feed.*
Before bed	Lactogen Feed.*

*Details of Lactogen Feed on each Lactogen label.

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BABY FOODS



Nestlé's are specialists in infant feeding

BREATHE WELL TO KEEP WELL (from page 21)

Next breathe in to a count of five seconds. Pause a second. Breathe out to the count of five. Pause. Take another breath in to the count of six — and out.

Finally, breathe in to the count of seven and out again. Then reverse the whole process, breathing in and out to six counts, then to five, and finishing with four.

This takes approximately 1½ minutes in all, and should be repeated twice at each period of exercising (i.e., at least three times a day). An even breath-rhythm should be kept up.

When breathing IN to the count of one to four, the breathing OUT must also be to the count of one to four, with the lungs being filled and emptied in each motion of four counts.

The lungs should be always filled and emptied to the utmost (without strain) whether this takes in breaths of four to seven counts.

Care should be taken to pause for one second at the end of both the inward and the outward actions.

The pause after breathing IN allows time for the air which is entering the lungs to mix thoroughly with and freshen up the residual air already in the millions of minute air tubes and sacs. Then the wafer-thin walls of these alveoli can give the blood a new supply of oxygen and receive back from it the waste carbon dioxide.

The pause after breathing out allows the impure air carrying this waste to get clear of the lungs before the next breath.

The object of this exercise is to accustom the lungs to slow, deep breathing. I find that for most students it can be dispensed with after two or three weeks of regular practice — by which time it has begun to have its effect on day-to-day breathing so that medical benefits start to show.

But even before then you will be ready for more advanced exercises.

For instance, in the longest of our breaths so far we have slowed the rate down to about four a second: now you can concentrate on the seven-second tempo.

EXERCISE 3

Seven-second

Taking the same posture as before, and after the cleansing breath — breathe in for seven seconds, pause a second, breathe out for seven seconds, pause a second, and repeat.

A round dozen repetitions of this "seven-second" breath — which will take about three minutes in all — is sufficient at each session.

When you are confident with this third exercise, it is time to try a rather tougher one.

EXERCISE 4

Exhalation

This fourth exercise is designed to strengthen the powers of exhalation, which is an even more important and purposeful activity than inhalation, but the weak spot of breathing for most of us.

Make your out-breaths about three times longer than the corresponding in-breaths, which themselves are slow, deep ones of progressive length.

The timing which I have found best is:

Breathe In . . .	
to a count of 4 seconds	
" " 5 "	
" " 6 "	
" " 7 "	
Pause 1 second	
Breathe Out . . .	
to a count of 12 seconds	
" " 15 "	
" " 18 "	
" " 20 "	
Pause 1 second	

This exercise thus takes in about 1½ minutes: it should be repeated three times at each period of exercising.

Even the twenty-second exhalation should not prove too much of a strain to anybody in fairly good health who is in training from the previous exercises; but those suffering from respiratory complaints may need patience and practice before they can do it without gasping.

Remember, then, the golden rule of all these exercises — do not use any strain or force. If an exercise troubles you, do not worry, but instead, take it easy and work up to it at your own gentle pace.

EXERCISE 5

Inhalation

When — and only when — the exhalation exercise is mastered, you are ready for something, rather different: exercise 5, which concentrates on inhalation. (This should be performed after the seven-second exercise, as well, of course, as after the cleansing breath.)

This exercise, too, may need a little practice: some students fail because they let their shoulder-blades slip apart, and for others I recommend (as an exception to my usual methods) a gentle drawing-in of the abdomen.

But if, despite these tips, you still find 20 seconds too long a period comfortably to hold out the breath — well, once again, do not strain, but do whatever you can and try to build up the time from day to day.

For this exercise, then, you take your seat with all the usual care about posture. Then, when thoroughly relaxed, take a full breath in.

At the top of this do not pause, but begin to breathe out a series of short breaths through the nostrils.

Mentally you say, out, out, out, until you feel you cannot breathe out any more without using strain; then pucker the lips and whistle out the remaining breath — you will find there is still some left.

When the whistle dies away, keep the chest still firmly poised, hold the breath; then hold the breath movement. Remain quiet while you count 10 seconds.

Then, do not gasp for breath, but gently breathe in — a full, deep breath. Do not move the shoulders (the tendency will be to raise them as you reach the top of the inward breath).

Pause a second, and again breathe out short breaths until you feel the whistle will complete the outgoing breath, then hold the breath and count 15 seconds. Then repeat the slow inbreath.

Control the increasing rush of your incoming breath: let it fully, yet easily, inflate the lungs. Pause a second and then breathe out, out, out, out, out, out . . . whistle and hold the breath out for 20 seconds, this time before you finally take a full, free, but controlled, inhalation to complete the exercise in about a minute and a half.

EXERCISE 6

Holding-in

Now it is time to practise holding-in the breath — exercise 6, which takes a little longer. The rhythm I suggest for this (and again some students may need to lead up to it slowly) is as follows:

Breathe in to a count of 15 seconds, hold the breath for 20 seconds, pause a little and then breathe out fully.

Pause, and breathe in again for 15 seconds — but this time count 25 before breathing out.

Finally, repeat with a holding time of 30 seconds.

This exercise — like the previous one, which it replaces — should be done once only at each period of exercising; but it is worth trying to build your comfortable holding-time up after the 30 seconds.

I recommend my students to combine their breathing exercises with some simple "physical jerks."

Since these composite exercises differ from the basic ones in that they cannot be performed anywhere (and also in that they are better carried out after meals), they form something of an appendix to the main course.

I have found them particularly useful in cases of students suffering from indigestion, constipation, and so on — also for inducing a general sense of physical

health and mental well-being.

The basic course described should take the average person, faithfully putting in his few minutes three times a day, about five weeks to master.

I can summarise it as follows:

First week:

Cleansing (1) and slow, deep (2).

Second week:

(1), (2), and seven-second (3).

Third week:

(1), (3), and exhalation (4).

Fourth week:

(1), (3), and inhalation (5).

Fifth week:

(1), (3), and holding-in (6).

But, of course, my advice does not end there; and I suggest to my students various combinations and permutations of these and other exercises, to be persevered with until sound breathing becomes an almost unconscious part of their lives.

Furthermore, I have found special exercises useful for special purposes.

Many students have found, for instance, that taking an in-breath, holding it for ten seconds, and then letting it out, when repeated three times, is a splendid method for recalling some fact which is on the "tip of the tongue" — or, as I prefer to put it, the tip of the mind.

An alternative to the cleansing breath, for those who have mastered slow exhalation, is to take a steady, full in-breath through the nose, and to expel it very gently and completely through the mouth, with the tongue in its usual position against the lower teeth, but the lips pursed as if for a silent whistle: this has been found to be equally good as a mental bracer when depressed and a physical pick-me-up when challenged with some sudden exertion.

Synchronising breathing with one's paces helps one up steep stairs and hillsides: most people find a breath every four paces best for stairs, and every six paces for slopes.

When one is gasping, a few ones of almost panting breaths, followed by two deep and easy lungfuls, will "restore normal service" faster than any forced attempt to breathe naturally. Other forms of breathing exercise have enabled my students to defeat extremes of heat and cold.

• Condensed from William P. Knowles' book *NEW LIFE THROUGH BREATHING*, shortly to be released in Australia, published by George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London.



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FRANK SINATRA: Fools Rush In • Imagination • Dolores • You And I • I'll Be Seeing You.

VAUGHN MONROE: There I Go • When The Light Go On Again • Tangerine • Rum And Coca Cola • There I've Said It Again.

GUY LOMBARDO: When Did You Leave Heaven? • A Sail-Boat In The Moonlight • So Rare • That Old Feeling • Bei Mir Bist Du Schon.

ARTIE SHAW: I Have Eyes • Do I Love You • Frenesi • This Time The Dream's On Me • I Don't Want To Walk Without You • Ac-Cent-Tchu-Ate The Positive • Nightmare.

FREDDY MARTIN: Scatterbrain • The Hut-Sut Song • Rose O'Day • Jingle, Jangle, Jingle • Warsaw Concerto • All Or Nothing At All • Symphony.

SAMMY KAYE: The Umbrella Man • Daddy • Taking A Chance On Love • There Goes That Song Again • You Always Hurt The One You Love • Kaye's Melody.

BUNNY BERIGAN: A Study In Brown • I Cried For You.

RUDY VALLEE: Vieni, Vieni.

CHARLIE BARNET: All This And Heaven, Too • I Hear A Rhapsody.

LARRY CLINTON: Heart And Soul • I Double Dare You • My Reverie • Believe Ballroom • The Nearness Of You.

HAL KEMP: The Moon Got In My Eyes • I've Got A Pocketful Of Dreams • Sunrise Serenade • It All Comes Back To Me Now.

HAL MCINTYRE: I'm Making Believe • Sentimental Journey.

ALVINO REY: Deep In The Heart Of Texas • Strip Polka • Dearly Beloved • Nighty Night.

EDDY DUCHIN: Moon Over Miami • Moonlight And Shadows.

SHEP FIELDS: Goodnight My Love • "FATS" WALLER: All My Life • JAN SAVITT TOP HATTERS: You Go To My Head • The Things I Love • OZZIE NELSON: Says My Heart • LES BROWN: Don't Worry 'Bout Me • SKINNAY ENNIS: Wishin' • ZIGGY ELMAN: And The Angels Sing • BOB CHESTER: We Three (My Echo, My Shadow And Me) • GRAY GORDON TIC-TOC RHYTHM: Ferryboat Serenade • BOB CHESTER: With The Wind And The Rain In Your Hair • XAVIER CUGAT: Yours • EARL HINES: Skylark • It Had To Be You • TEDDY POWELL: Let's Get Lost • ABE LYMAN: For Me And My Gal • ENRIC MADRIGUERA: Brazil • TONY PASTOR: Dance With A Dolly • Blossoms • DAVID ROSE: Poinciana • CHARLIE SPIVAK: It's Been A Long, Long Time • Stardreams • DUKE ELLINGTON: Take The "A" Train • LIONEL HAMPTON: Flying Home • CLAUDE THORNHILL: Snowfall • THE KLINE SISTERS: San Fernando Valley • Maizy Doats (Dozy Doats).

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 18, 1966



1. Raincoat

● It's in, it's here, it's strip-dressing. The Americans call it layer-dressing. Whatever it's called, it means a girl can be dressed for rain or shine all in one outfit. Kick off in a raincoat, dashingly equipped for wet weather (above).

Come the sunshine and the coat is removed to reveal a chic suit (above, centre) Now it's lunchtime,

2. Suit

the suit jacket peels off, and you have a soft two-piece, a perfect restaurant dress (above, right).

And 1, 2, 3 add up to convertible, versatile French dressing. Try it some time. It's perfect fashion for the quick tempo of modern life. Things to note: Red is a top winter color; vinyl is still the "in" wet-weather fabric.

3. Dress

The Striptease in 3 acts

—BETTY KEEP

Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

● The scooped-neck shift, with its self-bind and tie (illustrated below), is my design choice for a young reader.

HERE is part of her letter and my reply:

"I am seeking a design and pattern for a plain, beltless dress in size 31-inch bust. I want the style to have long sleeves and just some little extra detail. I am a teenager."

Illustrated below is the dress I

have chosen to answer your query. Extra details to note are the two rows of fin. tucks on the skirt and the link button sleeve closings. If you decide to order the pattern, under the illustration are full details and how to order.

"How should I press crepe?"

Press crepe with a moderately hot iron on the wrong side of the

garment. Don't use a damp cloth. Crepe should never be pressed with anything moist.

"What would be an unusual color to choose for accessories for a navy suit?"

Red, white, and blue is a very new color trio for accessories, and I suggest the following color arrangement — navy for shoes, white for blouse, and red for hat.

"Is it necessary for the bridegroom's mother to wear formal attire to a 3.30 p.m. wedding?"

Depends on your interpretation of formal. The mother of the bridegroom should look attractive. I think a good choice for an afternoon wedding is a dress and matching jacket or dress and coat made in a silk shantung or perhaps in lace.

"Please tell me what I should wear playing golf. I don't want to wear slacks or shorts. The outfit is for hot-weather wear."

My choice would be a knee-length linen skirt and a long-sleeved, classic shirt or a cotton T-shirt.

"I have been invited with my husband to attend a function at 8 p.m. I am wearing a long frock. What should my husband wear?"

If it is a formal occasion, your husband should wear a dinner jacket and black tie.

"My new autumn coat is being made in grey flannel. As I can't decide on a color for the accessories, I am writing for advice."

Beige is new with grey, and I suggest this color for pigskin gloves, leather handbag, and suede shoes.



fireside-cosy
knits in warm,
carefree
Cashmilon

the wash & wear knit
that resists rubbing!



Tam O'Shanter

KAYSER

Her snug polo-neck Cashmilon sweater also comes in two other fashion-conscious colour combinations. Style 38776, Tam O'Shanter, by Kayser. About \$7.25 (72/6).



A boy-proof Tam O'Shanter sweater also in handsome colour combinations featuring brown or navy. About \$7.00 (70/-), Style 38193, by Kayser.



Cashmilon knitteds
stay new looking longer...
keep their "just new"
softness, shape and colour.
Tests prove...
Cashmilon's for keeps!

Australian Distributors: Burns Distributors Pty. Ltd., 180 Victoria Rd., Marrickville, N.S.W. Tel. 519-2477
Selling Agents: Noel P. Hunt & Co. Pty. Ltd., Melbourne. Tel. 30-3521—Sydney. Tel. 76-0231.



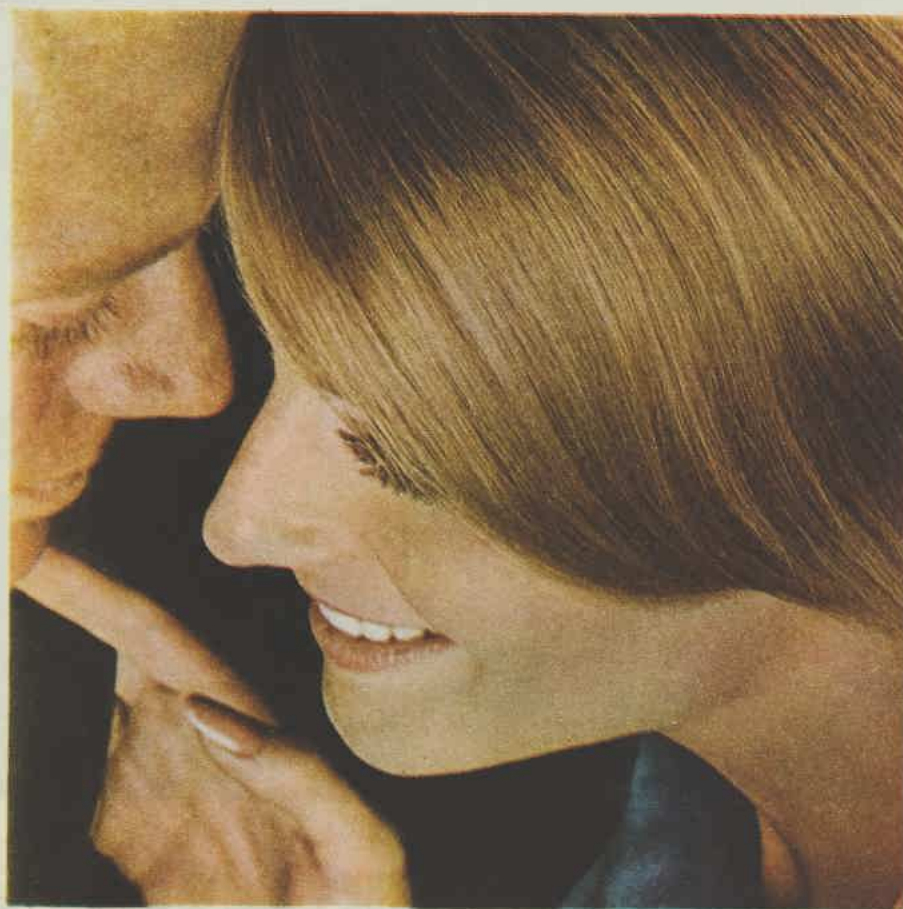
His rugged crew-neck sweater comes in other crisp colour combinations featuring brown or green. Style 38695, about \$7.50 (75/-). Tam O'Shanter, by Kayser.

MD 3193 JCPWW



3609.—One-piece dress with bracelet-length sleeves in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 3609. Price 70c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

New! hair colour so natural it invites close-ups.

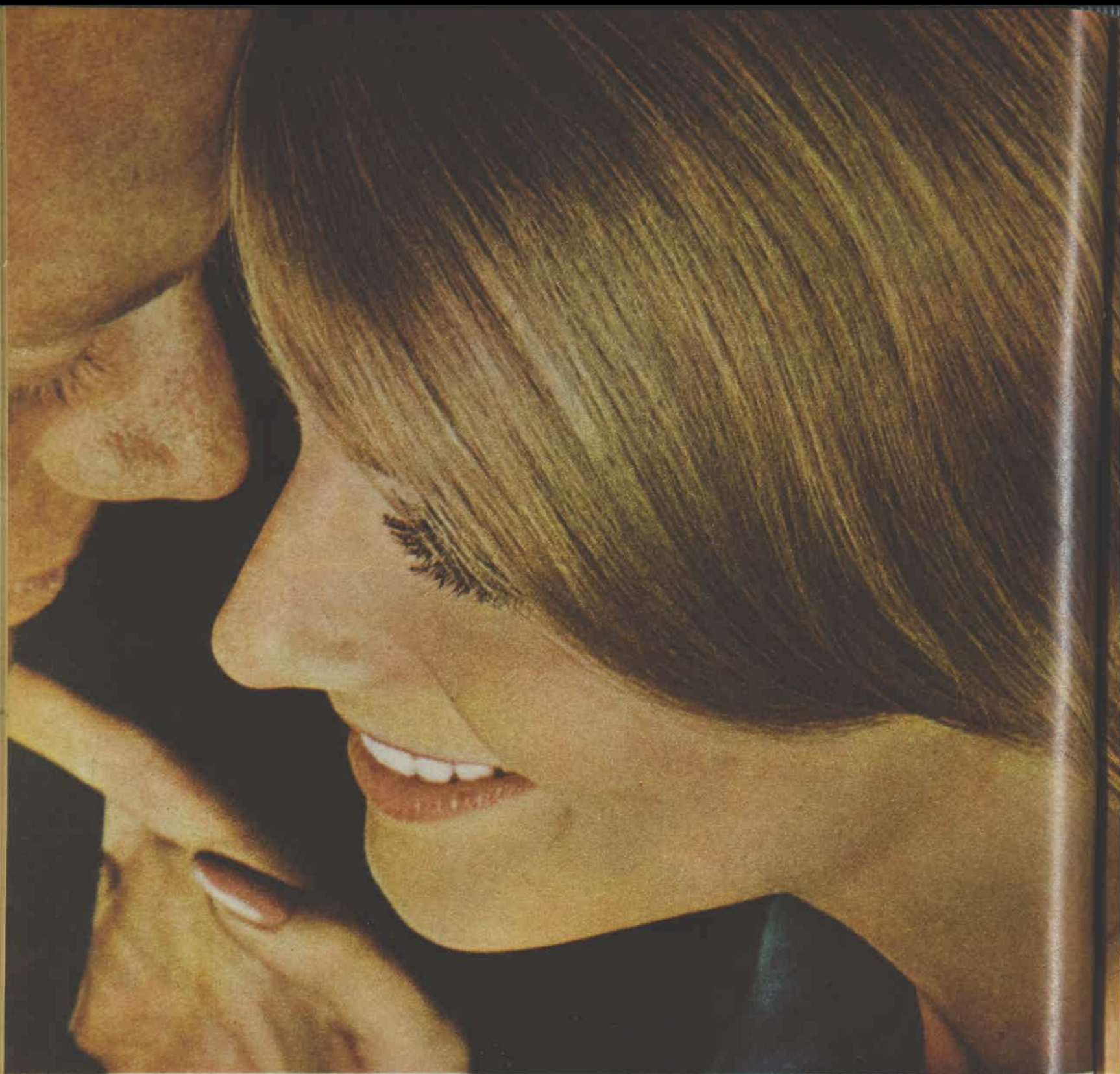


Now it's here! The World's favourite shampoo-in colour!

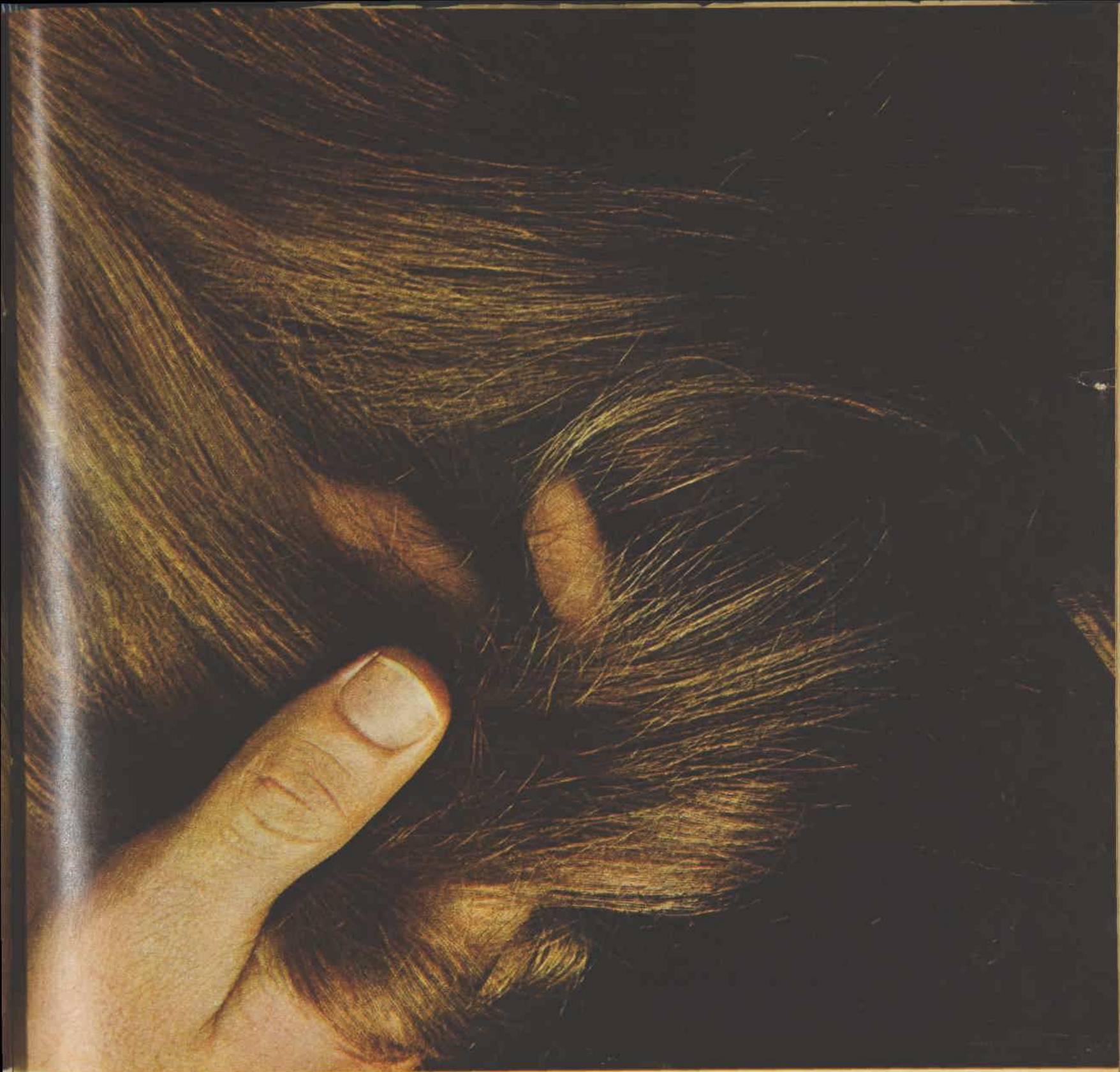
So beautifully natural it's quickly become the
best-selling favourite in America . . . now

Australia! Best of all, it's easy to do. *Real*
colour by Clairol . . . the people who know
more about hair colour than anyone else in
the world!

Discover it for yourself (please turn page).



The closer he gets...the better you look



Now! Shampoo-in hair colour so natural it invites close-ups!

Let distance lend enchantment—to other women! You be the girl who looks even lovelier close-up. Fresher, prettier, more exciting when your hair glows with the soft, natural-looking colour of new 'Nice 'n Easy' by Clairol.

It's easy to do. But more important, this is real Clairol colour. Which means the blonde shades are luminous, beautifully even. Reds are fresh, sparkling. Brunettes are rich and lively. 'Nice 'n Easy' is hair colour so rich it can lighten . . . brighten . . . deepen . . . cover grey better than any ordinary hair colouring. And special conditioners leave your hair silky, bouncy, lovely to touch.

Try it for a lift . . . for the confidence, deep inside, of knowing your beautiful hair colour looks so natural it invites close-ups . . . so natural, the closer he gets the better you look!



New!
Nice'n Easy
by Clairol
 The natural-looking
 hair colour you just
 shampoo in!

How to choose your Nice'n Easy shade:

To **highlight** your own hair colour, or cover grey, choose the 'Nice'n Easy' shade **closest** to your own.

To **lighten** or brighten your hair, or cover grey, choose a shade **lighter** than your own.

To **darken** your hair, or cover grey, choose a shade **darker** than your own.

For **red** highlights, choose the **red shade closest** to your own.

To **minimise** red or gold, select an **ash** shade.

If your hair is grey or white, choose any shade you please. You'll find a detailed colour guide beside the 'Nice'n Easy' dispenser at your Pharmacy.

12 Beautiful Shades

Natural Pale Blonde 100
Natural Light Ash Blonde 102
Natural Golden Blonde 104
Natural Medium Ash Blonde 106
Natural Reddish Blonde 108
Natural Light Auburn 110
Natural Dark Auburn 112
Natural Light Ash Brown 114
Natural Light Brown 116
Natural Medium Brown 118
Natural Dark Brown 120
Natural Black 122

Here's all you do Everything you need is in the pack



1. It's so easy! About once a month pour it on. No sectioning. No parting.

2. Work into a rich lather... wait just minutes... rinse, shampoo. You're through!

3. 'Nice 'n Easy' — beautiful, natural-looking hair colour every time. Covers grey, lightens, brightens or darkens.

New! Nice'n Easy by Clairol



Australia's first arrival from Clairol — the people who know more about hair colour than anyone else in the world.

ILLUSTRATED BY
STAPLETON

ENCHANTED MEETING

By VERA WYNN GRIFFITHS

IT seemed that I was not expected to be at the reception that evening.

"It won't be very interesting," Mother said.

"No celebrities, only foreign correspondents and some baby diplomats."

I said: "I would love a teeny-weeny baby diplomat," and Mother giggled.

"Well, one day, perhaps. But tonight you just pop off and see Selina."

Do not imagine from this that I was a poor neglected child packed off out of the way while my parents enjoyed themselves. Not at all. Father and Mother were lovely people and I adored them both and I led a very happy life. But when Father held a reception — he was in the diplomatic service — I made myself scarce.

They were usually attended by the stuffiest people, so I was quite pleased to pop off to see my friend Selina, who, with me, was a day girl at a school where we were taught to be young ladies.

That evening Selina tidied up my maths, which were often eccentric, and I corrected her French translation. We had hot chocolate and biscuits, then I walked home across the gardens in one of those long, light evenings smelling of leaves and lilac. An evening for romance, I thought, if you were interested in romance. I wasn't particularly, so I just tramped across the grass thinking: how nice, it was ballroom dancing tomorrow.

The reception was still on when I got home, so I thought I would just have a peep at it. I went into one of the cloakrooms and straightened my Alice band. My hair was nice, I liked it, and the Alice band suited me, so that was all right.

Among the cloaks and furs heaped around, there was a lovely little sapphire mink jacket. I tried it on, it was light as a feather and soft, and I hoped that one day somebody would buy one just like that for me. Then I slid into the drawing-room by the

door at the narrow end. Nobody was likely to notice me there, for most of the guests were milling around under the great chandelier, where the room widened into a sort of bay.

But Timson, who was buzzing about with drinks, noticed me. He brought me a glass of tonic water with a piece of lemon in it to make it look like gin. As he did so he gave me the ghost of a wink, for Timson was always my friend.

I could not bear alcohol. But as he had explained to me once, having a glass in your hand gave you something to do, and indeed he was quite right.

As I sipped at mine I observed Paula Gibbs, a terrifying woman. She was a journalist on one of the big daily papers and she had a voice like a cornrake and was as persistent as a leech, or so I had heard Father say.

The man to whom she had attached herself had his back to me. He was tall, very thin, and the bones at the back of his neck stood out clearly, giving him an oddly youthful and defenceless appearance. He seemed to be bending forward, then I saw that he was leaning heavily with his two hands on the back of a chair, almost as though it were all he could do to hold himself upright.

Poor man, no wonder, stuck like that with Paula. Then, as I watched, I saw a shudder ripple down his back. At the same moment Paula gave one of her parrot screams of laughter and I decided that it was more than anybody should be asked to bear. I parked my glass on a table and marched up to them.

"Oh, hello, Dinah," said Paula, obviously not at all pleased to see me.

I made a little-girl face. "Father says he hasn't had a word with you all evening and could you spare a moment?" I said.

To page 71

When James suddenly became ill, Dinny thought a cup of tea might help him.





Kiss it
better
with a
BAND-AID
strip

BAND-AID
BRAND

plastic
strips

NEW
OVERALL
AIR-VENTS
for faster
healing

Johnson & Johnson

...hurry up the healing

BAND-AID Brand Strips are flesh-coloured to hide as they heal. Air vents all over let healing air through, keep skin from wrinkling. SUPER-STICK sticks at a touch — keeps the bandage put.

Johnson & Johnson

BACK IN THE DREAMTIME

By **PAT RYAN**

TOM asked, "What's she like, you sly dog? Peaches and cream, I bet." And he nudged Maria, who was already planning a dinner party.

"Just the four of us, Oh, Michael, I can hardly wait to meet her."

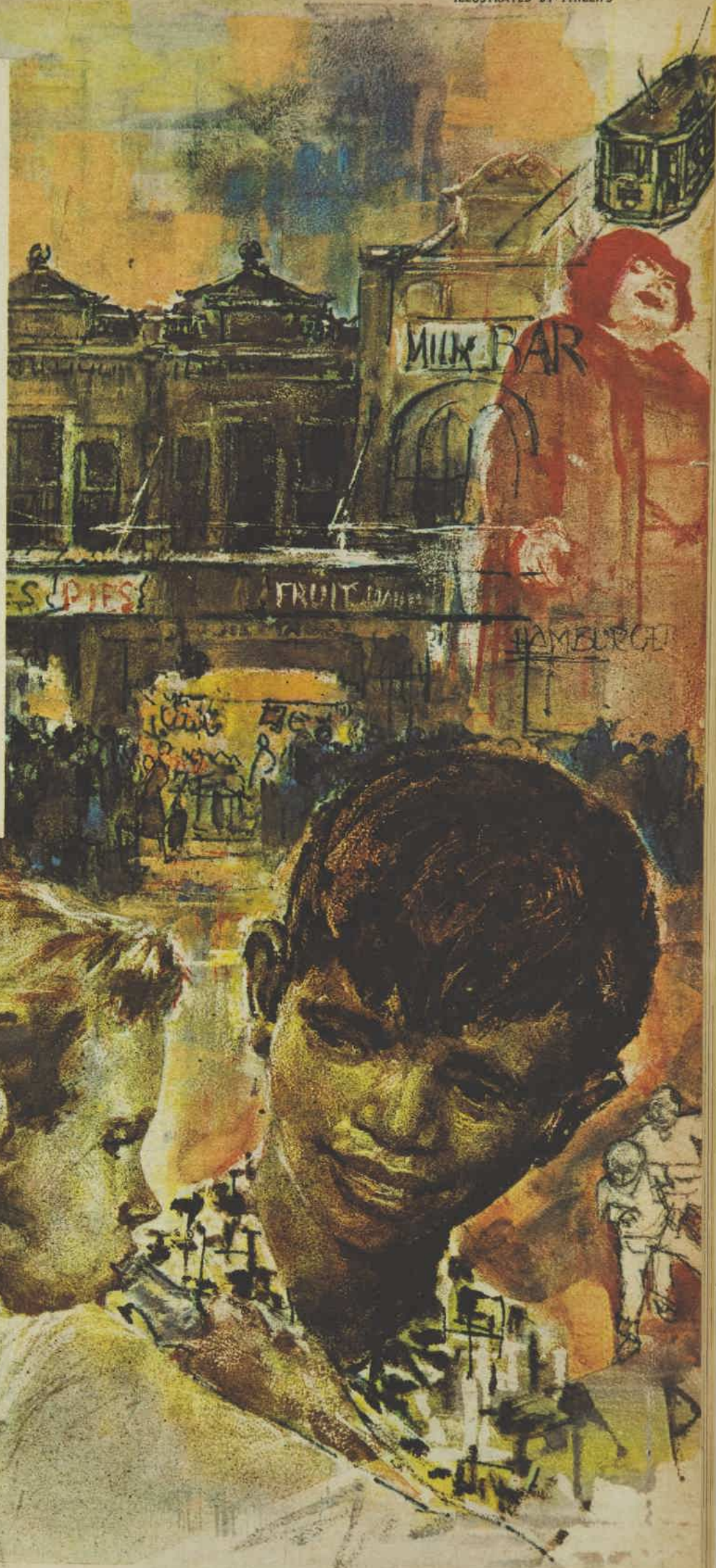
The visitors' light glowed on its wrought-iron bracket like a primrose ball. The sandstone facade was like a slab of eternity.

"It has a slate roof that I helped Tom recondition. But you'll be seeing it many times. It's well — sort of my second home."

Irene snuggled against my shoulder as I lifted the brass knocker. I smiled at the familiar sound of Tom's bounding strides and the hurried tap-tap of Maria's high heels. Then the door was drawn back to reveal their welcoming smiles and I must have been the happiest and proudest man in Sydney. I felt for Irene's hand and wanted to share everything with her, even The Beginning.

When a couple of creatures who were the stuff of tadpoles splashed about in a kindergarten pool, then hopped out on

To page 40



As children, Tom and Michael spent many a happy hour together playing in the street.



What a temptation to call them natural!

Soft auburns, warm browns, glowing golds. Steiner makes 18 colours that are like stepping into the sun. Glo-Ahead colours. Not a hard, brittle thing about them. Their controlled colour-absorption lets you say 'when'. All last through 4 to 6 shampoos.

Glo-Ahead colours by Steiner. One of them is you. Exactly.

Steiner

THE AUTHORITY ON HAIR CARE

Glo-Ahead semi-permanent rinse, \$1.15.

The complete Steiner range of hair cosmetics is available from selected chemists and department stores.

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tonight?

You must be serving fish.



When cooking meat, you'll find one or two OXO Cubes make all the difference. OXO gives your cooking a good, rich, meaty flavour. We call it 'man appeal'. So will you.



Write to OXO - Box 69 G.P.O. Sydney for the OXO recipe leaflet.

The picture enchanted
Sonia, and she had set
her heart on buying it

THE NOCTURNE

A short short story
By ENID CONLEY

BART MORAY, striding into his art gallery just after sunrise to collect a special-delivery painting, side-stepped a cleaner and stopped in amazement. He lifted his hat and ran a long, thin hand over his balding head.

"What are you doing in that get-up?" he shouted above the polishing machine's whirr.

Sonia switched off the power.

"Guess!" she said. Then striking a mannequin's slinky pose, one hand on hip, the other outflung, she circled slowly for his appraisal.

"Like it?" she asked.

"Very fetching!" he said. Then his forehead creased. "Is the job permanent? Shall I have to break in a new secretary?"

"Oh, Bart, of course not," laughed Sonia. "I just need more money, and this is how I plan to get it."

"I know," said Bart, "you don't have to tell me. Your boyfriend wouldn't part up for the painting."

"My fiancé," corrected Sonia.

"Well, OK, your fiancé. What did he say?" Bart asked.

"Russ thought I was being extravagant," said Sonia. "He said our joint savings account could be put to better use. We're really saving for our home, but this painting would have been a wonderful start. We could have planned our whole decor around it. But he wouldn't listen. We almost had our first big argument."

Bart heard the tension in her voice, and saw the tears gathering. He muttered inaudibly and patted her shoulder.

"We'll talk about it later," he said.

Bart went into his gallery, and picked up the packaged painting he had come to collect. On the way out he glanced at Sonia's nocturne, wearing its small, red-sale sticker, the tiny round seal of success.

Even in the poor early morning light, the semi-abstract shapes of the night scene were exciting.

Sonia had been stirred by the mystic genius of the artist and cried out in delight when she first saw it.

But it was Mrs. Vandooran who had nearly bought the oil painting. Bart had walked with his valued client down the long gallery, and Mrs. Vandooran had stopped to peer through her lorgnette at the artist's signature.

"Never heard of the man!" she said, disparagingly. "Pity! I rather like it."

Bart hoped she would choose another. He knew how Sonia felt, both about the painting and Mrs. Vandooran, but his client could afford the price. Sonia could not.

However, after much hovering and indecision over several paintings, and lengthy discussions in a flirtatious flutter with Bart, Mrs. Vandooran decided on the nocturne.



But before final arrangements were made, Bart heard Sonia's chair pushed back sharply and turned to see her leaning over her corner desk.

"You can't have that painting," she almost shouted, her voice echoing in the long gallery, "That one is sold."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Vandooran. Her pouter-pigeon bosom heaved in its tight, black sheath and she turned slowly to train her lorgnette on Sonia.

"Are you sure?" asked Bart. "I thought the prospective buyer was still undecided."

"No," said Sonia firmly. "She has definitely made up her mind. Has paid a deposit in fact. I just haven't put a red sticker on the frame."

She proceeded to do so.

Mrs. Vandooran blustered and fumed, till even Bart Moray's polite deference showed signs of fraying. But at last he persuaded her to take an alternative painting. Then, basking in his soft flattery, she wagged an admonishing finger and sailed out through the door.

Bart leant against Sonia's desk.

"Well," he said, "what now, young woman! You nearly lost me a regular customer. How are you going to finance this big deal?"

"I'll talk it over with Russ," she said, "I know he'd want me to have it, when he knows how much I care."

"I hope you're not disappointed," said Bart.

Sonia's face glowed with happiness. "Russ loves me," she said.

But Russ was unco-operative. Sonia came to Bart and asked for time to pay.

"I'll find another buyer if you like," he suggested.

"Never! I'm determined to have that nocturne! I must have it!"

"Calm down," said Bart. "Let me know how you make out."

"I'll manage somehow," said Sonia, and Bart knew she would.

But he was still surprised to see her in a cleaner's rig polishing the entrance hall before work. At nine o'clock she was at her desk, and he had no immediate cause for complaint. If she seemed a little weary as the weeks progressed he was tolerant.

But not Russ, her fiancé. When

Sonia dozed over a dinner date or nodded through an interesting film, Russ became angry. Three weeks after paying her deposit on the picture, Sonia came to work, red-eyed and miserable.

"My engagement is broken," she said dramatically to Bart. "My life is ruined."

"The painting?" Bart asked. Sonia nodded.

"Russ said I care more for it than I do for him. How could he think that? But why shouldn't I have the painting? I'm not asking him to pay for it!"

"I could still get another buyer," suggested Bart.

"Don't you dare!" said Sonia. "I want that nocturne and I'll have it!"

"Is it worth it?" asked Bart.

"You don't understand," said Sonia. "It isn't just the painting, it's everything! We just don't seem to be in love any more!"

Bart flicked a large, white handkerchief from his coat pocket.

"Here, take this," he said, and walked away. The sight of Sonia weeping unnerved him.

When he went back into the gallery a little later he was surprised to see a radiant Sonia.

"Russ rang me," she said. "He wants me to leave work and get married straight away. Of course I can't do that, but he says he's not going to let any old picture come between us. He'll even help me pay for it. Oh, Bart, isn't he wonderful! We're being married next month!"

"Congratulations," said Bart.

"Do you think you could sell the nocturne for me?" asked Sonia. "I still think it's terrific, but I'm going to need the money I've paid off for a bridal gown."

"I think that can be arranged," said Bart.

Already he knew the perfect buyer. What better present from an art connoisseur to his young secretary on her wedding day!

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 18, 1966



NEW HOLDEN SPECIAL SEDAN

New comfort that almost spoils you (for almost any other car!)

Of all the improvements we've made to this new Holden, the one you'll probably like most is its sheer comfort.

You'll like the new upholstery material we're using. It's called 'Sadlon' and it's got deep-pleating. It's softer, it's got far more "give", it's far, far richer-looking. And it's combined with a new type of foam padding to make the seats . . . well . . . just about spoil you for any-

thing else.

You'll like the way the new Holden goes, too. Rides softer, sounds quieter, feels smoother — Turbo-smooth, you might say. (And the whole car has a longer, lower, more refined look that'll take your eye.)

In short: for a demonstration on how to be spoiled just a little, your Holden dealer has just the car. See 'em both today!

New Turbo-smooth
HOLDEN

AUSTRALIA'S OWN CAR

Same low prices — from \$1770 plus tax

GENERAL MOTORS-HOLDEN'S 0542

We wash 12 lbs. We wash 1 lb.

It's a cat chasing its tail.

We make washing machines bigger and bigger, so you can get more clothes into them.

The bigger we make them, the more they cost to run, and the less you can afford to use them for small loads.

(Everyone gets those awkward small loads. Like the cheese-cloths he uses to wax the car. Or those pretty little guest-towels. You get them out of the linen press and they're a bit dusty. Run a big machine just to wash two hand-towels?)



The need exists. At General Electric, we did something about it. We came out with Mini-Wash, a patented small basket that you can fit inside the big basket. It lets you wash as little as 1 lb. of clothes without wasting water. (Mini-Wash uses just ten gallons for the whole cycle, compared to about twenty-five gallons for most automatics at their lowest water-level). Naturally, you also save time and electricity.

Comes a big load, you lift out the Mini-Basket, and you have 12 lb. capacity — the biggest on the market.

The new General Electric automatic washers are in stock at your appliance store right now. You could have one delivered tomorrow.



And tomorrow night, just to try it out, you could wash one pair of gloves.

Progress is our most important product.



THE TURNING POINT

Concluding instalment
of our dramatic serial

By **RICHARD
MARTIN STERN**



"The doctor thinks Marty's father
will recover," Helen said to Glen.

A GROUP of teenagers gather at PETE LAWLER'S home for a party one night when his parents are away. Suddenly the lights go out and the place becomes a scene of confusion and wanton destruction. MARTY WILLIAMS, dancing with his girlfriend, TRACY LANE, peremptorily leaves her, but Pete rushes up to her and, clutching his side as though in pain, asks her to drive him to the police station. Later he and the police return to the Lawler home, leaving Tracy at the station. Tracy notices that Pete drives on this occasion.

Marty arrives at the station to take Tracy home, but, before they leave, police chief CAPTAIN JOHNS and the local district attorney, WILLARD GLEN, question Marty about the evening's vandalism. Tracy's widowed mother, HELEN, is concerned about Tracy being involved in the proceedings, but is comforted by her staunch friend Willard Glen, who has been in love with her since before her marriage.

Meanwhile, Pete's parents, JOHN and ETHEL, have returned to their home. John is distraught when he discovers a secret compartment in a wall panel has been forced open and seventy-three thousand dollars have been removed. This sum he has accumulated over the years and has hidden to evade taxation. Some silverware is also missing and suspicion mounts against Marty when it is found in his home.

In the evening, Marty returns home and finds his father, BURT, badly bashed and almost unconscious. In spite of his injuries he is able to tell his son that two men broke into the house and attacked him. Marty contacts Glen and takes his father to hospital, having told Glen he will be there. NOW READ ON:

THE hospital corridor was quiet. Marty sat on a wooden bench and for the first time in his young life began to understand the truism that waiting is the hardest part.

It was there that Glen found him. Glen sat down on the bench. "Do you know what happened?"

"There were two of them," Marty said. "One character held him while the other one worked him over. If I'd been there—"

"You'd have taken the same beating," Glen said. "Don't pretend otherwise."

Slowly Marty nodded. "I guess I would," he said. "It would have been better, though."

"Maybe," Glen said. "Just maybe."

A door opened and a resident came out. He approached Marty and nodded to Glen. "We've called Dr. Walker," he said. "Your father asked us to." He paused. "Broken ribs, and there may be internal injuries." He was looking at Glen now, and he said suddenly, "Has the world gone entirely mad?" And then, as if ashamed of the outburst,

he turned away and walked quickly back into the room and closed the door.

In the silence Glen said, "All right, now, let's get to it. They went through the house. Simple burglary?"

"What do we have to steal, Mr. Glen? My father's camera gear, a few trophies that aren't worth anything, some books, clothes — we don't even lock the house."

Glen said, "Were you expecting your father back tonight?"

Marty shook his head. "He finishes an assignment. If he has another, he goes on. If he doesn't, he comes back." He paused. "So if I didn't know it's not likely that anybody else would know, either. Is that what you mean? And if they were waiting for somebody it would be me?" He nodded then. "Tell me why."

"When you left me, where did you go, whom did you see?"

"One after another, I saw six friends of mine," Marty said. "The ones who were with us at the Lawler house night before last. I don't know what I expected to find out, Mr. Glen, but I didn't find out anything — except that people believe what they read in the newspapers. Not one of them had the nerve to come right out and say it, but in their book I'm the thief, I'm the one who's giving everybody a bad name." He looked across the corridor at the closed door. "Now this," he said.

Glen said, "You've told me all you know? Everything?"

"Yes, sir." The boy's eyes were steady.

"All right," Glen said. "I believe you. But where that leaves us I haven't the least idea." He stood up. Marty made no move. "I don't suppose you want a ride home," Glen said. "No. I thought not." And then, "Why not ring Tracy?"

Marty said, "I don't want her mixed up in this."

"That," Glen said, "is the first obvious lie I've caught you in." He watched the boy's head come up with a jerk. "You do want her mixed up in it," Glen said. "You're a big, strong fellow, but you want her sitting right here holding your hand." Thinking of himself last night, of his call to Helen, he smiled suddenly. "I don't blame you," he said. "Now, go call her. Tell her I'll pick her up and bring her down here if she wants to come." And then, he thought, I'll mother-sit with Helen because I have a need, too. How Machiavellian can a man be?

Tracy sat stiffly upright on the hard, wooden bench. "There isn't anything to say," she said.

Marty nodded.

"I mean, I'm fresh out of funny. I can't even think of a quip."

"Don't try."

The door across the corridor opened and Dr. Walker came out. Marty was on his feet; Tracy rose to stand with him. Unconsciously her hand found his, and she discovered that she was holding her breath.

Dr. Walker said, "I won't fool you, son. It isn't good. You pound hard enough at a human body that isn't well

To page 48



'Aw shucks

... learning to drink with the
Tru-Flo Baby Tumbler is easy'.

"I get all embarrassed when people say I'm clever learning to drink so quickly. Any baby can now learn to drink with the Tru-Flo Baby Tumbler. Its mouthpiece helps keep the Tumbler between my lips.

The Tru-Flo Tumbler lets the liquid come to me slowly. So I can't choke. Mum doesn't have to watch over me. And it's impossible to spill the Tru-Flo Baby Tumbler. It won't break either. Mum likes it because she can boil it safely.

So stop saying how clever I am. Any mother is clever if she buys Tru-Flo products for her baby. Just ask your chemist".



TRU-FLO

Your skin needs HERCO OLIVOL SKIN LOTION



Because . . .

It is a recognised scientific fact that there is still nothing better for the skin than a combination of olive oil and lanolin — especially for the hands.

By using HERCO everyday, your skin will benefit from its soothing, nourishing olive oil and lanolin content.

HERCO OLIVOL SKIN LOTION is available in 4 convenient sizes priced from as little as 28 cents (2/9)

Now—make a Spring skirt in 15 minutes with

Glenflex INSTANT SKIRT FABRIC



Famous "Glenflex" swings into spring with lightweight fine wools and wool acrylics in a beautiful range of spring colours. With woven Vyrene (elasticised) waist-band all you do is sew up seam and hem—your "Glenflex" spring skirt is ready to wear.

AT LEADING STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

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Page 37

Bread and Butter ideas were never so exciting

FROM THE DAIRY FOODS TEST KITCHEN

See how interesting bread and butter becomes when you dress it up a little! It's so easy to make up attractive platters of food for the man at work . . . the child at play . . . any group of hungry people. Tempting? Certainly! Satisfy-

ing? Absolutely! Especially when you're generous with the butter. Always remember—no substitute can match butter for flavour or nutrition. And butter always makes food taste twice as nice. Try these exciting ideas . . .

Little tips for BIG successes

INSTANT SANDWICH...

Cut a French loaf on an angle at 1½" intervals almost to bottom crust. Arrange slices of your favourite Australian Cheeses in these cuts (we used Australian Cheddar wedges, rolled slices of Australian Swiss, Australian Blue Vein and Australian Provolone rounds). Place tasty, colourful garnishes on toothpicks between cheese slices. Serve with butter curls for guests to cut and butter their choice.

SUPER SANDWICH SALAD BOWL...

Tear lettuce and endive into bite-size pieces, place in salad bowl. Tuck in Sandwich Cones and Asparagus Snacks. Prepare sandwiches, using brown and white bread, your own choice of fillings; trim and cut into quarters and tuck in amongst salad. Served chilled.

Sandwich Cones—Trim crusts from 12 slices white bread. Roll each slice thinly with rolling pin. Butter slices, roll into cone shape (wrap around buttered cream horn tins, or shape into cones, secure with toothpick and stuff with crumpled foil). Bake in hot oven 10-15 minutes until toasted. Combine 4 oz. grated Australian Cheese, ½ cup chopped cooked corn beef and 1 dessertspoon mayonnaise. Fill baked bread horns with mixture, decorate with olive slices.

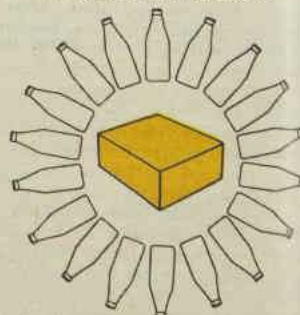
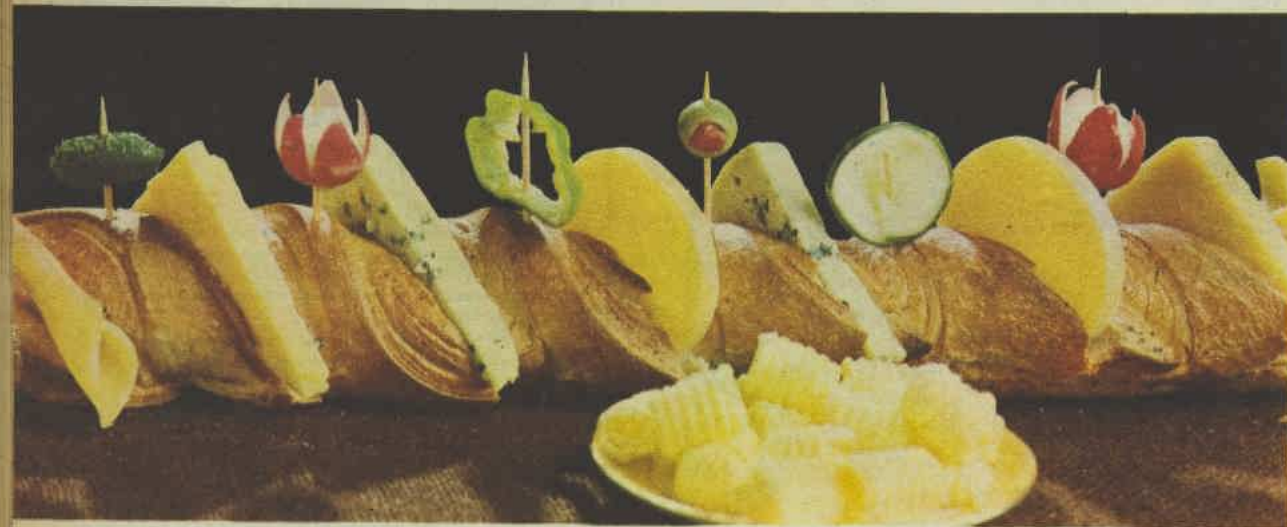
Asparagus Snacks—Hollow out centres of 2 small French bread sticks. Butter inside thoroughly, fill with Asparagus spears and chill. Cut into lengths and serve.

BARBECUED CHEESE BREAD...

Slice round Cottage loaf cross-wise. Blend 4 oz. Butter with 2 oz. grated Australian Parmesan Cheese and spread on each slice, reforming into loaf shape. Cut into four and wrap in buttered foil. Bake in hot oven for 40-50 minutes.

SEAFOOD SAVOURY WHEEL...

Arrange prawns and oysters on large rounds of buttered brown bread. Cut into wedges, garnish with parsley.



IT TAKES THE CREAM FROM
16 PINTS OF MILK TO
MAKE ONE POUND OF BUTTER!



Inserted in the
interests of better
nutrition by the
Australian Dairy
Produce Board.

What to take to a desert isle

WARNED of being wrecked on a lonely island with "Me Jane," my contributions would be vegetable seeds, canned food, writing compact, matches, fishing tackle, and a shanghai. The fishing line should provide fish for breakfast, and with any luck the shanghai would bring down some kind of sea bird to bake in the ashes. In time vegetables will be on the menu, too. And there'll be no decimal currency to contend with.

\$2 to Mrs. A. Brown, Woolloowin Heights, Qld.

ON our desert island we will also need matches, saucepan, fishing tackle, oyster opener, pencil and paper, and a bottle of the doings so that when it is empty we can write a "save us" note to throw into the sea. No doubt by that time "Me Jane" will be chasing me round the island with both her chopper and kitchen knife.

\$2 to "Island Belle" (name supplied), Hurstville, N.S.W.

THE six articles I'd take would be matches to make a fire (which must never be allowed to go out) for warmth, light, cooking, and signalling — should a ship appear on the horizon. A fair-sized billy has many uses. A warm rug for bedding, and wearing apparel if necessary. Fishing line with hooks, a good all-purpose kitchen knife, and a Bible. We might never be rescued, and I know of no other book that can give such comfort and help.

\$2 to "Me Too" (name supplied), Balwyn, Vic.

THE island, of course, is located somewhere in the temperate zone? I would join you with my choice of these six articles — an axe, fish line and hooks, flint, microscope, writing materials, and bowie-knife.

\$2 to M. McPherson, Emerald, Vic.

ALL I would need is my husband and a homebrew plant. He has brought me through life's stormy seas for 30 years, and as long as he could have his pint a day he would find a way to provide for us.

\$2 to "Wife" (name supplied), Ashfield, N.S.W.

I'M with you, and I'll bring a saw, a bag of nails, fishing line, hammer, tea (for your teapot), and two dozen lipsticks in case we get company.

\$2 to "Girl Friday" (name supplied), Maroubra, N.S.W.

THESE would be my choice: my Bible (to give me hours of reading), a hatchet (useful as both hammer and axe), an iron saucepan, large knife, matches, tent. If my husband could be classed as an "article," I would take him, and omit one of the other items.

\$2 to "Nanna" (name supplied), Moonah, Tas.



LETTER BOX

• We pay \$2.00 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Flat remark

WE got a flat tyre out in the middle of nowhere and my husband was exasperated to find the nearest service station was ten miles away. He proceeded to pump the blessed thing by hand. After many grunts and groans by his near-exhausted dad, my son piped up, "Never mind, Dad, it won't take long—it's only flat at the bottom." Dad nearly fainted.

\$2 to Mrs. Hartwell, Eaglehawk, Vic.

Smooth touch

FOR years I had trouble with plain knitting wools when my hands became rough in the winter — the finished article was brushed like angora! Now I have found that wearing a pair of nylon gloves while knitting (the transparent ones are best) eliminates catches. This idea is also good for keeping baby-knitting white and clean.

\$2 to Mrs. Joan Hagarty, Seaforth, N.S.W.

Keep thee behind

LONG ago my father was at a wedding of a friend of his and was called on to make a speech. The speech was rather short and was finished with these words of wisdom: "And may bad luck follow you all the days of your life—and never catch up with you." I think it was a nice thought for the occasion.

\$2 to Mrs. D. Gaffney, Fairfield West, N.S.W.

A praying plant

HAVE you ever heard of a praying plant? A woman I knew a long time ago had one growing in a pot and every evening that plant would be brought inside and put on a table. Then the five children of the family were told to stand around it and, when the light was switched on, the plant lifted its leaves to pray and the children said their prayers. My friend said she was sure God would listen to the plant and would hear her children's prayers at the same time. They were a very happy family.

\$2 to Rose Parry, Long Jetty, N.S.W.

As seen by others

ON my weekly visit to the local supermarket, I often have a chuckle. Has anyone noticed how funny people (including myself) look to others as they scurry out with their arms loaded with cartons and boxes of groceries? To me they look for all the world like a colony of ants, busy stocking up supplies, and hurrying home before it rains, each preoccupied with her own needs.

\$2 to Mrs. L. Shaw, Balgownie, N.S.W.

Why that name?

THERE are Britons in Britain, Egyptians in Egypt, Italians in Italy, Greeks in Greece, Indians in India, Maltese in Malta, Germans in Germany — so why are they called Dutch in Holland?

\$2 to "Me" (name supplied), Cooma, N.S.W.

Wrong thing to say

WITH the washing and ironing of nine blouses, nine pairs of shorts, three uniforms, and three skirts (plus the usual home-wear and household washing for eight children and three adults), I feel I'll scream when the next person says to me, "With so many at school now, you won't know what to do with yourself." If any of them want to take over to see for themselves, I'll oblige them. Living on a farm, outside work also often comes the woman's way.

\$2 to Mrs. L. Sauverain, Millmerran, Qld.

They do grow up

IT does not help for teachers to state in high-school report books that children are immature. After such a report, my son started giving "smart" answers, swearing in supposedly adult fashion, and smoking (which he gave up once he became adult) to prove he was grown-up. After three reports saying she was not as mature as her classmates, my daughter was particularly mortified and became almost impossible to live with in her efforts to prove that she was mature.

\$2 to "They Grow Up" (name supplied), Belair, S.A.

Secret of success

I'VE often wondered how it is that those women who seem to be forever complaining invariably have good husbands and families ready to cheerfully fetch and carry, while other women, who never ask for help, are taken for granted and left to carry on unaided. Now I've found the answer in this little verse written many years ago:

"I hate to be a knocker,
I always long for peace,
But the wheel that does the squeaking
Is the one that gets the grease."

\$2 to Mrs. M. Kenny, Holland Park, Qld.

DOROTHY DRAIN is on holidays. She will resume her verses on her return.

Ross Campbell writes...

IN our office a friend and I had exactly the same umbrellas.

Sometimes I would take his umbrella home by mistake. Sometimes he would take mine.

It went on for years. Now and then one of us would be left without an umbrella on a rainy night. This naturally caused ill-feeling.

But a good thing has just happened. He has bought a new, very peculiar umbrella. When not in use it folds up so that it is only a foot long.

It looks as if it had been custom-made for one of the Seven Dwarfs. I cannot possibly mistake his umbrella for mine any more.

Mix-ups like this umbrella trouble go on with many other things. Lunch bags are especially liable to be confused.

There was a time when I had a passion for Port Salut cheese. This is one of the stronger cheeses; in the summer months it is best approached from the windward side.

One day I opened my lunch bag

MIXED FEELINGS

at the office with happy anticipation. Imagine my dismay when I found the sandwiches contained hundreds-and-thousands.

At home that night my daughter (then aged seven) also had a tale to tell.

She had taken my lunch to school



and put it in her desk. The odor became so powerful that the teacher made her take it outside.

School cases also are notoriously jumble-prone. They are nearly all of the same design. They differ only in their size and knocked-about-ness.

A disadvantage of bringing home the wrong school case is that you

can't do your homework. Or it may be an advantage, depending on the point of view.

A difficulty arose when Pip brought home Geoffrey Spink's school case. It contained a plastic koala-shaped bottle in which he took a drink to school every day.

My wife thought that if Geoffrey were deprived of his drink he might be upset emotionally. She rang his mother to find out what kind of drink he took.

It was a green drink. She thoughtfully filled the koala-shaped bottle with green drink before Pip took it back in the morning.

I know a man who picked up a strange woman's airline overnight bag by mistake in a hotel. The consequences were embarrassing and very inconvenient.

But that is rather rare. Umbrellas are a bigger hazard, especially after a party. Some men in a merry mood will grab any umbrella in sight.

The shot is to have a distinctive one, like my friend's dwarf umbrella. Unless, of course, he gets involved with real dwarfs.



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the Paddington bitumen. Not as frogs but fully fledged brats who would lay in wait for a steel barrel with its undercarriage all in the middle.

The tram would dip fore and aft and swing wildly to starboard as it clanged round a snake-shaped street. And the brats would swing out as if to touch the passing telegraph poles with the tips of their fingers.

Just past the street with the buckle in it they'd hop off backwards. And run panting up a concrete ramp to a footpath that meandered along the edge of a cliff between double-storey tenements and man-high railings.

For a few breathless moments they'd sit on the sandstone edge with limbs stretched between the iron rails high above the lower footpath. Then gathering themselves

Continued from page 33

together they'd hop up a half-dozen steps, scoot across a square and up a narrow lane to a pair of semi-detached dolls' houses—or was it a pillbox.

Lights out, and the fabled brats would kneel on their pillows and tap out coded messages on either side of the stone dividing wall, spelling out the next day's campaign of many-splendored mischief.

The same pair of six-year-olds who scoffed at the idea of Santa Claus. But ran crying to the laps of their mothers when the fat woman from the house with the battlements laughed because Tom said we were brothers.

"Pagans, the pair of you for not believin' in Santa and underminin'

innocent kids. But brothers, struth! You brats must be color-blind."

And that night the fat woman's laugh echoed through the battlements in my dreams. I woke to find my mother at my bedside.

"Michael, all the lady meant was that Tom is black and you're white. Anyway, 'Truly Brothers' only happen when boys have the same mum and dad."

She held her handkerchief to my nose and told me to blow hard. "What really counts, Michael, is that you live and play together as if you were brothers."

There was nothing brotherly in the kicks we got out of knocking each other about. We even stole a sort of pleasure from those terribly

awkward moments when we'd begin thinking we'd had enough. I reckon if we'd battered each other to pulp, we would have still sat on the kerb at the same time. Saying face was an accepted part of the ritual.

Maybe Tom would start rubbing his jaw or I'd begin feeling my nose. Mime language interpreted as "Gosh you wield a mighty punch." And one or other would ask off-handedly: "Going to the flicks tonight?"

We were about 13 when we had our last fist fight. It had been more serious than usual and the morning after I made the most shameful discovery. How could I ever face the fellows! Least of all Tom and his shining teeth.

But when we met it was only his left eye that I really saw. "It's a miracle," I thought.

"Ain't they shiners?" he laughed. And we strutted round the school playground with our chests stuck out like decorated war heroes.

From then on when we were at odds we played out our high spirits against the swell at Bondi. Harbor baths were too tame now, and our weekends and souls were given to the ocean.

There was something in the salt that lured us far beyond the third line of breakers to lay in wait for the 15-footers. And the one that might lift a couple of fellows as high as their own happiness.

Our first letdown came early one morning. I was cleaning my teeth but mostly scanning the mirror and feeling the fluff on my upper lip. Out of the corner of my eye I saw my mother standing with hands on hips and lips pursed. Then I was making a lot of pretending that the fluff was in my eye.

"Don't be disheartened, son, they'll grow quickly enough."

"Quickly! Oh, Mum, this ain't anything and it's taken 14 years."

The kettle whistled from the kitchen and that must have been when it happened. There was a pounding on the wall and a speck of plaster fell on to the tip of my nose.

"Mrs. Brennan, Mrs. Brennan—"

"Tom! Mum, it's Tom!"

There was Tom's mother's little bedroom and my mother at her bedside stroking the woman's forehead. Tom stood at the foot and kept looking from his mother to mine, his eyes searching for a ray of hope. But my mother avoided his glance and told me to fetch the doctor.

A FEW days after the funeral Tom's uncle and aunt took him to live with them on the outskirts of a small western town. National Park was the farthest we boys had been from Paddington.

How clearly I remember standing on the platform beside my mother, who tried to cheer Tom with a rosy commentary of life in the bush—the fresh air, freedom of the open spaces, kangaroos, emus, the friendliness of country folk, and the wonder of it all.

And Tom's head was framed in the carriage window like the portrait of an old man. Neither of us said a word.

A week later there were new tenants next door.

"... And such a sweet little girl, Michael. Her father says she's 12, but really she's just a tot and so shy."

"Oh, Mum, how can you talk so easy — they're strangers."

I shoved my half-eaten steak aside.

"Michael, have you ever thought how it was for Amy and me? I mean when your father and Tom's were both killed in the war?"

"That's just what I do mean, Mum. One day there's everything and the next it's all busted."

"Yes, it seemed like that to us at the time. But we each had a baby to rear — and to love."

She clasped my hand across the table.

"One day you'll meet a girl, Michael, and she'll mean more to you than all that's gone before."

"She won't mean more than you and Tom, I bet."

"Me and Tom!" she laughed. "Oh, Michael, when you meet that girl 'Me and Tom' will be just part of your Dreamtime."

A couple of months later when I opened the front door to collect the morning milk, I couldn't believe my eyes — hugging the telegraph pole was Tom.

"Hi!" he said.

I leapt across and felt his shabby suitcase balanced on the kerb. It at least was real.

"You big emu! I bet you've been there all night."

"All night! Mick, I've been here all my life."

The boy was balmy, or acting grown-up.

"Well, it's about time you let go of that pole," my mother laughed.

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Continued from page 40

She stood at the doorstep with her arms stretched out. Suddenly Tom forgot how to act. He was simply himself — a boy who had been lost and found his way home.

And what in all a fellow's Dreamtime could compare with that same Saturday morning when we set forth with baskets and Mum's weekend shopping list.

Tom held his head high and it seemed his nose couldn't get enough of the smells of all Arabia that pervaded Oxford Street. We bustled from butcher's to grocer's to delicatessen, from hot fish and chips to freshly baked bread to chocolate mallets to simply chewing licorice on the kerbstone.

There was the hooting of car horns and the delightful screech braking of double-decker buses. And behind us the rhythm of footsteps on the pavement. And looking at Tom it seemed he didn't miss a beat.

"Guess this is a bit on the nose after the bush and all that."

But his smile was sharp like barbed wire round a concentration camp. And for a second I got the idea that there was something about Tom that I didn't understand. Then the council street-cleaning truck passed and we were bathed in cool water. The driver was glancing back and grinning.

A group of little girls appeared and danced round us, giggling and pointing their fingers at our wet jeans. Tom and I rocked with laughter and began stamping our bare feet in the stream that rushed along the gutter. Our laughter caught on and shoppers paused to smile, and steam rose up from the warm bitumen.

I REMEMBER an old man. He had a great bush of white hair, but his eyes were young looking. He kept nodding his head and smiling. And he said: "Hang on to this moment, lads."

And looking back it seems to have been only a few moments to that proud day when I placed the ring on the little gold tray and Tom put it on Maria's finger. There was the sprinkle of holy water as Father O'Brien gave the blessing.

"Bless, O Lord, this ring, which we are blessing in Thy name so that . . ."

Even in the vestry Tom seemed lost in reverence and I had to nudge him before he stooped to kiss his bride, Maria, with Tom shining in her eyes, and a half-smile that was extending beyond the point of no return. And twelve months later she and Tom had a baby and I had a namesake and a godchild.

"Just think of it, Michael, poor Amy would have been a grandma. I guess I'll have to sort of fill in for her."

After my mother died the doll's house became hollow and cold. I slammed the door and walked down the lane and I didn't glance back not even when I had turned into Hargrave Street. But the sound of my boots on the bitumen did not silence the buzz of revolving memories. "Put on a brave smile, my son, that's the crux of survival . . . that and love."

"Mick! Mick, old man," Tom called as a taxi slid to the kerb.

"Been looking for you like mad," he said, pulling me in.

"Forty-five Underwood Street," Tom told the driver.

"I've got my own way to go, Tom, let me out."

"Sure, you have, Mick, sure. But not all at once, fellow. Right now you're coming with me and . . ."

"You're not my keeper. Take your hand off my shoulder."

He pushed me back in the seat.

"Keeper! Who's the big emu now? You roar like this sorrow's all yours. Don't I have a stake in this? You think she meant nothin' to me?"

"I didn't say that . . ."

. . . the day I came back from

All characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

BACK IN THE DREAMTIME

the outside skirt of that town . . . and her arms stuck out like she was my mother resurrected . . . I couldn't unlearn what I'd learned . . . and that night you all wrapped up in bed, in your swaddling innocence and her talking to me on even terms down in the kitchen with the kettle singing: 'People are mostly good, Tom, it's just that, well, some take a while to learn . . .'

" . . . 'And, Tom, spend a little of your compassion on them, not all on yourself . . .' she pours out warm tea and reminds me of our fathers dying side by side. 'Hate breeds hate, don't be bitter . . . I love you, boy, just like my own son.'"

"The sandstone place, driver," I said.

"I'll give you a hand with him, mate."

Maria was at the door and somehow the three of us got him inside. Him, whose roaring laughter was a familiar echo in every Paddington street. Big Tom Connelly all folded up and sobbing like an orphan child.

Maybe the eight months I lived in the sandstone cottage was stretching childhood too far.

But how could a fellow grow up with a brat tugging at his trouser

To page 42

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



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BACK IN THE DREAMTIME

Continued from page 41

cuffs? Tom's routine joke: "Say, whose kid is this, anyway?" And that look in the brat's eyes. I bet he knew instinctively I was no adult human and he played in the Dreamtime like he was there all along on that other side of Time when the spirits of two soldiers took cover in the bodies of tadpoles.

I had to make a move if I was ever to get into the living business.

As I stood waiting for the elevator with my suitcases beside me and my apartment key glistening new and dangling from my finger, how was I to know that when the automatic doors slid open I would exchange glances with a girl whose beauty would knock the kid stuff out of me for keeps.

It wasn't long before we were to meet again and discover that we occupied opposite apartments. As the days slipped past, the cursory glances warmed to smiling good mornings, lingering appraisals, to excuses for conversation, and finally to the wonder of our first date.

I guess Irene and I knew then that this was no mere flirtation. And as one exciting week followed another I became evermore involved with the spellbound reality of our love. And evermore addicted to the sweet smell of success.

There was something about Irene that made me want to climb high.

I was reaching out, planning big and catching on to the politics of attracting the big men in the executive suite. And the day I was summoned to Top Office to have L.J. pat me on the back and pronounce me Assistant Supply Manager I knew for sure that I was making good — and not only at my job.

WHEN I told Irene she couldn't control the lights in her eyes.

And we spent the following weekend at her parents' Georgian homestead. Irene's mother was charming, and after dinner when her father took me into his den to show me his woodcuts I got the warm feeling that I was accepted.

On Sunday it was drizzling rain, but Irene and I were up with the first uneasy light of dawn. The sky was like ice. "When I was a kid I'd run up this hill like a goat in pigtails."

"Baa . . . baa." "Oh, Michael, you're a fool. Race you to the poplars." She was off like a doe.

It was pouring when I caught up and swung her round in my arms. She was trying to get her breath and the poplar leaves were falling around us and the rain was beating against her cheeks and I was asking her to be my wife.

I don't know how long we stood breasting the tumult

with that same inevitability that salmon breast a cascade.

As we were walking down the slopes she was pointing out the little stone church on the opposite hill and telling me of the organ—"Michael, it's got the most wonderfully mellow — and, Michael, shall we tell Mummy and Daddy before or after breakfast . . . Oh, Michael, if only I could have known your mother, but there's your friend, Tom. I'm so looking forward to meeting him."

She talked on and I couldn't tear my eyes away from this girl, who was going to share my life and dreams.

Then at Maria's dinner party it seemed my love put on a new complexion. Tom outshone his own shining teeth with hospitality and sparkling good humor. Every dish Maria served was a revelation. And Irene was poised and beautiful.

Yet there was something unreal about us. I had the feeling we were characters stuck inside one of those concave mirrors they have at Luna Park. We were only there a couple of hours but it was like a life sentence.

It wasn't until Irene and I reached Oxford Street and stood waiting for a taxi that she stepped out of the mirror.

"Darling, they're such wonderful people . . . so ideally suited . . . Tom's such . . . a fine man."

"Yes, Irene, he's about the best man that is."

"But, of course, darling, you can't really imagine him as our best man!"

I looked at her and it was like a revelation. I'd never been taught. For twenty-four years I hadn't a clue and now in a few moments I was getting the message.

"Michael, you're ill."

She was wiping the sweat from my forehead with her perfumed handkerchief, and pate de fois gras, avocado what's it, fish something, and white chianti were repeating on me with the sweet smell of Chanel No. 5.

"Peaches and cream . . ." I laughed into her lace handkerchief. "Yeah, that's it, peaches and cream, and all things nice, that's what little cats . . ."

"Stop, Michael. Stop it!"

I grabbed her by the shoulders, shook her till her glazed and poplar-golden hairdo broke and fell in strands, and tears streaked across her make-up.

"Michael, you're hurting me! Please."

I hailed a cruising cab, helped her in, and slammed the door.

"Lady ill, mister?"

I shoved a note in his palm and spelt out the address through clenched teeth. Before the exhaust fumes evaporated I had flopped on the kerbstone.

And fragments of the dreamtime came back to me with the stench of my vomit. And I couldn't control my shaking body nor block out the laughter of the fat woman echoing across the years.

I grabbed the edge of the kerb — that same kerb here in this same street where Tom had given that strange smile.

How can a brat be so ignorant?

At dawn I was sitting on the doorstep of the doll's house, rubbing my aching feet. Through a chink between tenements down in the square a six by two bit of harbor appeared and with it the realisation that the Dreamtime was over.

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• HOUSE of the WEEK SPACIOUS, ECONOMICAL HOME AMONG THE TREES

• Architect Michael Blakeney regards this house he designed for Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Dickinson at Newport, N.S.W., as one which would fit into any landscape, fit any decor.



EXTERIOR of house, seen from the steep, winding hill road; note clerestory on centre of roof. Hand-made outside lamps are of redwood slats and sheet metal.

THIS house, built on the side of a steep, wooded hill at Newport, N.S.W., is described by the architect as "essentially a young people's home; one in which they can establish their own character."

Entitled "The House of the Rising Sun," because of the breathtaking view of sunrises it commands in the early mornings, the house looks down through the trees to Newport Beach.

It took ten weeks to build at Christmas-time—including interruptions for the holiday, labor shortage, and rain.

An economical home, in that it was inexpensive but not "cheap," the house is 18 2-3rd squares, with seven squares of veranda. The total cost to build was \$740 per square of house and \$200 per square of veranda.

"It's not a modular-planned house," the architect explained, "but a repetitive structure, because very many of the details are repeated. This isn't just a question of having the same-sized rooms, but of details being repeated over and over again in the

roof structure, the wall structure, and the floor structure — which, of course, was a great money-saver."

Three walls are of white stack bond concrete blocks, and glass walling at the front concentrates on the view. Upstairs, solar glass is used, to give protection from the sun; there is clear glass downstairs where shade is provided by the upstairs veranda.

In the three block walls are slit windows, to eliminate the view (which from these aspects is of neighboring houses), and to give hanging space for pictures and murals. The house overlooks a reserve, so can never be built out and the view spoilt.

Flooring upstairs is of polished Pilliga cypress, with olive-green vinyl tiles in the kitchen. Downstairs the flooring is dark mixed parquet — jarrah and tuart, both Western Australian woods — Mrs. Dickinson comes from Western Australia and, feeling a bit homesick, decided she wanted to incorporate in the house something to remind her of home. Bathroom floors are of brown ceramic tiles.

There are white tiles on service-area walls in kitchen and bathrooms. In the kitchen, which was designed and built by a manu-

facturer, there are orange bench-tops and refrigerator (this was home-painted) as high-lights. Interior doors throughout the house are all orange, to take away from what might otherwise be the stark appearance of so much wood.

Over the centre of the living-room is a clerestory, giving both extra height and light to the huge room with its low side walls, above which are under-eave windows running continuously right round the room.

The house is entered at top level, and an open stair well leads down to the family room, off which are bedrooms, bathrooms, laundry, and study.

Considered the heart of the house, the family-room, with only one small window, has almost no view — the owners decided that they'd need at least one room where they could escape from a permanent vista of trees!

The staircase was designed (as were most other details) on site, in liaison with the carpenter. Floor and roof offsets were used for the structure, so of course the cost was negligible.

Bedrooms and study downstairs lead on to

the lower veranda, and floor-to-ceiling glass creates an illusion of greater space in the rooms.

Kitchen, bathrooms, and laundry are all at the back of the house; having them thus unified reduced the plumbing costs — and made the plumber, say the owners, deliriously happy!

The electricity is all contained in the upper flooring, with leads running to both levels—the electrician was apparently also deliriously happy!

The orientation of the house was worked out to obviate the necessity of removing any of the trees, which the architect insisted be left, and one branch overhanging the roof was the only thing removed. Everywhere there are slender, tall, swaying gums.

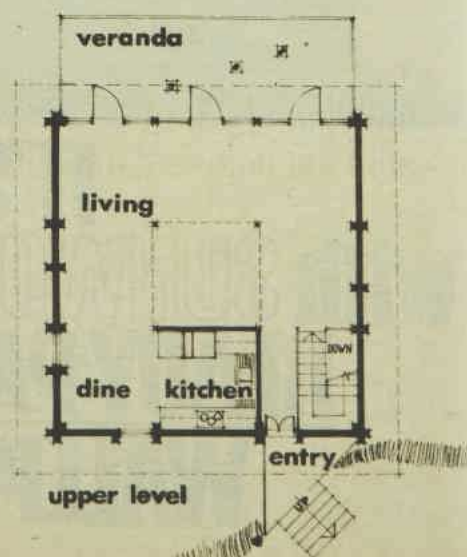
"The idea behind this house," said the architect, "is contained in the theory that 'people make a house, a house does not make people' . . . it doesn't dominate their personalities or the landscape; it's merely a functional shelter and display area — not a display in itself, but a display of itself and of its inhabitants."

—SHAN HAILEY



UPPER VERANDA, through which grow tall gums. Three large doors lead through to living-room, which, on this aspect, has floor-to-ceiling solar glass.

Upper floor plan



Pictures by Ron Berg

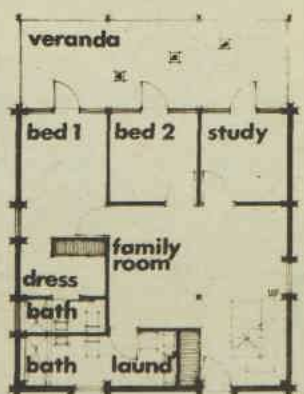


LARGE LIVING-ROOM incorporates the dining area; kitchen is concealed behind the plasterboard wall. At left of picture are the stairs leading down to the lower level.



STAIRS are constructed of roof and floor offcuts. Main bearers supporting the upper floor are exposed downstairs to form both curtain and lighting pelmets.

Lower floor plan



lower level



NO TREES were removed from the site — they were even left growing up through the verandas, providing both shade and what the architect calls "column strength."



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AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● If all the hems that have been altered lately in this house were laid end to end, they'd probably stretch from our front door to the city of Hemnes, in Norway—and you'd need a computer to calculate the woman-hours wasted on hem-arguments and hem-alterations.

ONCE upon a time I was regarded as the family expert on hems. Whenever there was a disputed decision between the girls, when the hem-owner simply could not reach a decision on the momentous question of whether the hemline should come up three-fifths or perhaps go down a quarter, I was unanimously elected final hem-arbiter, with a casting vote.

There was method in this, for having been flattered into believing that I was the One Who Knew I could also quite often be wheedled into actually doing the sewing if there was lots of rapid soft-talk about how my hems lay flatter and hung better and so on, etc., blah-blah.

Now I have been downgraded to technical hand — extremely useful with measuring rule and pins but hopelessly outmoded and not to be listened to on the subject of length.

This difference of opinion between the generations about what the length of a skirt should be makes even so humble a job as working as dressmaker's laborer much more difficult than it used to be. First I pin a bit across the front, in the remote hope that whoever is standing inside the skirt will change her mind and let me bring it down half an inch.

"Beaut," Di says, if she happens to be the model-of-the-moment.

"You can't possibly tell whether it's beaut or not while you're standing stock still," I say. "Walk about a bit. Try sitting down."

So Di sits down with Victorian modesty, ankles demurely crossed and feet drawn back under her chair. "That's

fabulously exact," she says, after the briefest glance in the mirror's direction.

So I start crawling round, measuring and marking. I belong to the school that believes the marker should circle, not the model. I find Kay and Di are constitutionally unable to keep their shoulders at the same level if they're turning, so it's much easier for me to go round while they stand glued to one spot.

This system used to work. Now I find that as I get half-way round I have a growing suspicion that the line is wavering steadily. I look up and find my model is craning over at a 45deg. angle. "How can I possibly get this straight if you keep bending over to look," I say.

"If I don't watch you you'll snitch an extra half-inch and make it too long," Di says.

The same thing happens, in reverse, over my hems. I'm by no means against shorter skirts in a reasonable way, and everything of mine has needed shortening lately.

Having decided that I want two inches off a hem that's got hopelessly dowdy, I have to watch my pinner with an eagle eye or she's likely to snitch an inch and make it unwearably short.

Nothing but disinterested concern? I doubt it

THE girls assure me that this is nothing but disinterested concern for my welfare and appearance, but I have a suspicious mind and I think there's an ulterior motive.

If I obstinately keep my hems a couple of inches longer

than theirs, my wardrobe is no longer a convenient borrowing reservoir for them to dip into. This worries them. It isn't, they feel, really a fair thing.

All the debate has made me very hem-conscious, and when I go to town now I no longer see hats and faces, I only see hems. "Too long, too long, too long, too short," I mutter to myself.

The really short, 4in.-above skirt I find hideous. ("Oh, Mum, how square can you be!" Di says in despair, though her own skirts haven't, thank heavens, gone as high as that.)

Perhaps very short girls, about 5ft. high and weighing not more than seven stone, might get away with them (potted shrimps?), but the full-size, standard variety of girls look so tired in a 4in.-above skirt.

They seem to stump along, bent forward, buckling at the knees, and looking for all the world as though what they long for above everything else is a chance to sit down and have a good, long rest.

I don't know why this should be—it doesn't make sense. But the overwhelming effect of an ultra-short skirt seems to be a look of fragile weariness.

Waiting at a bus stop the other day, I developed a theory that skirt lengths, in the under-twenties age group, now vary in inverse proportion to the age of the wearer.

The longest skirts were on the tiny little girls. These were all brand-new school uniforms, bought for the first term of the first year at school, and coming well below the knee so as to leave lots of room for growth.

The nine-year-old skirt length tends to be short (and the color a bit faded) due to the fact that the uniform has seen good service and is on its last legs.

The tens and twelves vary from knee-length to 2in. above, depending on how much growth has gone on since the uniform was bought.

The thirteens and fourteens have neat hems coming just to the bend of the knee (probably due more to school regulations than their own choice), and it's their older sisters, those who have left school, who wear the shortest skirts—anything from one to four inches above their knees.

I love the sight of a tall 17-year-old with a full yard of thin leg and knobby knee exposed leading by the hand a tiny seven-year-old sister demurely clad in a granny-length, mid-calf school uniform.

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armored with muscle and something's likely to break."

Watching him, listening, Tracy thought that male reaction seemed to be nothing but anger — first Mr. Glen, then Marty, and now the doctor.

"We've taken care of the damage as best we can. I think, I hope, it's enough."

"When will we know?"

The doctor hesitated. "I think that if he comes through the night all right, we'll be out of the woods."

Tracy said, "But he talked to you, Marty!"

Marty nodded. He was watching the doctor's face.

Dr. Walker said, "It might have been better if he hadn't tried to talk, but then they always do. Sorry, son." He turned away.

Tracy and Marty sat down together on the wooden bench. Marty

Continued from page 37

was looking straight ahead, at nothing at all. Tracy said, "Marty," but it was some time before his head turned toward her and his eyes acknowledged her presence.

She took a deep breath, because she didn't know whether she was right or wrong in even asking the question, but she had to know the answer. "Do you want me to go?" she asked. "Would you rather be alone?"

"That's a pretty silly question." "Then it's all right, isn't it? I mean—"

"Whatever you mean," Marty interrupted, "just stay right here, Junior. It's going to be a long night."

She nodded, for the moment not

trusting herself to speak, and she turned her head so he would not see the tears.

Some time during the long night they had coffee in the all-night corner of the cafeteria. Nurses, interns, and orderlies came and went and paid them no heed. Tracy said, because almost any kind of conversation was better than the long silences, "I don't think they're really insensitive, do you? I mean, how could they be and work here? It's just that if they let themselves get all involved emotionally with everybody, why, they'd run clear out of emotion, wouldn't they? If you see what I mean. That is, if you even know what I'm talking about."

It brought to his face the first

smile she had seen. "It doesn't matter whether I'm with you or not, Junior," he said. "I just like to hear your voice."

"Well," Tracy said, "I can recite 'Trees,' and I used to know parts of 'Hiawatha.'"

"No," Marty said. "Definitely not."

"How about the multiplication table? I can give that a very dramatic performance. I think I'm probably at my best on the seventimes; that's real meaty stuff. You know how it builds when you hit seventy-seven and then —" She stopped. "Not very funny, I'm afraid. I'm sorry, Marty."

"Junior." His voice was different now, too — softer, less brittle. "If

I didn't know it before," he said, "I know it now. You —" he shook his head faintly — "I don't know the words."

"I'm just me," Tracy said, "and I'm scared to death, Marty. I can't help it."

"You keep it that way," Marty said, "because I'm scared, too — scared and mad and sorry, all mixed up together. I haven't the faintest idea what comes next, if anything does, but —" He stopped suddenly and Tracy turned her head to follow his glance.

Dr. Walker was coming into the cafeteria and, as before, they rose together to face him. "I think it's going to be all right," Dr. Walker said. He smiled faintly at them both. "I'm very glad. I'm also tired. I'm going home. They'll call me if there's any need." He turned away.

Tracy looked up at Marty's face. He was standing motionless and without expression. With a kind of painful joy, Tracy understood that he could not trust himself to speak. "Thank you, Doctor," she said, and she saw the doctor turn his head slightly and nod. "That's for both of us," she added, although she was sure the doctor already realised that it was.

She tucked her arm through Marty's. "I've had enough coffee," she said. "Haven't you?" Together they walked out of the cafeteria into the lobby and there they stopped. "Look," Tracy said. She pointed at the glass doors of the front entrance. Outside it was no longer dark; the night had crept away. She was clinging to his arm and looking up into his face. "It's a new day, Marty, a brand-new day."

WHEN the phone call came from the hospital, Helen Lane answered it, and Glen heard her say, "Oh, Tracy, I'm so glad!" There was a pause. "You're coming home now? Take a cab — do you mind?"

She resumed her position on the sofa, shoes off, legs tucked beneath her. "Dr. Walker thinks he's going to be all right," she said. "I'm glad for Burt, and I'm glad for Marty, and Tracy . . ."

"And I hope," Glen said, "for me. I didn't want it to be murder."

Helen Lane said, "I'm glad for you, Will . . . We've talked the night away. What have we said?"

"Why, that's easy. We've said nothing and we've said everything." He stood up then, stretched, and looked at his watch. "Two or three hours of sleep. Good for both of us." He walked to the door; Helen joined him.

Standing there, looking down at her, Glen said, "The nothing and the everything that we said was just the beginning. You know that, don't you?"

She hesitated. "It's going to take a little getting used to, Will. Be patient."

He shook his head.

"Will."

This was their first test of strength, and he did not intend to come out of it the loser. He said, deliberately blunt, "You've thought of yourself as the Widow Lane for too long already, Helen." He saw the word take effect. "And I've kidded myself too long that I enjoyed being a gay bachelor."

"Will, only yesterday—or was it the day before—I walked into your office—"

"What I'm saying is that the time is now," Glen said, "or it is never." We're not children, heedless of consequences, unknowing. We realise the risks we run, and that is precisely my point. If we hesitate and dwell upon the risks rather than the certainties, then we end up for ever in doubt and unable to change."

"Are there certainties, Will?"

He bent to kiss her. Her lips were hesitant, and then suddenly warm and soft. When he straightened he was smiling. "There are certainties; can you deny it?"

"I don't know, Will. I want to think."

"That's where the danger lies," Glen said. "When you think, remember that. Good night."

Marty sat on his lifeguard stand and squinted at the sun. It was

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SYNDICATE MEMBER



COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, identifies some interesting antiques for our readers.

THESE candlesticks were given to me last year in a neglected condition. I had them repaired and polished and they are now very attractive. They have three distinct markings on them. One is a fancy letter "E", another shows the crown above the letters "E & Co.", and the third mark contains the letter "O".—Mrs. E. G. Robinson, Nyngan, N.S.W.

Your pair of Victorian electroplated candlesticks (left) were made by Elkington and Company about 1860-70. (Elkington's introduced electroplating into England about 1841.)

FORTY years ago a friend told us our English oak hall cabinet was at least 100 years old. It has a pattern of hand-carved acorns on the top, and the carved insets around the doors and side panels are the same. It does not have a front drawer. A pair of chairs we own appear to match the cabinet.—Mrs. Marjorie Watson, Croydon, Vic.

This fine old English oak cabinet (right) was made during the Victorian era, about 1865-75. As the chairs are not shown in the picture it is not possible for me to identify them.



● Hallway cabinet.



● Elegant candlesticks.

I AM seeking information about the age of a wooden music box which my family has had for a few years. The box, 18in. by 6in. by 4in., is made of cedar-colored wood. The lid bears a scroll pattern, done in lighter veneers. The works consist of a revolving brass cylinder which is driven by clock-work. The box plays six tunes, either in pairs or one tune repeated over again, according to where one sets the control. The maker's name, stamped in metal, is "Nicole Freres, A Geneve." A serial number, 31814, is also engraved.—Mrs. B. E. Chamberlain, Gympie, Qld.

Your Swiss music box was made by the celebrated Nicole Brothers, who specialised in making such boxes during the nineteenth century. Yours, which I presume is wound by a key fixed at the side, was made about 1890.



● Antique fan.

A HAND-CARVED ivory fan has been in our family for a number of generations. I would be pleased to know its story.—D. N. Redmond, Moorooka, Qld.

This exquisite antique hand-carved ivory fan (shown above) was made in China during the first quarter of the nineteenth century. The finely pierced brims, decorated with oriental figures and pagodas, and a central oval escutcheon depicting the original owner's initials, "I.C.," indicate it was made for the European market.

★ ★ ★
COULD you please identify a pair of vases? The top and base are bright navy-blue with gilt decorations and the side pieces are also gilt. Below the band of blue at the top the color becomes a darkish apple-green. The motif consists of a basket of grapes and apples surrounded by gilt scroll-work. They are screwed on to the base, which has a special marking with the initials "R.W." — Mrs. W. H. Rowe, Coleraine, Vic.


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mid-morning, but already the beach was well populated. Some of the people he knew and some were total strangers; but on this morning he seemed to be looking at all of them, even the pretty girls in bikinis, through a wall of thick glass that somehow robbed the scene of reality.

He had stopped by the hospital after two hours of sleep. As nearly as he could tell from the hospital's official double talk, his father was resting comfortably and doing as well as could be expected.

It was almost noon when Tracy appeared, trotting down from the road, her shoes in her hand. There was a freshness to her that was like sunshine after rain.

"I didn't mean to sleep so long," she said, "but I was darned if I was going to wake up and spoil the dream I was having. And don't ask what it was because I'd be too

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embarrassed to tell you. What's up?"

Now that he was about to ask it, he wondered if it was a silly question; and then he asked himself, what is the difference? While Tracy was the one person in the world in front of whom he did not want to appear silly, the reverse was also true; she was the one person in the world in front of whom he did not need to pretend.

"After Pete Lawler came running out of the house the other night, you drove him down to the police station to get the cops," he said.

Tracy nodded slowly, her eyes puzzled.

"There are three phones in that

house," Marty said. "Why didn't he use one of them? Why get the cops the hard way?" It had been scurrying around in the back of his mind, this question.

"That's a good question," she said, "and nobody else even thought to ask it. I'm proud of you. But I don't know the answer."

"He was holding his side," Marty said, "as if he was hurt. Was he hurt?"

She hesitated. "Same answer: I don't know if he was or not. I asked him and he said he wasn't hurt badly, or something like that. But he wanted me to drive. Then when we got to the station he seemed all right and he drove himself back to the house. But—" She

shook her head. "Why, Marty? Can you even guess?"

"Well," Marty said, "suppose he was holding his side because he was carrying something under his jacket. Then —"

"Oh, dear," Tracy said. "You really open the door, don't you?" And then, "No. Let me look through for myself." She was silent for a few moments. "All right," she said, "let's see. If he's carrying it under his jacket, it means he wants it hidden. So he'd want an excuse to leave the house with it. Therefore he doesn't use the telephone. Check."

Marty watched her, and took pleasure in the quick, sure working of her mind.

"So he wanted me to drive, because that gave him the chance to put whatever he was carrying down beside his seat without my knowing it," Tracy went on. "No? And when he drove back to the house alone, he had ample opportunity to put it wherever he wanted or to just leave it hidden under the seat until later." She paused. "Is that how you see it?" She watched him nod. "But what would he have been carrying?"

"I've tried to think," Marty said, "and I can't find an answer. So maybe the whole idea —"

"No," Tracy said. "I won't have that." Her smile came again, impulsively this time. "If you haven't any faith in yourself, I have. This deserves thinking about."

"Just thinking," Marty said. "Nothing else, Junior. I'm not going to have you stirring things up."

Tracy said, "The person who can answer the questions is Pete."

Suddenly she was smiling again. "Now go back to saving lives and let me see what I can find out. I'll report in from time to time." She was gone, trotting off across the sand. Then she headed in the direction of Willard Glen's office. She had no intention of letting Marty's questions remain unknown to him while she acted like a female James Bond. Then, too, there was another matter she wanted to discuss with Glen.

GLEN was in his shirt-sleeves and happy to see her. He listened to Marty's questions, and he agreed that they should have been asked before now, but nobody had thought of them. Then he listened to Marty's hypothesis, and he leaned back in his chair and looked at the ceiling, his eyebrows raised. "It's neat. It's even ingenious."

"That means you don't believe it."

"Not necessarily."

"Or that you don't find it important."

"Same answer," Glen said, and smiled. He said, "At this moment I don't know what's important and what isn't, but I'll pass all of this along to Captain Johns and ask him if he can find some answers." He paused. "Satisfactory?"

Tracy could not help it; she smiled. "You don't quite know how to treat me, do you?" And then: "Is that impertinent?"

"I wouldn't know," Glen said. "Because you're quite right — I don't know whether to treat you as a woman or as a girl." He was smiling, too. "And so I vacillate and probably sound pretty pompous sometimes, don't I?"

"A lot less than most older people," Tracy said. She was silent for a few moments. Then: "Now I am going to be impertinent." She took a deep breath. "I want to know about you and my mother. Maybe it isn't, or shouldn't be, any of my business, but —" She shook her head. "No. Hear me out, please. You see, aside from her being my mother, I like her. And she's lonely and . . . wasted . . . because she wasn't meant to resign from life just because Daddy was killed, but —" She paused, embarrassed, and took another deep breath. "Oh, damn!" she said. "What I mean is, I couldn't stand to see her hurt! And if you just want —"

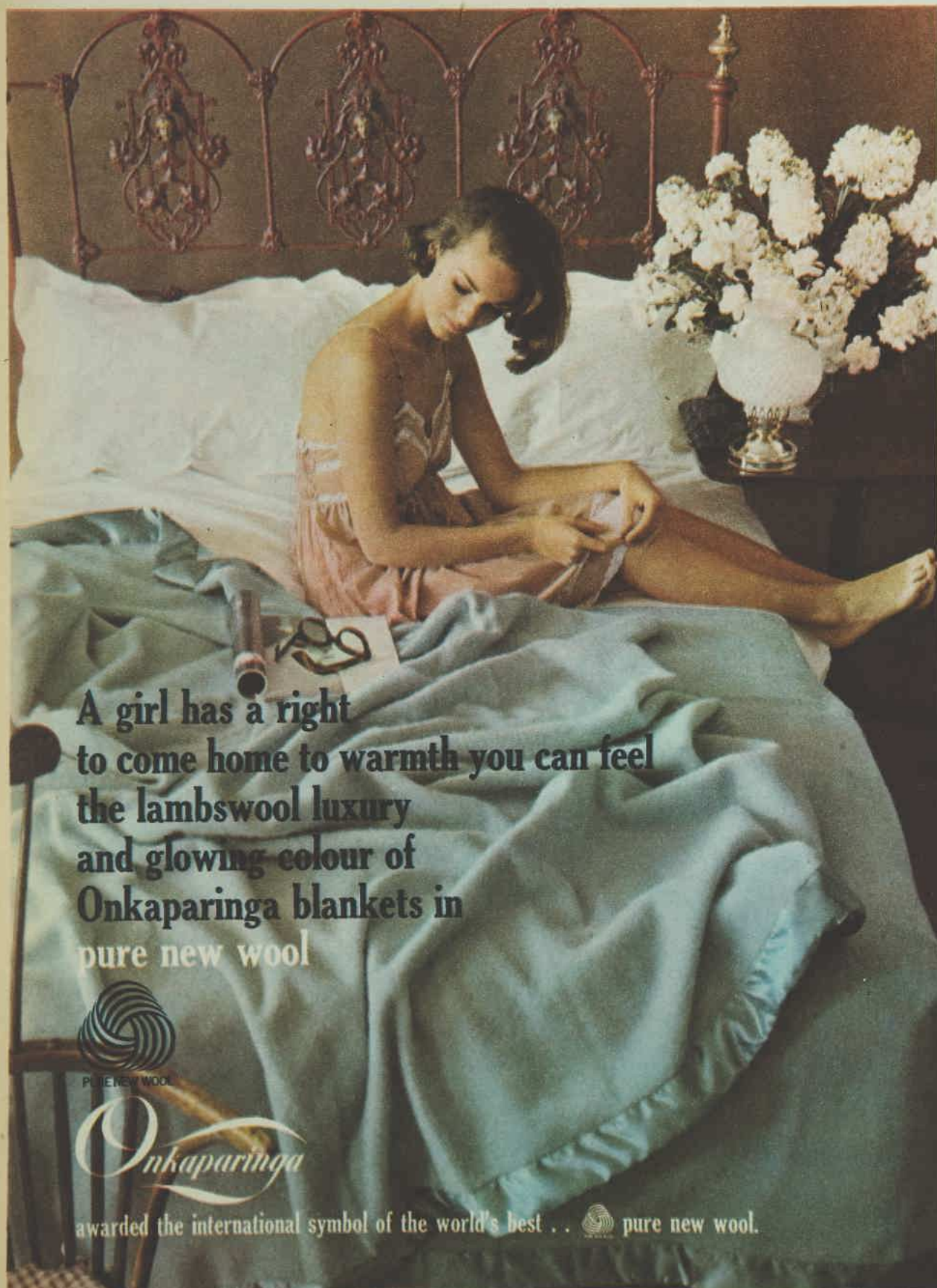
Glen was smiling, but the smile held only compassion and gentleness. "I promise you that my intentions are entirely honorable," he said. "Your mother shall not be hurt by any action or word of mine." The smile widened a little, but still it did not mock. "On that basis," he said, "may I have your filial blessing on my suit?"

Tracy was smiling now, and blinking rapidly. "Blessing granted," she said. She turned away quickly and almost ran out of the office, because she didn't want a potential stepfather to get the idea that the family was prone to hysterics.

There was a drugstore on the courthouse square, and Tracy crossed to it and sipped at a drink while she thought about her next move, which no longer seemed quite so simple as it had back on the beach.

In truth, she was a little afraid of Pete Lawler.

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A girl has a right
to come home to warmth you can feel
the lambswool luxury
and glowing colour of
Onkaparinga blankets in
pure new wool

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awarded the international symbol of the world's best . . . pure new wool.

When she was with him she was never quite sure what was going to happen. He had once taken it into his head to show her how well that car of his would corner at high speed because of that two hundred-weight of sand in the trunk. The experience had frightened her half to death. Once, too, not on a dare or anything like that, but just because he wanted to do it, he had jumped off the cliff they called Lover's Leap and landed feet first in the river. He was hauled out, half-drowned and only semi-conscious, a quarter of a mile downstream — by Marty, of course.

No, there was a wild streak in Pete that didn't always show itself, but was there, nonetheless, and so she hesitated about calling him now and perhaps giving him wrong ideas that might be hard to eradicate. On the other hand, she had really meant every word she had said to Marty. Oh, dear, she thought, and resolved to be more circumspect about volunteering in the future. Then she went into the public phone booth.

Mrs. Lawler answered. Tracy knew her as handsome, well dressed, concerned about appearances, entirely devoted to Pete — and not really very bright. Tracy hoped that Pete had managed to explain away that newspaper picture, and apparently he had.

"I think it's simply awful what the newspaper is printing and people are saying," Ethel Lawler said. "The idea lumping all of you young people together as if you were cut from the same pattern is simply repellent to me. I'm sure your mother agrees."

Tracy made an indeterminate noise. She thought she knew what was coming and she braced herself for it.

"That Marty Williams," Ethel Lawler said. "I wouldn't be at all surprised if he is responsible for everything that has happened. John suspects it, too, and John's judgment can be trusted."

MRS. LAWLER had quite a bit more to say, and Tracy listened to it all without comment. When at last Mrs. Lawler said, "I'm sure you want to speak to Pete," all Tracy said was, "If I may, Mrs. Lawler, please." At least, she thought, I get an A for self-control.

Then Pete's voice came on. "Can we talk, Pete?" she had decided that the direct approach was the best.

"Sure," Pete said. "As a matter of fact, we left a conversation unfinished, didn't we?"

She was waiting outside the drug-store when Pete's car came around the corner and drew up to the kerb. Pete was smiling as he leaned across the seat and opened the door. Tracy, stepping in, could not help glancing at the space between the seat and the door to satisfy herself that there was room for a not-too-large article, something that could be hidden beneath a jacket. So far, so good. She fastened her seat-belt and they blasted off.

"I'm for a beer," Pete said.

"How about you?"

"I don't care."

"That's my agreeable girl. Beer it is. State line, ho."

Oh, dear, Tracy thought, and found it almost impossible to believe that only thirty-six hours ago she, Tracy Lane, sober and in full possession of her faculties, comfortably relaxed on the warm sand in the moonlight, had found a certain pleasure in Pete's proximity, in his kiss. It was as if, beginning with Marty's arrival at her house yesterday and on through the interminable hours of last night, she had aged, not in time but in knowledge of herself.

Now I know at least a little more clearly, she thought, who Tracy Lane is and what she wants, what she needs. And idle moonlit dalliance is no longer part of it. Nor is there any part without Marty—I know that now, too. "Pete—" she began.

"You sound too serious. You wanted to talk. About that picture?" Pete said.

THE TURNING POINT

"It was pretty bad, wasn't it?" Now this seemed distant, and no longer of overwhelming importance.

"Tom Waldo is going to wish he'd chosen another line of work," Pete said.

"Oh, Pete, what does it matter?" Beside the enormity of Marty's father being beaten almost to death, beside the threats that seemed to be closing in on Marty from all directions, beside the towering feeling of strength that came from new knowledge of herself — what did a picture and a news story matter? Why give any further thought to the warped little man who was responsible?

"You turn the other cheek," Pete

said, "and you get a thumb in that eye as well. Haven't you learned that? The parent hasn't taught me an awful lot, but this he has: You watch out for yourself, you protect yourself at all times, you expect the knee in the groin and the butting in the clinches, and when they come you retaliate. Otherwise the world walks over you like a doormat."

"I can think of another parent's advice I like better," Tracy said, and immediately regretted it, because Pete turned to grin at her and she could not leave it there. She said, "To thine own self be true, And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to

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LULUBELLE



"It's divine . . . but when would you wear it?"

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No mistaking it.
No replacing it.
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Mrs. H. WIFE



"Dad, can I borrow your after-shave lotion?"

Continued from page 51

any man." Reciting it aloud here, now, she felt more than a little foolish, and she knew that Pete knew it. And yet, she thought, I believe in the quotation.

Captain Johns sat in Will Glen's office. He had listened to the questions Marty had raised and to the hypothesis concerning something hidden beneath Pete Lawler's jacket.

"It could hang together," he said. "We could even end up knowing the truth but lacking any facts to back it up. Happens sometimes. Maybe more times than we like to think."

"Burt Williams is in the hospital," Glen said. "That's a fact, Henry."

We have an assault and battery charge just waiting for two men when we find them.

Captain Johns said, "That's one of the things I came to talk about. It's just unlikely enough to be true. Two strangers stopped in Joe's Diner for hamburgers and beer late last night. Nothing there, except that the short-order cook is a horse player and seems to have got himself into one of those twenty-five-percent-a-week-interest loan situations where he pays up each week — or one day something real bad happens to him. These two men come in the front door of the diner and the short-order cook goes out the back door as if the devil himself were after him. All the men

THE TURNING POINT

wanted were hamburgers and beer, but —"

"But," Glen said, "the short-order cook recognised them as strong-arm men and thought they were after him." He paused. "So we have two thugs in town — at the right time?"

"The right time," Johns said. "And Joe's diner isn't all that far from the Williams' house and right on the way back to the turnpike, too. Joe was curious and pretty mad, because he had to cook the hamburgers himself, so he made a point of looking at the car licence and remembering it. It's from the city. I've asked the city police to tell us what they can. Maybe it's a break."

Ethel Lawler had lunch in town with her husband that day. Normally John was tractable enough and not at all stupid, as some men were, about the cost of maintaining a home they could all be proud of. But something was changed, and Ethel Lawler simply could not understand what it was.

"We certainly can't live with broken furniture," Ethel said.

"That's absurd."

"Nobody is suggesting that," John Lawler said. "We're covered by insurance against vandalism, and what furniture can't be repaired can be replaced."

Ethel Lawler was patient with him. "I don't want it merely replaced. I've been wanting to re-do the whole downstairs for a long time, and this is the obvious opportunity. You know I've been talking about it."

"The point is," John Lawler said, "that we can't afford re-decorating and refurnishing, whether it's an opportunity or not."

ETHEL regarded him as if he had lost his mind. "You can't be serious!"

"I can. I am."

"But always before—"

"Yes, always before. But not this time. Not now."

Ethel was silent for a time. "All those nasty children," she said finally. "And their parents are to blame. Can't we sue?"

"We are not going to do anything of the kind," Lawler said. "And that's final."

Helen Lane met Ethel Lawler at the hairdresser's that afternoon. At another time, in another place, Ethel would never have dreamed of talking about her family finances; but there was always something about being at the hairdresser's that prompted confidences. And besides, she simply did not understand, and felt entitled to bemoan the fact "I don't know what's got into John," she said, and explained the opportunity that was going to be missed.

"You remember the last time," Ethel said. "Why, John made no fuss at all. I called in that nice man from Altberg's, and he did sketches and found materials. It took a lot of thought, and it wasn't cheap. These things are always a little more than you've planned. But John didn't raise any fuss, and when the nice man from Altberg's came around with the total bill I had the money right there waiting for him. Cash! That's why I don't understand John now."

Helen said slowly, "You had the money waiting for him . . . You mean you wrote him a cheque?"

"Oh, no," Ethel smiled. "I had cash. The man seemed a little surprised, but not too much. He said some people did it that way — it's something to do with taxes, I think. I don't understand these things. But this time . . ."

Helen left the hairdresser's with the unpleasant feeling that she had been eavesdropping or reading someone else's mail. She supposed that the Ethel Lawlers of this world were also the women who kept diaries in which they set out in great detail their innermost thoughts and yearnings, and then were aghast when the diaries turned up in the wrong hands.

As she walked, she was smiling faintly to herself, thinking about the man from Altberg's — who must indeed have been astonished when

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Rain on the roof.
Wind through the trees.
Snuggle deeper.
Smile.
You're warm, you're protected
because your Warrnambool blankets are
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HINTS FROM READERS

● These useful hints for mothers of young children and for cleaning, cooking, and renovations have been sent in by readers. Each one wins a prize of \$2.

A PIECE of plastic foam, cut to fit the seat of a high chair, will prevent baby slipping about and is very helpful when he is learning to sit up. It also makes the chair more comfortable. — Mrs. E. Watson, 23 Woodburn Ave., Panania, N.S.W.

When making stale bread into breadcrumbs, first brush the bread slices with melted butter, then sprinkle lightly with grated parmesan cheese before baking. Crumbs made thus will give a delicate cheesy flavor to food coated with them. — Mrs. J. Paterson, 32 Carrington Ave., Gympie, Qld.

Crushed peanut toffee added to whipped cream makes a quick and delicious topping with a rich caramel flavor. — Mrs. I. Atkinson, 144 Matlock St., Mt. Hawthorn, W.A.

Protect the tops of dressing-tables, sideboards, etc., by placing a sheet of thick white blotting paper under the cover. This will absorb any spilt liquid before it has time to reach and harm the wood. — Mrs. W. J. Cure, c/o Post Office, Moura, Qld.

Put a few lemon skins in the rinsing water when washing glassware and cut glass. The acid from the lemon gives the glass an extra brilliance. This hint is also good for giving windows an extra shine. — Mrs. K. Minett, 102 Wharf St., Tuncurry, N.S.W.

For a perfect finish when washing paintwork in kitchen: Before you start, put on the kettle, close doors and windows, and let kettle boil a few minutes. The steam softens the greasy dirt and makes it easier to remove, especially on the ceiling, where it is difficult to rub hard. After washing and rinsing paintwork, it is important to wipe it dry with an absorbent cloth, such as an old towel. With this treatment paintwork looks like new again. — Mrs. M. Johnson, 65 Murray Rd., Croydon, Vic.

When cooking for a child's birthday party make enough small individual patty cakes for each guest and ice in the same color as the large birthday cake. Put a candle on each and all the children will have a candle to blow out. — Mrs. M. Newell, 37 Coutman St., West Kempsey, N.S.W.

Sprinkle $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons of salt on your barbecue fire and you will have glowing coals ready to grill the chops and sausages. — Mrs. R. J. Hogg, 17 Nicholson Tce., Willden, Port Augusta, S.A.

To dry wet shoes, fill two muslin bags with sawdust, stuff one in each shoe, then stand shoes on their sides away from direct heat, preferably in a draught. The shoes will soon dry. This treatment is especially useful when water has trickled inside knee-boots. — Miss J. E. Cole, Flat 6, 240 Dandenong Rd., E. St. Kilda, Vic.

An easy pudding to serve in cold weather: Make a scone dough and place it on top of some cut-up apples or other fruit in a large saucepan. Simmer $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ hour and serve hot. The children love it! — Irene Herbert, Bicheno P.O., Tas.

Remove a cigarette burn from a carpet by rubbing gently with fine sandpaper, then working in a little liquid detergent. Leave 5 minutes, then sponge off with warm water. — B. Rogerson, R.M.B. 592, Crookwell Rd., Goulburn, N.S.W.

To make a draught stopper for a door, cover a piece of old rubber hose (cut to required length) with layers of newspaper. Roll layers very tightly and evenly, and keep in

position with sticky tape here and there. If making a very large roll, bind with fine string when about halfway through. Cover draught stopper with strong material, and if for a sunroom or porch where rain beats in make a final cover of plastic. — Mrs. M. Ferguson, 2 Geelong Rd., Ballarat, Vic.

Modernise a bedroom with scraps of wallpaper left over after papering the room. Cut leftover paper to shape and size of panels or squares

in front of wardrobe or bedroom cupboard, then paste it over the panels. This treatment is most effective, especially on bedroom furniture painted a pastel shade. — Mrs. Marcia Levick, "The Breakers," 3 Miller Rd., Terrigal, N.S.W.

If a feather hat is looking raggy near the crown, don't stitch the feathers down but spray them with hair lacquer and smooth down. — Mrs. B. Sinclair, 56 Fourth Ave., Berala, N.S.W.

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THREE floral designs for pillow-cases are from Embroidery Transfer No. 210. Order from our Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price: 15 cents, plus 5 cents post.



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and soft words
and the loving warmth of
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instead of a cheque he was presented with a stack of bills.

Willard Glen, coming around the corner said, "I'm delighted to see you happy, but I rather resent it that I'm not the cause."

"I just heard an amusing story, Will. At the hairdresser's, of course. For gossip the hairdresser's is the modern equivalent of the village well." Her own smile had broadened. "Shall I tell you this tale? It concerns one of our leading matrons."

He was unsmiling when she had finished. "Who was this, Helen?" Faced with a joke fallen flat, she was silent for a few moments. "Have I been indiscreet? But I thought with you—"

"I'm flattered, Helen. But I want the name."

"Tell me why."
"Was it Ethel Lawler?"
She was silent.

Continued from page 52

This was their second test of strength. "I'm sorry," Glen said. "Was it Ethel Lawler?"

"It was Ethel Lawler," she said. "I'm not sure I like being pushed into telling you, though."

"I repeat, I'm sorry about that."

"But not enough to change it." "That's correct." He was smiling again. "A poet said it once in terms that make it plain. He wrote, 'I could not love thee, dear, so much, Lov'd I not honor more.' I'll say it again—I'm sorry."

He watched her nod and then turned away. He was tempted to stop her, to try to explain why he had demanded the woman's name. But some hidden voice told him it was better not to — that in the

end this minor triumph could do him no harm at all. He walked on to his office, thinking over the strange tale of Ethel Lawler's payment in cash.

He had at this time no more than a vague theory, and he sat at his desk examining it from all sides. After a while he telephoned Altberg's Department Store, in the city. It took some arguing, but in the end he had what he wanted. Then he left his office and went down into the basement of the building to police headquarters. There he told Captain Johns the tale of the Lawlers' redecorating.

"The cost," Glen said, "was between ten and fifteen thousand dollars — I got the figures from

Altberg's — and Ethel Lawler paid it in cash."

"That's a lot of money. You're sure it was in cash?"

"Ethel Lawler is a silly woman," Glen said. "I don't think she has the wit to invent the tale."

"In that case," Johns said, "maybe it's beginning to make a little sense after all."

Off duty, Marty went home and showered and dressed, then drove down to the hospital. Dr. Walker was there.

"We're over the hump now," he said. "But it was a close thing. Do the police have any ideas?"

"I don't know, sir," Marty said. On the way out of the hospital he bumped into Tom Waldo.

"The Williams," Waldo said, "seem to get themselves in the news these days, don't they? First you, then Burt—"

"Some day, Mr. Waldo," Marty said, "someone is going to pick you up and set you down awfully hard."

"That wouldn't be a threat, would it, footballer?"

"Just an observation," Marty said, and walked on by, the banked fires of anger threatening to burst into flame.

He had one more encounter, and this one was totally unexpected. The big man waiting at the end of the walk seemed out of context here.

Marty said automatically, "Hi, Coach," and shook his hand. "You came down to see me?"

"We read the papers, Marty. Sometimes we even read beyond the sports section." He led the way to a bench. "You're in trouble. How much of it is your own doing?"

"None of it."

"That's straight?"

"Damn it—" Marty began.

"Easy boy," the coach said. "I asked a simple question and I want to know the answer. Because when I talk with the director of athletics and he and I go to the president's office—"

"About me?"

"About you." The coach was silent for a moment. "I'm going to make a speech." He paused. "Some years back we started getting away from the idea that football players were strictly Neanderthal men."

"Yes, sir."

"The newspaper hints that you're a thief. It also hints that you're a vandal and that maybe your vandalism is a cover-up for your thieving. A lot of people believe it, just as a lot of people believe all men in public office are thieves."

FROM THE BIBLE

● Who among you is wise or clever? Let his right conduct give practical proof of it, with the modesty that comes from wisdom.

— James 3:13.
(New English Bible)

too. Right now you're tempted to say, 'If that's the way they feel because some little jerk prints lies about me, then they can take their athletic scholarship and I'll tell them exactly what to do with it.' He smiled suddenly. "Am I right?"

Marty relaxed a little. He could even smile slightly.

"Don't say it," the coach said, smiling still, "because I won't believe it. You want a college education, and we want you." He stopped, his smile gone; he was looking beyond Marty. "Waldo," he called, "come over here." When the little man stood near him, he said, "No more half-truths, no more insinuations, Waldo."

"Or?"

"Or you may be forced to eat them in court. The university has more money than you have and we don't enjoy being libelled — even indirectly."

Marty drove home slowly, thinking about what Jim Howard had said, finding in it several points of immediate, pertinent interest. He wished Junior were with him; he'd like to see if they meant to her what they seemed to mean to him. When he walked into the house the telephone was ringing, and his first eager thought was that Junior was calling.

It was not Tracy. It was a voice Marty had never heard before, muffled and unidentifiable. "What happened to your father last night could just as easily happen to you. You'd better return everything you walked off with the other night — everything. Got it?" the voice said, and the line went dead.

Marty called Tracy's house.

Helen Lane answered. "She isn't here," Helen said. "I rather thought she'd be with you. She was planning to bring you home for dinner."

"Well," Marty said, "she'll be in

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THE TURNING POINT

touch, then. I'll wait here for her call."

He ought to tell Willard Glen about the anonymous phone call, he thought, but it could wait. He wanted to see Junior before he talked with anybody else. Revise that, he said to himself — you want to see Junior, period. "Well, what do you know?" he said aloud to the empty house. "I've heard the word 'love' so often I didn't think such a thing existed. But apparently it does . . ."

The bar was just across the State line, where the legal minimum age for drinking dropped from twenty-one to eighteen. Pete's mood had swung back to gaiety; and yet, beneath the surface there was unhappiness — Tracy could feel it. She sipped her beer and waited for the proper moment to ask her questions.

"Begin your catechism, pet," Pete said. "Can't let old Marty down." He was smiling, but the smile did not seem to reach his eyes.

Tracy took a deep breath. "The other night at your house — what really happened?"

"You were there."

"I was outside."

"With old Marty, yes; good old Marty, big man."

Tracy said slowly, "Do you dislike him that much?" She had never seen it before; now it was so clear and obvious that it seemed incredible she had not understood long ago. When Pete jumped off Lover's Leap, for example, he had been bidding for attention, for recognition—what else?—although at the time it had not seemed that way. But the point, the basic point, was that it was Marty who had hauled him out of the river, and so Marty became the focus of the entire episode. How much had Pete felt about that? And about other similar events?

PETE said slowly, "Confession, they say, is good for the soul. I've hated him since we were old enough to go to dancing school. He paused. "Surprised? Shocked?"

"Not now," Tracy said. "I've almost lost my capacity for shock."

Pete smiled. "You're growing up, my pet. I lost mine a long time ago." He leaned back in the booth. "You want to know what happened? All right. I'll tell you. I started it. Nobody saw me, but I tossed a vase across the room so that it broke on the hearth. Somebody laughed, so I knew it was all right. That was when I started turning off the lights. How do you like that?"

"Will you tell me why?" she asked.

"You ask a simple question and you expect a simple answer." He shook his head. "I could say I did it for kicks, and that would probably cover it — except that nobody knows exactly what 'for kicks' means. It means something different to everyone."

"Yes," Tracy said. "I see that." I lay on the warm sand, she thought, and deliberately enticed you into kissing me — for kicks, what else? So long ago, when I was young. "What does it mean to you, Pete?"

"You're a bright girl." He was silent for a moment. "But you're not for me, although once I thought maybe I could persuade you."

"I'm sorry, Pete. I really am."

"O.K.," he said then, "you asked what kicks mean to me. Let's see. I have a doting mother — a doting, stupid mother — who worships clothes and carpet-to-carpet walling — joke — and Chippendale furniture, although she has almost swung over to 'modern' — another joke. It all depends on what the nice man from Altberg's says." He paused. "That's partly why I did it — tossed the vase into the powder keg, started the ball rolling by breaking that vase."

Tracy said nothing.

"Then, too," Pete said, "I wanted to see what would happen. I wanted to check out a theory. 'Nice young people, well-behaved,' our elders say; I wanted to see just how far from the barbarism the nice young people are. We found out, didn't

we? That's partly why I did it, too."

Tracy said quietly, "What were your other reasons?"

"Ah," Pete said. "I've always said you were bright. You didn't miss that, did you?"

"Will you tell me?"

He took his time. He said at last, "What I've given you so far has been for free. I told you there might be some price tags. How high will you bid for answers?"

"How high must I bid?"

He was leaning back against the booth, watching her. "We're not talking about kid stuff now."

Tracy was silent.

"Just so you know," Pete said.

"Now, if you still want to, ask your

questions." He seemed entirely calm. Only his eyes, never leaving her face, gave any indication to Tracy that this was a different person from the one she had known, or thought she had known, all these years.

"Why didn't you telephone for the police instead of driving down to the station to get them?"

"Did you think that up all by yourself?" He watched her shake her head. "Marty?" he said. "I didn't think he had it in him." He paused and smiled. "Next question?"

"You haven't answered that one." And then, "Never mind. Was it because you wanted an excuse to get out of the house? Were you carrying something under your jacket?"

"Well, well," Pete said, "old Marty again? Or the two of you together?"

"Marty and I together," Tracy said. "Yes, Pete."

"And so I'd better treat you with kid gloves because old Marty, with all his muscles, is lurking in the background and—"

"I didn't say that."

Pete took a swallow of his beer. "No, that's right, you didn't. All you did was ask questions." He paused. "Now we settle the price."

There was a silence. Tracy said finally, "To what you're thinking, Pete, the answer is no."

"Even if it means you don't hear what you want to hear?"

"Even then," Tracy said.

"You weren't thinking quite this way on the beach the other night."

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RIVETS



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CARNATION PINWHEEL SCROLLS

- | | |
|--|---------------------------|
| 1 cup undiluted Carnation Evaporated Milk | ¼ cup sugar |
| 1 12-oz. packet scone mix or 2 cups S.R. flour | ½ cup raisins |
| 1 oz. shortening | 2 tablespoons mixed peel |
| | 2 tablespoons brown sugar |
| | 1 teaspoon cinnamon |

Sift the flour, sugar and pinch of salt into a basin, and rub in the shortening. Mix to a soft dough with the evaporated milk and turn out onto a lightly floured board and knead gently ten times. Roll out to a rectangle approximately 16" x 12". Sprinkle with the raisins, mixed peel, brown sugar and cinnamon. Roll up swiss-roll fashion. Cut into 16 or 18 slices. Place in greased patty cake tins, cut side up and bake in a hot oven 450° or Regulo 8 Gas, 500° Electric for approximately 10-15 minutes. Frost with golden glaze made by mixing 1 cup sifted icing sugar with sufficient orange juice to make spreading consistency. Spread over the warm pinwheel scrolls. Makes approximately 16-18 scrolls.



Carnation . . . the milk from 'contented cows'

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 18, 1966

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

THESE hot puddings for winter are all in good, second-helping sizes and will serve a family of four to six generously.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipes.

These are baked

APPLE-SULTANA ROLL

Three cups self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 3oz. butter or substitute, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, milk, 3 large apples, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 3oz. sultanas, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons melted butter, extra butter and milk, icing sugar.

Sift flour and salt, rub in butter or substitute. Stir in beaten eggs and water to make a soft dough. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly until smooth. Roll out as thinly as possible, brush with milk. Spread over the peeled and finely sliced apples, sugar, cinnamon, breadcrumbs, sultanas; sprinkle with lemon juice, then melted butter. Moisten edges, roll into long shape. Place on greased baking tray, gently twist into curved horseshoe shape. Brush with 1 tablespoon butter melted in 1 tablespoon hot milk. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, cook further 30 minutes. Serve warm with cream.

HOT BAKED GINGERBREAD

Two ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. golden syrup, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon chopped crystallised ginger.

Combine in saucepan golden syrup and butter or substitute; stir over gentle heat until melted, cool a little. Stir in sugar, milk, and well-beaten eggs. Sift flour and spices, add to syrup mixture with crystallised ginger; add bicarbonate of soda dissolved in a little warm water; stir well. Spoon into well-greased 7in. cake tin, bake in moderate oven approximately 45 minutes. Serve warm with custard.

LEMON SAUCE PUDDING

One tablespoon butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup self-raising flour, juice 2 lemons, finely grated rind of 1 lemon, 2 eggs (separated), 1 cup milk.

Blend butter and sugar. Sift flour and add, together with lemon juice and rind. Add the beaten egg-yolks and milk, then fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into lightly greased casserole. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes.

Note: This is a pudding which makes its own sauce while cooking; there's a thick lemon custard sauce beneath the sponge-type cake topping.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE PUDDING

Pudding: One cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons cocoa, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute.

Chocolate Sauce: Three-quarters cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cocoa, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water.

Sift together dry ingredients for pudding; stir in milk, vanilla, and melted butter; blend well. Spoon into lightly greased dish, pour over the hot chocolate sauce (made by combining all ingredients and stirring well). Bake in moderate oven 35 minutes.

Note: This pudding makes its own delicious chocolate sauce while cooking. Particularly nice when served warm, topped with a scoop of ice-cream.

APPLE-BANANA SHORTCAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. castor sugar, 1 egg, 4oz. self-raising flour, 4oz. plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons lemon cheese, 2 peeled, coarsely grated apples, 1 banana, grated rind and juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, extra sugar.

Cream butter and sugar lightly, add egg, beat well. Mix in sifted flours and salt. Divide mixture into 2. Roll each piece into a round; place one in base of 8in. greased sandwich tin. Spread with lemon cheese, cover with grated apple and sliced banana. Sprinkle with grated rind and lemon juice, then with 1 tablespoon of extra sugar. Cover with second round of dough, pressing well at sides. Brush with water, sprinkle evenly with castor sugar. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Serve warm with cream.

APPLE CRUMBLE

Two to 3 cups stewed apples, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut, 1 to 2 tablespoons melted butter.

Spoon the hot apples into casserole or pudding dish. Rub the tablespoon butter into sifted flour, mix in sugar, cinnamon, and coconut. Sprinkle crumble mixture over hot apples, drizzle over the melted butter. Bake in moderate oven approximately 25 to 30 minutes. Serve warm with cream or custard.

SULTANA CARAMEL PUDDING

Pudding: Two ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sultanas, 1 teaspoon vanilla, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups self-raising flour.

Caramel Sauce: Three-quarters cup brown sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water, 2oz. butter or substitute.

Combine all sauce ingredients in saucepan, bring gently to boil; boil steadily 5 minutes. Cream butter and sugar, add egg and vanilla, beat well. Sift flour, stir into creamed mixture with sultanas. Pour hot caramel sauce into lightly greased casserole dish. Spoon cake mixture over top. Bake in moderate oven approximately 35 minutes. Serve warm, with spoonful of whipped cream on top of each serving.

Continued overleaf

PUDDINGS MEN LOVE

● Steamed or baked, the puddings in this feature are robust, substantial, old-fashioned favorites for the cold weather — and they're the type men love.

APPLE-SULTANA ROLL, served warm with cream, is ideal for winter. See recipe on this page.



NO MORE COLDS FOR THIS FAMILY!

There are four in this family—and you'd expect at least one of them to go down with winter colds or 'flu. But they know how to avoid them. They all take Anti-Bi-San before colds and coughs have a chance to get a grip on them. You see, Anti-Bi-San helps to build up powerful defences against colds; defences that can carry you right through the year, helping you to fight off each onslaught of colds and 'flu. To ensure Anti-Bi-San protection take 7 tablets now—not all at once but over three days. One treatment gives an average of three month's protection. See that your family take their Anti-Bi-San tablets, too—there's a special 3-tablet treatment for children. So get some Anti-Bi-San now—and keep your whole family cold-free all the year round.

● AVAILABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS



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HEAT rub goes right down through the pores, and spreads its glowing warmth beneath the skin, freeing those pain-locked muscles and restoring your blood circulation to normal. Just seconds after you replace the cap on your tube of DEEP HEAT rub, you feel it working, warming as the pain begins to melt away. Always keep a tube of non-greasy, non-staining DEEP HEAT rub on hand to treat those sudden attacks of shooting muscular pain. Standard tubes only 75 cents, new large size \$1.55 from Chemists everywhere.



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IS
WOMEN'S
WEEKLY
DAY

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VACULOID



Fish pie recipe wins \$10

● A fish pie for a special occasion wins first prize of \$10 for a male competitor this week in our weekly recipe contest.

FISH PIE contains a savory mixture of seafoods, topped with mashed potato. Recipe on this page.

THE prizewinning recipe was submitted by Mr. N. Prouting, who said it was a favorite with everyone when he served it in his native England.

YORKSHIRE FISH PIE

Two and a half to three pounds fresh white fish (mixture of bream, mullet, flounder), 1 pint milk, 1 jar oysters, 1 lb. shelled prawns, 1 8oz. can salmon, 1 large can oyster or cream of chicken soup, 1 lb. potatoes, 1 lb. onions, 1 lb. mushrooms, 1oz. butter, juice 2 lemons, salt, black pepper, ground nutmeg, parsley.

Poach fish gently in the milk until just cooked. Drain off milk and set aside. Flake fish, removing skin and bones. Chop mushrooms, slice onions thinly, drain and flake canned salmon; pour off liquid from oysters and discard.

Cook potatoes in boiling salted water until tender; drain. Mash them with some of the milk saved from cooking fish. Add butter and salt, beat well until smooth and frothy.

Pour can of soup, undiluted, into base of large greased heatproof casserole. Add successive layers of flaked fish, mushrooms, onions, oysters, prawns, and salmon. Season well. Repeat process with additional layers until dish is almost full. Sprinkle over lemon juice. Top with creamed potatoes, scoring surface with fork. Cover and bake in moderate oven 1 hour. Remove cover and cook further 15 minutes until top browns. Serve each portion sprinkled with chopped parsley.

First prize of \$10 to Mr. N. Prouting, Flat 50, Karingal Apartments, The Esplanade, Elizabeth Bay, N.S.W.

COCONUT LEMON BUTTER SLICE

Pastry: Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 3 cups self-raising flour.

Topping: One egg, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup coconut, lemon butter.

Pastry: Melt butter, cool, and cream with sugar. Lightly beat egg and add to creamed mixture. Sift flours and mix in to form firm dough. Press this pastry evenly into 2 greased laminating tins.

Topping: Beat together well the egg, sugar, and coconut. Spread prepared pastry with lemon butter and spread over coconut topping. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Cut into fingers when cool.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. L. Coleman, West Takou, Tas.

BANANA NUTMEG CAKE

Half cup sugar, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, 1 1/2 cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 3 ripe bananas, 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg, juice 1/2 lemon.

Mash bananas with lemon juice. Cream butter and sugar well, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift dry ingredients and add alternately with milk. Stir in mashed bananas. Turn into greased 8in. square sandwich tin, bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. When cold, ice with lemon icing, sprinkle lightly with nutmeg.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Miss B. Buckle, 7a Betty Avenue, Winston Hills, N.S.W.

APPLE NOUGAT TART

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 2 tablespoons apricot jam, 1 cup cooked drained apple, 1 cup coconut, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla.

Roll pastry to fit 7in. greased tart plate. Line tart plate, trim, and decorate edges. Spread base with jam, cover with cooked apple. Separate egg. Mix together coconut, sugar, and egg-yolk. Stir in milk and essence. Beat egg-white until stiff, fold into mixture. Turn on to apple. Bake in moderately hot oven 15 to 20 minutes or until browned.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. M. Carter, Yackandandah, Vic.

Continuing . . .

PUDDINGS MEN LOVE

PINEAPPLE BUTTERSCOTCH BUNS

Two tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 2 tablespoons honey.

Pastry: Two cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg, 1/2 cup milk.

Filling: One and a half cups canned shredded pineapple, 1/2 cup brown sugar.

Line 8in. round cake tin with greased paper. Cream together butter, sugar, and honey, spread thickly on bottom and sides of tin. Sift flour, salt into basin, rub in butter, mix to fairly soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Turn on to floured board, roll to 1/2in. thickness, then glaze surface with milk. Spread with the well-drained pineapple, sprinkle over the brown sugar. Roll up as for Swiss roll, cut into slices 2in. thick. Stand pieces upright in tin. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, cook further 15 to 20 minutes, or until browned. Turn out, serve hot with custard or cream.

These are steamed

SAGO FRUIT PUDDING

Three tablespoons sago, 1 cup milk, 3oz. butter or substitute, 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1 cup soft white breadcrumbs firmly packed, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda dissolved in little extra milk, 1 dessertspoon rum, 1/2 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 egg, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup sultanas or mixed fruits.

Scald milk, add sago, butter, sugar, vanilla, rum, and spice; let stand 10 minutes. Stir in breadcrumbs and bicarbonate of soda, then beaten egg and fruit. Put into greased pudding basin, cover, steam 2 hours. Serve hot with cream.

STEAMED JAM PUDDING

Two tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons jam (plum, apricot, or raspberry), 1 cup sultanas, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 1/2 cups plain flour, 1 cup milk.

Cream butter with sugar, add jam and sultanas. Dissolve bicarbonate of soda in milk, stir in, then add sifted flour. Fill into greased pudding basin, cover, steam 3 hours.

HONEY SPONGE

Two ounces butter or substitute, 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1/2 cup honey, 1 1/2 cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon ground ginger, 1/2 cup milk, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda dissolved in little hot water.

Cream butter and sugar, add honey, beat well. Sift flour and spices, add alternately to creamed mixture with milk. Add dissolved soda. Spoon into greased basin, cover; steam 2 1/2 hours. Serve warm with custard.

APPLE PUFF

Four large cooking apples, water, sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1/2 cup milk.

Peel, core, and slice apples; cook in little water until soft, with sugar to taste.

Blend together butter and sugar, add egg; beat well. Add sifted flour, salt, and milk. Put layer of batter into greased pudding basin, cover with layer of cooled apple. Repeat until all batter and apple are used, ending with layer of batter. Cover; steam 1 1/2 hours. Serve warm with cream.

STEAMED DATE PUDDING

One cup plain flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon butter, 1/2 lb. dates, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 tablespoon vinegar.

Sift flour and salt, rub in butter. Add chopped dates, sugar, and spices. Bring milk to the boil; as it rises, add quickly bicarbonate of soda and vinegar. While still frothing, stir quickly into dry ingredients. Spoon into greased pudding basin, cover; steam 2 to 2 1/2 hours.

RICH FRUIT PUDDING

Two cups plain flour, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup sultanas, 1 1/2 cups milk, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute.

Put milk into saucepan with butter and soda, bring gently to scalding point. Sift flour with cinnamon, stir in sugar and fruit. Add milk mixture, blend well. Fill into well-greased pudding basin, cover firmly; steam 2 1/2 hours.

SULTANA AND CHERRY PUDDING

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons golden syrup, 1 dessertspoon each grated orange and lemon rinds, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 tablespoons jam (apricot, plum, or raspberry are nice), 2 cups plain flour, 1 1/2 teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup milk, 8oz. sultanas, 1oz. glace cherries.

Cream butter or substitute with golden syrup, fruit rinds, and vanilla; stir in jam and fruit. Dissolve bicarbonate of soda in milk, stir in alternately with sifted flour. Fill into greased pudding basin, cover. Steam 3 hours.

Recipe can be halved; steam 2 1/2 hours.

GOLDEN SYRUP PUDDING

One cup self-raising flour, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 3 dessertspoons golden syrup, 1/2 cup milk, 1/2 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, pinch salt.

Cream together butter and golden syrup. Dissolve bicarbonate of soda in the milk, add to creamed mixture. Then add sifted flour and salt; mix well. Pour into greased basin, cover, steam 1 hour. Serve with custard or cream.

A color photograph of a woman with short, dark, wavy hair, smiling warmly at the camera. She is wearing a pink top. In her left hand, she holds a box of Bushells tea. The box is blue with a white label that reads "Bushells" in a large, bold, serif font, with "THE TEA OF FLAVOR" in smaller text below it. The background is a light-colored wall with a grid pattern, and the word "Bushells" is faintly visible in the background.

**"I want
Bushells"**

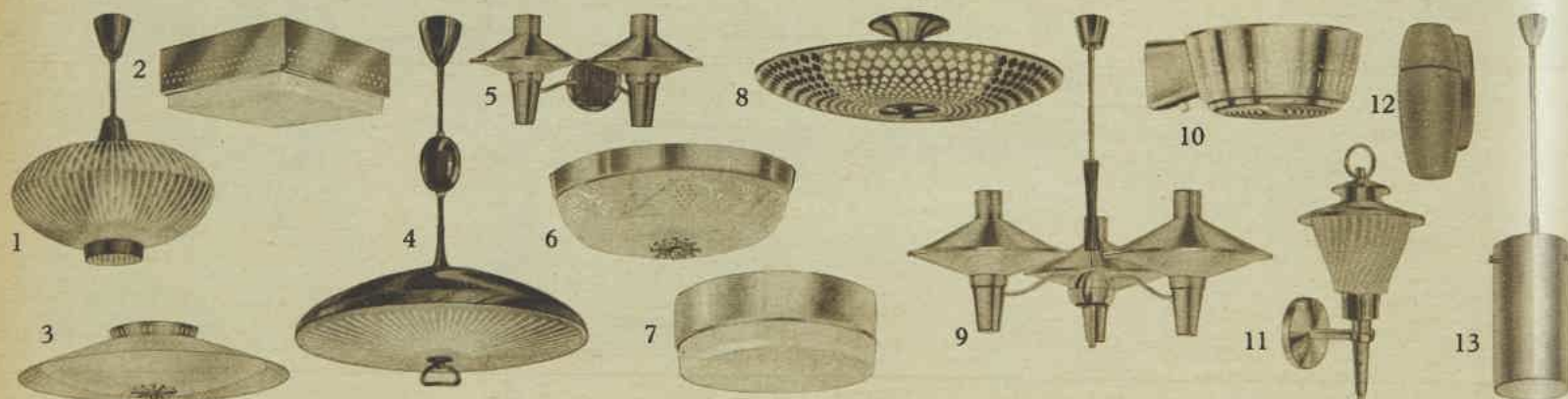
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1. From the 13 Kempthorne fittings illustrated above, choose two light fittings for each room — one for the ceiling and one for the wall. Write in their numbers on the entry form.

2. Tell us which Kempthorne light fitting you would choose for one of your **OWN** rooms. Select from the fittings illustrated or from the Kempthorne Book of Lighting. (Free from your lighting retailer or write to Kempthorne.)

Entries close June 17th, 1966.

They will be judged by Kempthorne and decisions will be final. Contest winners will be notified by letter and also announced in the Australian Women's Weekly.

Name (block letters).....
Address (State).....
Room (a): Ceiling..... Wall.....
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I have chosen the Kempthorne fitting.....
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My room's ceiling height is.....
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style antique, contemporary, colonial).

Mail this page to "Kempthorne Lighting Contest",
P.O. Box 159, Clayton, Victoria

KEMPTHORNE

● Pupils in first year at high school will be finding things vastly different from simpler primary days, says schoolteacher Jonathan Light. More now depends on their own initiative and work done out of school hours, and he

makes a plea to parents to provide the right conditions for this all-important study time. Although Mr. Light teaches boys, and talks of boy students, his helpful suggestions apply just as much to girls in these critical years.

Study: key to success

● So your youngster has started secondary school. He has been there for a term, and it is time everyone thought about this study business.

THE first big question: What is study for?

STUDY is for growing up into full manhood, and into that fullness of mind which can make a man pleasant company for himself, something which doesn't cut much ice with a 12-year-old. So what else is there?

STUDY is for passing examinations, which are not the ogres they are made out.

Examinations are not meant to measure the amount learned, but the extent to which knowledge can be reproduced, the efficiency with which knowledge is held. As such, they can be quite a good measure of an individual's efficiency; employers still consider their results when selecting staff.

STUDY is to open the way to the career of one's choice. Society pays for qualifications. A boy beginning high school is entering a course which could bring him a slip of paper worth \$20,000 or \$25,000—the extra earnings these qualifications could bring over a lifetime.

STUDY is a guide to the right career.

Every youngster facing the barrage of advice about which career to follow should know as much as he can about the science and skills involved. Mistakes in choice are hard to correct.

STUDY is for clear thinking as a citizen.

Only those who have a full mind about a wide range of matters can make balanced decisions, and be proof against honeyed tongues.

As a teacher of first-year boys, I can already tell, allowing for the one in 30 who can amend his ways, who will succeed at the end of their secondary schooling.

The nervousness of the first days is past. The boys now know what general science is about, and what they do in mathematics lessons.

They are getting used to a school in which teachers are specialists and change for subjects, and — this is the punch — some now realise that much more depends on them. They are developing right habits of study.

In primary school, lesson material could be covered by the teacher in class.

At high school, more and more of the course will depend on the extra study

done. The courses are wider in scope than can be adequately covered in class, and the student must acquire habits of study which will support him.

Nobody can succeed in a secondary school course without adequate homework.

"Now, Jimmy, get and do your homework. You know what your father will say."

"No! You can't watch TV until you do your homework."

With these impatient demands ringing in his ears, he slinks off, and I will lay three to one that that homework is not adequate in quantity or quality.

Good homework requires good conditions for study, and I wish more parents would make small sacrifices of their own comforts and convenience to provide them.

Your attitude is most important

THE formula "Finish your homework before watching TV" has been responsible for more slipshod, rushed, fruitless study than anything else.

Don't lay down the law. This is his business, and he must take the initiative. You cannot improve willingness by demanding it.

A student's willingness to study is most helped by his parents' interest, and the knowledge that you approve every step forward.

Be interested

Don't turn him off like an irritating noise if he tries to explain something. Even if it sounds obscure, please try to look interested.

Disinterested parents do not have enough patience to hear explanations through. The opposite of disinterest is feverish fussing. This parent bursts in upon the studies and demands to know what is going on. The end product (fathers are the worst offenders) is an over-anxious child.

It lays a foundation for disturbance and failure later on, especially in tertiary education, and the child will learn to shut his parents out of his academic life.

Even if a student is not a genius, he can still try his best, and gain useful results.

The best place to study

GIVE a little thought to how, when, and where your youngster is going to study at home.

The right place must be away from other people. His bedroom will do if it is away from his own hobby and playthings. Your bedroom may be better.

There must be nothing to distract him, such as sisters or brothers.

If you can provide a space solely for a study, you are fortunate. It should be at least 4ft. or 5ft. by 8ft., with plenty of windows, a table, a bookshelf, a cupboard, chairs.

The cupboard is a good place to shut distracting junk out of sight. Two 20in. kitchen units, each with cupboard and drawer, will support the ends of a 5ft.-long top and make a super desk.

Good lighting is essential. Put a 20w fluorescent tube on the ceiling directly

above his head. The "warm white" tube is less strain on eyes looking for long periods at white paper, and a 40w incandescent desk lamp placed a little to his left (or right for a left-hander) provides the combination of lighting that is best.

Good ventilation is also important. Stuffy air brings a stuffy head not easily stuffed with learning. Louvres are cheap, easy to install, and provide the best draught-free ventilation.

Rug-up

Heating is not essential. Radiators, especially heaters shining on the face, numb the brain with sleepiness. Fires, besides consuming oxygen and making the air heavy, are a distraction.

The best way to keep warm while studying is to rug-up. A scarf, a dressing gown, and a rug around the knees will cope with ordinary coldness. When more is needed, a hot-

water bottle between the feet will defeat all but a blizzard.

Where can such a study place be made? The end of a sleep-out, a converted workshop or cellar, the caravan in the yard, or part of a large laundry have been used by successful scholars I have known.

One of the most effective I have seen was a small attic, built inside a normal gable roof by raising a portion of the roof alongside the ridge, reached by a ladder.

The right conditions for study must include freedom from the worst distractions: noise, other youngsters.

The worst noise is the almost-intelligible that the mind strains to hear, such as the sound of television. The sounds of nature — the wind in the trees, wildlife, running water — may improve the atmosphere for study. I would even accept quiet orchestral music — but children, radio, or TV within earshot: No!

How much study is needed?

HOW much time should a student spend in study?

It may be said that the longer he studies the better he will do. I don't think this is true, once a certain limit is passed.

The normal, healthy teenager needs a full life, and will study effectively only if encouraged to develop a good range of interests.

Successful students in the early years of high school spend about 1½ hours a night in study. This increases to about 12 hours a week in

he doesn't do as well as you think he should.

The over-anxious or insecure parent bequeaths anxiety to children.

The students who do best are the children of parents who are studious. Here, the home atmosphere helps. There are books, which the children see the parents using, and they imitate.

Parents like these use public libraries, a habit the young are never too young to develop.

Parents like these are not slaves to television. They can turn it off as easily as they can turn it on.

Parents like these often

take up organised study again.

In spite of all we do to help, a student who starts well may begin to fall down on his job.

One boy, aged 15, had neglected his language studies so much that all his subjects were affected.

In an effort to help, his mother enrolled in an evening class doing the same English course.

The lad's English improved, his will to work revived, his results in all subjects improved. After 18 months, he won a scholarship which had seemed beyond his hopes before.

fourth year, 15 to 18 hours for a matriculation student. Students need to break up long study periods. Three separate sessions a day could be more effective than one session four times as long.

Routines of homes differ, but I suggest this as an example of how study could be allotted: Father leaves for work about 7.30 a.m., the children for school at 8.20.

The student could breakfast with Dad, and while the others are getting ready and eating he could retire to study.

This will also help to

warm him up for the day's lessons. Many young brains only operate smoothly after a warm-up.

That rare species, the boy who likes getting up in the morning, has it made.

In a quiet hour before others wake he will do his best study. You will find many of his type among men earning \$6000-plus a year.

After school a boy will want to be let off for a while, but 40 minutes spent studying before dinner, when small children are watching TV and workers are easing up after getting home, could be the best time of day.

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Do you suffer from bad breath? Many of us do from time to time; it can be most unpleasant for our friends. Don't chance offending others—get Amplex Deodorant Tablets today.



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Enchanting! The straight-and-narrow shift.

(Only for wonderful women who knit: with Patons pure new wool Bluebell.)

Pure enchantment — this slither of shift, knitted plain all through then suddenly romanced with flirtatiously feminine sleeves. Just one of the dreamy knits you'll find in Patons Book 765.

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It comes in no less than seventy shades, and, for your protection, Bluebell is Patonised, which means that it really resists shrinking.

Ask for Patons Knitting Book 765 — knit the feminine look in Patons Bluebell.

Knit it with **Patons** and you'll be proud of it.



"That was a long time ago."

He leaned back in his seat. "I'm not going to answer your questions," he said, "except obliquely. I'll put it this way. I told you the parent didn't teach me much, didn't I? But he did teach me that there are two kinds of people in the world, and I'd damned well better not get trapped in the sucker category. Well, all I did was put his advice into practice . . . for kicks." "I don't understand," Tracy said.

"You're not meant to. You don't expect straight answers from an oracle, do you?"

It was no use, Tracy thought. She had tried and failed, and maybe it had not been such a good idea in the first place. What Pete had said about time speeding up and slowing down had particular applicability here; I think I have aged a year in the last hour, she thought. "Will you take me home now, Pete? Please."

In the car, the engine running, Pete asked, "You all strapped in?"

"Roger."

"Then stand by for blast-off." She swung her head to look at him, and it was as if the face he had worn before had been merely a mask to be taken off at will. He was smiling still, but the smile was not quite real. "Pete—" Tracy began.

He ignored her. He pushed his right foot to the floor and the engine snarled in a high pitch. He took his left foot off the clutch and the rear wheels spun, shrieking, against the pavement. The car sprang away from the kerb, its acceleration pushing them both back in their seats. Pete slammed the stick into second gear, into third, into fourth—the speedometer read sixty-five before they had covered the first block, and was still rising.

TRACY said, "Pete! Please!"

His voice had changed, too. "You've had your fun, pet. Now I'm going to have mine."

She tried not to look at the road, at the trees and fences rushing past. She said, in as calm a voice as she could manage, "What do you want, Pete?"

"Nothing. Not any more. Not a single thing. I've just made a discovery. Call it Lawler's Law — It's that either you can't have what you want or if you can have it you don't want it after you get it. So the secret is, don't want it in the first place. Simple, isn't it?"

Tracy tried to keep calm. But in order to be heard above the roaring rush of wind she had to shriek. "Pete! Be reasonable!"

"Afraid?"

"Yes!"

He stole a quick glance at her face. He was smiling. "Scared you might be killed?" She had no answer. Despite herself, she glanced at the speedometer. The needle was touching ninety.

"You might, at that," Pete said. "We both might."

Outside, the shadows were long. Here in the house it seemed to Marty that there was an unnatural hush, as if time stood still, while again he waited, unable to influence events. When the phone rang he looked at it for a moment before he went to it. Helen Lane said, "Is Tracy there? Has she called?"

"Not yet, Mrs. Lane." "I'm not usually so witchy, Marty. But with all the things that have been happening . . ." She stopped. Marty said, "I know what you mean." "Do you know where she went, Marty?"

Continued from page 55

"I have a general idea, Mrs. Lane," he said. "I'll see what I can find out." "Marty . . . you'll let me know?"

"As soon as I find out anything."

He called the Lawler house. John Lawler answered.

Marty said, "Is Pete there, Mr. Lawler?"

"What do you want with him?"

"I just want to talk to him."

"That's too bad," Lawler said, and hung up.

Lose your temper . . . Marty took a deep breath and sat motionless, looking at the phone in his hand. Inside he began to feel a kind of nausea that was part stifled anger and part real worry. If Tracy was with Pete, he didn't like it. Oh, Junior could be trusted not to do anything foolish, but Pete was something else again. Marty was not sure how many people understood that Pete was sometimes possessed by demons, like that time when he had jumped off Lover's Leap for no reason at all. The psychologists spoke of the death wish, and it occurred to Marty, thinking now of Pete, that there might be something to it.

He searched the local directory for the county offices and found the number and dialled. He was probably going to feel pretty silly asking Mr. Glen, who was a busy man, about Tracy, but he didn't care—not any more.

Captain Johns sat again in Glen's office. "We know who the two musclemen are. They're pros, all right. The city police say if we can figure out a way to take them out of circulation, we'll be doing mankind in general a large favor. But we haven't anything on them, Will, not really. They were here at the right time, and it's too much of a coincidence to think they weren't the ones who beat Burt Williams. But he can't identify them, so all we can show is that they had a hamburger and a bottle of beer apiece, and paid for them."

Glen said, "They're pros. That means they work for money. Who hired them, Henry? And why?"

"You want guesswork?"

"That's all we have," Glen said. He was silent for a few moments, gathering his thoughts. "We're reasonably sure they were waiting for Marty, and Burt just happened to come home. What does that tell us?"

It was then that the phone rang and Glen answered it.

Marty's voice said, "Have you seen Junior, Mr. Glen? I mean, did she come to see you?"

"She did," Glen said. "With your question and your theory. That was some time ago and I haven't seen her since."

There was silence on the line. Then "I had a phone call," Marty said. He described it. "I don't know what it was all about or who it was talking to."

"So," Glen said, in a tone of voice that made Johns open his eyes a little wider.

Marty caught the change of tone, too. "That tells you something, Mr. Glen?" he asked.

"It may, Marty. Where are you? I think you might come down here."

There was no hesitation. "Right away," Marty said.

Glen put down the phone. He turned to face Johns. "Let's try this for size, Henry." He began to talk . . .

When Marty arrived Johns was still in Glen's office, puff-

THE TURNING POINT

ing thoughtfully at his pipe. He said, "You're worried about the Lane girl, son? That's why you called?"

"Yes, sir."

Glen said, "Have you any idea where she might be? I take it she's not at home."

"I think," Marty said, "that she may be with Pete Lawler. Don't get me wrong," Marty said. "Pete's not a psycho or anything like that. And he can be a lot of fun. But sometimes, if something pushes him too hard —" He was silent for a moment, thinking that he had not before realised the depth of his understanding of Pete Lawler. It was as if a picture in his mind, previously blurred, had suddenly sprung into sharp focus. "I'd feel a lot better if I knew where they were." He paused and looked at Glen. "So would Mrs. Lane."

Johns said, "I have a hunch. When your friends go pub-

crawling, son, which bar do they favor?"

"Walt's," Marty said, "in —"

"I know all about Walt's," Captain Johns said. He stood up. "Maybe they're there. We'll see if we can find them. I think I'd feel better, too."

"So would I," Glen said, and stood up. "I think it's time I had a talk with John Lawler."

Captain Johns nodded.

Marty took a deep breath. "May I come along?"

"I was going to suggest it," Glen said.

The speedometer needle was touching ninety-five. Pete's face wore an expression of exaltation. Tracy watched him and thought that she could almost hear inaudible voices urging him on: faster, faster.

She was no longer afraid in the normal sense of being

scared. What she felt instead was a tenseness, awareness heightened to a fever pitch, all of her senses functioning with a clarity she had never known before. And she knew, with a certainty that allowed no argument, that they were going to crash; she could see it in Pete's face and she could feel it within her own consciousness. "Why, Pete?" The words came out in a shriek.

"Why not?"

"That's no answer!" I am too young to die, she thought; but she knew that others, younger, had preceded her, and so there was no magic in that argument. "Why?"

Pete shook his head. They were approaching a curve, and he was scowling now in concentration. He braked hard, shifted down; the car shuddered as the gearbox took the full load of compression. And then they were into the curve, the rear end of the car sliding, chattering, and the engine sound rising again to that high-pitched howl. And then they were straight

once again, and Pete's face wore a little smile of triumph as he shifted into top gear and bore down on the accelerator.

Tracy said, "Is it just for kicks? Tell me! I have a right to know!"

He took his eyes from the road for an instant to glance at her face. Then, staring straight ahead once again, he nodded. "Exit laughing," he said.

Tracy said, "Pete!" And, even louder, "Pete!"

"He can't touch us now," Pete said sharply. "Marty, that is."

Tracy closed her eyes. When she opened them they were approaching another curve, and Pete's face had regained that expression of exaltation; he seemed lighted from within by secret thoughts. "You know what?" he said.

Tracy stared, fascinated, at the curve rushing toward them.

To page 66

Forget those sticky spillable cough syrups!



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PP4 314

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Norman and Pamela Coleman of Wollongong are 'regulars' in the snow country. Young Alan and Leann are already expert skiers, too. At breakfast time, it's Weet-Bix all round. Pamela knows that these energy-rich, vitamin-rich biscuits keep lively youngsters going at their top. There's nothing as good as whole wheat to help children grow. And Weet-Bix are whole wheat at its best. Crisply toasted. Naturally sweetened.



"LEMON
GLOW"

NEW ROSES

DETAILS ON
PAGE 68

"BLUE
MOON"

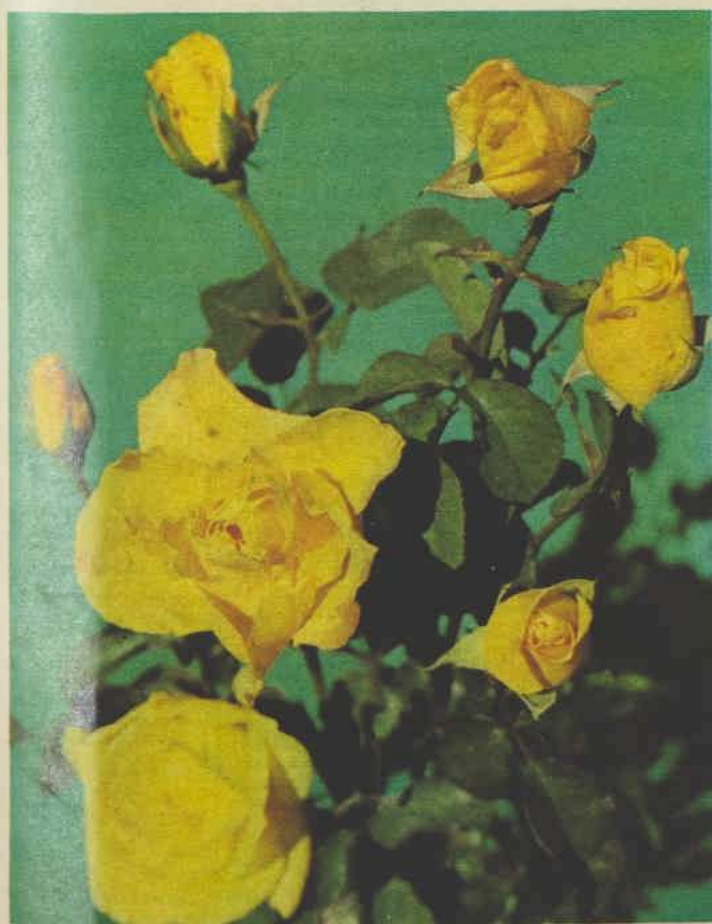


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— page 335



"MADGE ELLIOTT"

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 337



"APACHE"

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 336

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

"ROSE
MARI"

Pictures by staff
photographer Ron
Berg, taken at
Knight's Nursery,
Homebush, N.S.W.

"GRANADA"
(below)



Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 338

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

"We aren't going to make it," Pete said.

Continued from page 63

Willard Glen and Marty sat in John Lawler's study. Lawler himself was behind the desk.

Glen said, "I'm going to outline a theory, Mr. Lawler. It's not pretty. Its ingredients are viciousness and neglect and selfishness, contempt for anyone and everyone else. In this theory you are the central character."

"There is such a thing as slander," Lawler said.

Glen nodded. "There is indeed."

"I think," Lawler said, "that I don't care to listen to your theory." He started to rise.

Marty looked at Glen. Glen was silent and unmoving, almost as if he were waiting — for me to take a hand, Marty thought; that's why he brought me along. There was satisfaction in the concept.

"Wrong, Mr. Lawler," Marty said. He did not move in his chair, and he did not raise his voice. "You're going to listen. You can do it sitting behind that desk or you can do it flat on your back on the floor." He paused. "Your choice."

Lawler lowered himself into his chair.

Glen said, "So — now we begin. We start with the redecorating of your house a year or two ago. It cost between ten and fifteen thousand dollars."

Lawler said, "I don't know where you got that idea."

"From Alberg's," Glen said. "I telephoned them after I learned that your wife had paid the entire bill in cash. Alberg's verified that she had paid in cash, and told me the approximate amount. 'Something to do with taxes,' your wife said. I am guessing that it indeed had to do with taxes — non-payment of, to be specific. That's usually what it is when large cash transactions are involved." He stopped there.

Lawler had changed his

mind about arguing. He said, "I have no comment. This is your wild theory."

Glen nodded. "Once we accept the idea that you may have accumulated some untaxed money, then everything begins to add up. I believe it was money that was stolen the night of the trouble here, not merely a few pieces of silver. The silver was probably taken to lend credence to a vandalism-cum-petty-theft concept. The vandalism itself was probably a cover, a diversion, to mask the real theft — the money. The snuffbox and the dagger were planted in Marty's house to make Marty appear to be the thief."

"If that is so, then the two goons are also explained — they were hired to ransack the Williams' house for the money, and if they did not find it, to give Marty enough of a beating to frighten him into giving the money back. But they didn't get Marty; they got his father instead. The beating they gave Burt would probably have left Marty pretty badly shaken and hurt. But they were beating an older man, and they almost killed him."

THERE was a small pulse throbbing just forward of Lawler's left ear. Glen watched it carefully. It was, he thought, a kind of built-in lie detector, visually measuring emotional change. "We know who the two thugs were," Glen said. "They stopped for a hamburger and a bottle of beer after they finished the job. They were seen and the city police have identified them. As I said at the beginning, all of this is theory. But when we know what we're looking for, not infrequently we can find it. Let me explain how."

"First, I'll call in the Internal Revenue people and tell them about the cash payment for the redecorating and sug-

THE TURNING POINT

gest that you might have had other money hidden away. The Internal Revenue people are old hands at this sort of thing. You're the purchasing agent for a large corporation. It isn't unheard of for a purchasing agent to shake down vendors; and when vendors find out that the purchasing agent is no longer in a position to squeeze them, they're frequently happy to tell all about it. As I said, the Internal Revenue people know all the angles.

"Second, we'll follow up on the two thugs. Normal citizens don't have access to professional thugs, so we'll assume that you used a go-between. At a guess, I'd say one of the ex-cops in your plant-protection department would be the handiest; one of them would probably know how to go about hiring a couple of

"I'm all right," Marty said slowly. His eyes were still on Lawler's face. "I'm not going to dirty my hands on him. Not yet, and maybe not ever." He looked at Glen once more. "Mrs. Lane will want to know," he said. He picked up the phone.

It was the same wooden bench in the same hospital corridor, and Marty sat alone. When he saw Helen Lane come in through the lobby, he stood up and waited, large and solid, no longer young — youth was now behind him. He said, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Lane."

She nodded. She had no tears. She wondered if she was now and forever beyond tears, incapable of normal reactions. She sat down on the hard wooden bench and Marty sat beside her. He seemed to hesitate, and then, with a strange, awkward ges-

stopped there and looked at Helen.

"I understand," she said. "And it isn't strange at all. Most people who are close have a secret language — words or special names that have special meanings. Tracy's father and I did."

"And you and Mr. Glen?"

She shook her head in slow wonder and found that she had to smile. "You do lay it right on the line, don't you, Marty? And you make me look at it, too."

"You wanted him here."

"Yes." She paused. "I still do, but I don't resent any longer that he is somewhere else."

"You have your wish," Marty said. "Here he comes." Marty stood up and walked away deliberately, counting his own slow steps, measuring out moments of privacy. When he turned back toward the bench, Helen Lane and Glen were standing there, facing each other. Glen's

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD



strong-arm boys. We'll run that down carefully.

"Third," Glen said, "we'll go to work on Pete."

The pulse began to throb more strongly now, although Lawler's face had not changed expression.

"Oh, yes," Glen said. "It almost has to be Pete who stole your money. He would be the one who would know about it and where it was. He could have used the telephone to call the police when the vandalism started, but he wanted an excuse to get out of the house with his loot. He carried it under his jacket, and Tracy Lane thought he was hurt because he was holding his side and asked her to drive. But during the ride to the police station Pete stashed the money down beside his seat. Then he no longer appeared hurt, but was perfectly able to drive back to the house alone. I don't think there's any doubt that your son has your money, Mr. Lawler. There's a kind of poetic justice in it, isn't there? He learned his morals from you."

That pulse was hammering now. Lawler said, in a voice that was not quite steady, "All of this is —" He stopped as the phone on his desk rang suddenly, obtrusively. He picked it up and spoke his name, and then he handed the phone to Glen. Glen listened for a few moments, all expression gone from his face, and in the end he said only, "We'll come right away, Henry." His voice was toneless. He hung up and for a little time sat quite still. Then he looked at Marty.

"They crashed," he said. "They tried to take a curve too fast." He watched Marty's face begin to tighten, and he wished there was something he could say that would alleviate the torment. But there are no words, he thought, except the obvious ones. "I'm sorry, boy," he said. "The ambulance is bringing them in. We don't know how bad it is."

Marty was on his feet and moving toward the desk.

"Easy, Marty," Glen said.

Marty stopped and looked at him, and then turned his head to stare at Lawler.

ture, he put out his hand and took one of hers and squeezed it gently.

Helen Lane said, "I'm all right, Marty."

"I know." But he did not release her hand, nor did she try to draw it away. They sat in silence.

Helen Lane said at last, "You were with Will Glen, Marty. Do you know where he is now?"

Marty said, "Do you mean, why isn't he here?" His voice was gentle and without reproach.

"Am I that transparent?" She nodded then. "I guess I am. That was what I meant, yes."

Marty said, "He's the DA, Mrs. Lane. That means he has duties, responsibilities..."

"And are they so important to him?"

"Would you have it any other way?"

HELEN recalled Will's words: "I could not love thee, dear, so much, Lov'd I not honor more." She looked up then. John and Ethel Lawler were approaching.

Marty stood up. He felt ill at ease but determined.

Ethel Lawler was in tears and making no pretence about it. John Lawler looked merely uncomfortable. He said, "Isn't there a better place than this to wait?"

Helen Lane was watching Marty. She saw a faint movement of his shoulders, but that was the only sign he gave of anger or impatience. "No, sir," he said. "This is the only place."

"You're sure?" "I'm sure," Marty said. "You see, I spent last night here waiting to see if my father was going to live."

Ethel Lawler sobbed audibly. John Lawler looked at her, then at Marty, then away. He took his wife's elbow, and together they walked a little way down the corridor.

"Sit down, Marty," Helen Lane said. "Tell me why you call her Junior. Talk to me."

He said slowly, "It began as a gag. I'm pretty big, and she's a lot smaller..." He

hands held both of hers. It was then that the door across the corridor opened.

An orderly came out backward, pulling a wheeled table on which a body lay motionless, entirely covered by a sheet. No one moved as the orderly closed the door and looked at the five people who waited. Glen's arm went around Helen's shoulders. Ethel Lawler's mouth opened as if for a scream, but no sound came out.

It was Marty who walked up to the orderly and asked the question and heard the answer. He stood for a moment, expressionless, looking down at the still form. He turned then to the Lawlers. "Pete," he said. "I'm sorry." He turned away and walked over to stand in silence with Helen Lane and Glen, trying to ignore the sound of Ethel Lawler's grief as she and her husband followed the wheeled table down the corridor. The sound ceased at last and the hospital seemed suddenly empty.

Marty shook his head as if he were clearing it from a blow. He looked at Glen. "Can you tell me why? What kind of pattern is there that arranges things this way? Why Pete? Why Junior? Why not me? I know that doesn't make any sense, but the question still remains. Can you answer it? Can anybody?"

"I doubt it," Glen said.

Marty said, "That night, that first night, Junior asked me why and kept asking, and I told her not to try to psych it out. Now I'm doing it, because if there isn't any reason — if these things just happen — then we're all like the oranges and lemons and bells in a slot machine, aren't we? And we have no more control than they have over which combinations come up."

Glen said, "I don't think it's that way, Marty."

Marty was looking across the corridor at the closed door again. "Helpless. That's the worst part."

Glen nodded. "Being helpless is always the worst part, and it never gets any easier. But some things do." He paused. "Don't make the mistake of thinking, Marty,

that just because we've lived a little longer than you, we've found all the answers." The boy was watching him now. "I can't tell you what got into Pete Lawler," Glen said. "I can tell you that he had the money — the money his father had hidden away. Pete stole it deliberately, and he hid it in that sand he kept in the trunk of his car for ballast. There were bills scattered all over the highway."

MARTY was looking at the closed door again. Stay with it, Junior, he said wordlessly. You can't leave me now.

To Helen Lane, watching, it seemed that the boy was aging right in front of her eyes, putting aside the tricks and posturings of adolescence and in one giant stride stepping across the threshold into full maturity.

Will Glen looked down at Helen Lane's face. Her eyes were still on Marty, but when Glen tightened his arm around her shoulders her head came up and her eyes found his, but just then the door across the corridor opened.

Dr. Walker came out, with his mask hanging loose around his throat. He looked at the three who waited, and he nodded his head wearily and even forced a smile. Then he stepped aside as the wheeled table came through the doorway, and Tracy's head, motionless, eyes closed, was plain upon the pillow.

Helen took a deep breath, and suddenly she felt as if she was whole again, all emotion intact. The tears were a benison.

Tracy had been away on a long journey to a strange land, and she was not at all sure whether she had indeed returned, whether here and now was real. She opened her eyes and for a few moments they failed to focus; but then they did, and comprehension was warm and glowing in her mind. He stood, large and solid, right there beside her bed. And he was smiling, but his eyes were overbright, and he was having trouble saying anything at all. But at last the words were audible and coherent, saying everything that was important. "Hi, Junior," he said.

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ROSES

The best of the new
and recent varieties
—and a reminder
about old favorites

● In roses the latest need not always be the best. Some old-timers have remained to challenge newcomers successfully after twenty years.

Each year the hybridists across the world present a range of brand-new roses. Some of these win popularity and remain on the nurserymen's lists for many years. Others quietly drift out and are quickly forgotten — not because they lacked beauty but they were either poor growers or were susceptible to disease or produced too few flowers.

Here are some notes on the performances of some of the outstanding 1966 Hybrid Tea roses and on other recent ones which are gaining prestige and acceptance.

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HYBRID TEAS

● New releases

"BLUE MOON"

The year's outstanding rose. The color is a silvery lilac rather than blue, but several shades bluer than "Stirling Silver" and others in the "blue" range. The large, pointed blooms are well formed.

Seems a strong grower in most areas. It was released in Germany last year. This is the first Australian season. Has a deep perfume, very few thorns.

"GRANADA"

A handsome rose in pink, red, and yellow "Talisman" coloring.

The flowers are typical Hybrid Tea shape, although slightly smaller than expected for this class, and are carried on long stems in clusters like a Floribunda.

"Granada" is pleasantly fragrant. It is expected to become one of the most important 1966 releases.

An import from Holland in 1965.

"MADGE ELLIOTT"

Soft apricot pink, shell-like petals make this an attractive rose for cutting or garden display. Free-flowering, with strong growth.

One of the newest Australian-bred roses, it was raised by Dr. Roger Davall, of Parramatta, N.S.W.

"NORMAN HARTNELL"

A showy, bright cerise rose with well-formed double blooms. The strong growth and free-flowering habit make this a good cut flower.

Imported; first season this year.

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SEE
PICTURES
ON
PAGE 65

"ROSE MARI"

Should not be confused with its namesake, "Rose Marie," an old rose which drifted from favor. A pink rose, "Rose Mari" is a hardy plant with a strong stem (a weakness in the old "Rose Marie"). From Holland.

"LEMON GLOW"

An elegant 1966 import from the United States, already available.

This is an excellent exhibition rose with its beautifully formed petals. Grows to a plant height of only 3ft. and likes a sheltered but sunny position.

"APACHE"

A Hybrid Tea, "Apache" is a 1965 import from America. Deep yellow, showing a red flush occasionally.

A tall-growing tree (to 6ft.).

● Recently introduced roses which are gaining acceptance

Some of the roses mentioned below appeared in N.S.W. and Victoria last year or during the 1964 season. In some States, however, they will be making their debut this year on a large scale:

"PAPA MEILLAND"—An attractive fully double and fragrant dark red, with velvet-like texture — inclined to show lighter streaks as the bud opens. Growth in Victoria is variable and it does seem rather subject to mildew. Performance might be better in hot, dry areas. Imported from France in 1964, it has proved popular since its first season last year.

"MISTER LINCOLN"—A dark red with large urn-shaped buds. Very fragrant. Does not hold shape as well as "Papa Meilland," but seems less prone to mildew. Vigorous and tall.

"FRAGRANT CLOUD"—A striking warm coral red, very fragrant. Blooms are fully double and growth is strong and attractive. Imported from Germany in 1964, this is its second season here.

"COLUMBUS QUEEN"—The decorative blooms are long, shapely, and last well. Color is a strong pink with a deeper rose flush at the edges and reverse of the petals. This is a prolific rose with long stems. It shows some slight tendency to black spot, but to date its all-round performance seems very promising in New South Wales and Queensland.

"EIFFEL TOWER"—An appropriate name for such a high-tapering bud. A decorative long-stemmed mid-pink with quite good taller-than-average growth.

"AVON"—This rose is destined for popularity. A deep, but bright, red with very double beautifully formed blooms, it is fragrant, with very few thorns. As "Avon" has been grown in Australian gardens for over two years, its strong, clean growth can be confirmed.

"PASCAL"—A beautiful creamy white. Blooms are smaller than average, but very double and attractively formed. Stems are long, growth strong, attractive.

"VIENNA CHARM"—Rich gold-buff, sometimes with pink or copper overlaying outer petals of the large shapely buds. Makes handsome upright growth in any good rose-garden area.

"DIXIE BELL"—A Hybrid Tea, is a fine traditional rose with a good perfume. In a pale pink, it has a lovely petal formation. Imported from Holland with a reputation for growing in most soil conditions. Produces prolific blooms. This is its second season.

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"LEGENDARY" is a finely shaped pinky-mauve rose. Imported from Holland in 1964, it is an all-round rose for exhibition and garden. Does prefer an easterly aspect.

"SEA PEARL" was raised by Alexander Dickson in Northern Ireland and imported into Australia in 1964. Its free-flowering blooms and suitability for most locations made it popular during its first season here last year. Has deep pink blooms with a yellow flushed centre.

● Other Hybrid Tea roses with proven records

"AMATSU OTOME"—Large fully double rich yellow with long stems and strong growth.

"AMERICANA"—Large deep blooms of rich red, fragrant, strong, and free-flowering.

"AUDIE MURPHY"—A decorative cherry-red with long buds.

"BUCCANEER"—Rich yellow, not fully double but attractively formed buds; one of the most vigorous roses, grows well in any area. Very tall.

"CHICAGO PEACE"—A striking pink, copper, and gold sport from the well-known "Mme A. Meilland."

"CHARLOTTE ARMSTRONG"—Deep rose-pink buds that last well. Fragrant.

"CONFIDENCE"—Beautiful exhibition rose — soft pink with apricot flush.

"CHRYSLER IMPERIAL," "CHRISTIAN DIOR," and "CRIMSON GLORY"—Beautifully formed dark reds with similar merit. The last-mentioned has low-splayed growth.

"DIAMOND JUBILEE"—Beautifully formed soft buff-yellow. Fragrant.

"HAWAII"—Coral orange with long shapely buds. Free-flowering.

"MICHELE MEILLAND"—Soft apricot with a lilac flush. Beautifully formed buds.

"MISCHIEF"—Salmon orange, fragrant. A good cut flower that holds well.

"MONTEZUMA"—An attractive salmon red; holds its fine shape longer than most roses. Vigorous, free-flowering, and a "must" in any collection.

"MME A. MEILLAND" ("Peace")—A rose that has retained its popularity for many years. Grows well in most areas, indifferently in others, but certainly worth a trial in any garden. Large shapely creamy yellow blooms overlaid with pink; perfect in all stages.

"QUEEN ELIZABETH"—Lustrous china-pink blooms on long, strong stems. Very attractive for decorative work. Tall, strong growth.

"ROUNDELAY"—A gay rich red, very decorative double; fragrant and free-flowering.

"ROYAL HIGHNESS"—A perfectly shaped very double rose like exquisitely formed Dresden china. The shell-pink petals are finely rolled at the edges and precisely spaced around the high centre of the bloom. Very fragrant, with erect strong stems and attractive foliage.

"ANNA WHEATCROFT"—Salmon pink to pale vermillion, with white centre attractively framing the stamens.

"BAZAAR"—Soft pink sport of "Vogue," with exquisite golden centre.

"CHINA DOLL"—Large clusters; soft pink; dwarf growth.

"DEAREST"—Perfectly formed salmon pink blooms in attractive clusters. Fragrant and compact.

"ELIZABETH OF GLAMIS"—Clusters of salmon to coral blooms suffused with gold.

"EVELYN FISON"—Well-formed orange scarlet blooms in large clusters. Tall grower.

"FIRECRACKER"—Spectacular clusters of semi-double scarlet blooms showing gold stamens.

"GOLDEN SLIPPERS"—Free-flowering salmon apricot with golden stamens, base, and reverse of petals.

"HEAT WAVE"—Bright red well-formed double flowers that last well.

"ICEBERG"—Large semi-double pure white flowers. Prolific, strong growth, tall.

"LILI MARLENE"—Showy clusters of rich red semi-double blooms. Bushy, compact, vigorous.

"MOULIN ROUGE"—Bright crimson blooms in large clusters; strong, healthy growth; medium to tall.

"ORANGE SENSATION"—Bright orange scarlet clusters of semi-double blooms with attractive stamens.

"PINK PARFAIT"—Sometimes classed as Hybrid Tea, with finely shaped blooms shading from rose to peach. Very decorative, free-flowering, and a strong grower.

"SPARTAN"—Fiery salmon red double blooms with attractive formation. Free-flowering, fragrant.

"WOBURN ABBEY"—Unusual deep coppery orange, golden toward base. Semi-double cupped flowers with pleasant formation.

FLORIBUNDAS

● New varieties

Among the most interesting of the recently introduced Floribunda (cluster type) roses are:

"CHARLESTON"—A spectacular bicolor with large clusters, yellow heavily overlaid with red on the outer petals. Grows well in good rose districts.

"EUROPEONA"—Large clusters of deep red blooms, strong grower.

● Proven varieties

Other well-tried Floribundas that can be recommended for most areas are:

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 342

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

How to be MORE BEAUTIFUL ON ALL OCCASIONS



into the skin so that the complexion retains its dewy, youthful bloom.

AT NIGHT use Ulan vitalizing night cream to give your complexion ultra-rich lubrication as well as an uplifting facial massage. This night cream contains the precious moist Ulan oils plus rich vitalizing oils, which make it ideal for smoothing away tired lines, fading away shadows and for correcting dryness and lack of firmness.

Stroke the cream on the skin at bedtime with the tips of the fingers, applying it to cheeks, forehead and throat and working it in with upward, moulding strokes so that you cover every inch of the face and neck. Circle cream lightly around the eyes to give extra smoothness and protection to this delicate skin tissue.

CLEANSE your complexion with a gentle cleansing milk because, for one thing, it's quicker than a cleansing cream and, for another, it's the most efficient medium for removing grime and stale make-up. It softens and lifts impurities so that there's no necessity for rubbing the skin, and it never dries the skin or removes the natural protective oils.

lemon Delph freshener on a pad of cottonwool and pat the face and neck briskly until the skin feels wonderfully braced and has a radiant glow.

YOUR MAKE-UP

Once a film of oil of Ulan has been applied to your complexion you can, more successfully, blend a tinted foundation over your face and neck. The petal-flake technique is infallible in giving your skin a richly delicate bloom. Simply dot petal-smooth Evenmatt on the face and neck and diffuse the film of colour over the skin with your fingertips. Add a blush of rouge, a dusting of matching Evenmatt powder and your favourite lipstick.

Since eye make-up can be very time-consuming, use only an eye-liner and mascara on the occasions when you want really quick results. Choose a subtle shade



of liner and use it for darkening and shaping eyebrows as well as for outlining the upper eyelids. A mascara wand gives you lush, lengthy lashes in seconds, does away with the bother of old-fashioned wetting and brushing on of mascara.

the final, shining touch of beauty to your well-groomed head. An exclusive beauty service is free to all readers. Margaret Merrill, the well-known beauty skin-care consultant, will send you her personal reply with expert advice devoted exclusively to you. Fill in the Beauty Chart Coupon and forward to Margaret Merrill, G.P.O., Box 4614, Sydney.



Ways and means to help you look younger and lovelier—to make the most of your beauty

YOUR SKIN

You will have a more beautiful complexion that is smooth and fine-grained in texture, alive with the dewy bloom of youthfulness with the benefit of these simple hints. Your skin will look so much younger and it will keep its exquisite, petal-soft appearance.

You can now beautify your skin with a success that has never before been possible because modern science has realised the secret dream of every woman and has afforded you the rare privilege of cherishing a flawless, milky

beautiful complexion all your life. The discovery of a tropical moist oil with remarkable, skin-beautifying benefits now enables you to simulate nature's way of supplying beautifying elements to your complexion.

This moist oil supplements the natural skin oil and moisture inexorably lost due to temperature extremes, sun, wind and time itself. Isotonically balanced for rapid assimilation into the skin cells, the revolutionary beauty oil soaks beauty into your skin and eradicates tiny, dry lines and wrinkles.

When smoothed over the face and neck daily and used as an ideal powder-base beneath make-up, tropical moist oil of Ulan brings youth and loveliness to the complexion. The skin is nourished and protected all day and the perfect oil and moisture balance of the basal cells is constantly maintained. Because of its hygroscopic properties, oil of Ulan assists nature further by replenishing moisture extracted from the upper dermic layer by evaporation, attracting moisture from the surrounding atmosphere and drawing it

Smooth Delph cleansing milk lightly over your face and neck in an upward direction. Work it gently round your nose, chin and hairline, where particles tend to accumulate, and allow the dissolving action of the milk a minute or two to float the dirt out.



Then rinse your skin in tepid water and pat gently dry with a soft towel. See how quickly and easily your complexion has taken on a new clearness, how soft and satiny your skin feels to the touch.

TONE and refine your pores by utilizing the natural lemon-toning properties of special beauty lemons. Delph skin freshener stimulates a lazy circulation in seconds and should always be used after cleansing to tone the skin and close relaxed pores. Sprinkle a little of the

DISCOVERING THE TRUE BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR

A gleaming head of beautiful, silk-soft hair makes any woman stand out in a crowd — and, nine times out of ten, it's the shampoo she chooses that primarily creates the shimmer and sheen in her crowning glory. The "Peek-In" Glow shampoos are excellent for giving hair the exquisite jewel-like tones seen when looking into the depths of amber or a precious stone. Simply by massaging this "glow" shampoo into your hair when shampooing, you bring out the rich translucent highlights and enhance the colour depths of your natural hair shade.

For speedy hair-setting, practice pinning hair up over the crown with three or four large rollers. Set hair all round the back and sides in pin curls. If you have a fringe, arrange it and secure well with transparent tape. Now spray the hair with your hair spray and allow the hair to dry. Remove rollers and pins and gently brush the hair-style through once. Spray and style lightly again to preserve its neatness and shape and to give



A Personal Beauty Service

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

STATE.....

Complexion Tone Age Group

Hair Colouring Hair Condition

Facial Shape: Oval ☐ Square ☐ Round ☐ Oblong ☐

Skin Type: Normal ☐ Oily ☐ Dry ☐ Combination ☐

Skin Condition: Sensitive ☐ Disturbed ☐ Enlarged Pores ☐ Blackheads

☐ Flaky Patches ☐ Broken Veins ☐ Crepiness ☐

Wrinkled Areas

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Chocolate Tee Vee Snacks, Chocolate Wheatose,
Chocolate Honey Bars, Chocolate Marshmallow,
Chocolate Coconut Rough.



There is no Substitute for Quality

ENCHANTED MEETING

Continued from page 31

Paula looked pleased and rather surprised, as well she might, and hurried away while I wondered how I was going to explain that to Father. But we'd cross that bridge when we came to it.

The young man — and I could see now that he was, well, not elderly — paused a hand over his brow. One of those long shudders shook him again and I knew just how he felt. That was the way I felt when I was having one of my migraine attacks, all cold shudders and not knowing how to hold myself up. He was sort of hauling himself off the back of the chair.

"Well," he said, looking around as if he did not quite know where he was, and I decided it was time for me to take charge.

"You are not very well, are you?" I said. "You come with me." I put out a hand and he took it, probably hardly aware of what he was doing, and I led him to the little room at the back of the house which was my den. "You lie here," I said, drawing up the old sofa and switching on the fire. "Don't move. I'll be back in a minute with something that will put you right."

IN the kitchen, Mrs. Warren was busy doing things about a meal.

"Well, there's the kettle boiling, you just get on and make some," she said when I demanded tea. So I made a pot of tea and I set a tray and found some aspirin and two little square sponge cakes, like those you use for trifles, except that Mrs. Warren's were absolute ambrosia.

"I'd like to know what you're up to," she said, but she did not sound very cross, so I gave her my best smile as I picked up the tray.

"Nothing, really." "You!" said Mrs. Warren. I thought he might have tottered off but he was still there, lying stretched out on the sofa, looking very long and lean.

"Now drink this and have some aspirin and these little sponge cakes," I said.

He lay squinting at me through his lashes and I could see that already he was a little better.

"Who on earth are you?" he said, trying to pull himself up.

"I am Dinny Lowther, I live here."

I poured the tea, wonderful stuff when you feel that you can't face anything.

"Bless you, Dinny Lowther, you saved my life," he said as he drank the tea.

"I could see you were ill," I said. "I saw you shuddering and leaning on the chair and I knew. I get like that sometimes."

"A wog I picked up abroad. I thought I had got rid of it but tonight it caught up with me again. And the Gibbs woman quizzing me was no help . . . Was it true that your father wanted to see her?"

"Well, it was part of the first-aid treatment," I said, and we grinned at each other.

He drank lots of tea, swallowed aspirin, and ate the cakes as if he were enjoying them. I sat on a stool and inspected him. Not so young as I had thought at first, say, getting on for thirty. His face was as thin as the rest of him, just two profiles stuck together and you could see the angles of his jawbone. I thought he looked like someone in great need of care and attention, yet when he gave one of those wide smiles his whole face was alight with gaiety.

I came to as he was setting the tray aside and swinging those long legs off the sofa.

"I must go. And I hope I do not meet anybody I know on the way, especially the Gibbs."

"Are you all right?" I said. "Are you going to be able to manage?"

"Almost as good as new." "Then you can go this way." I led him along a corridor to the service entrance and across the narrow strip of garden.

"Now you will be in Paisley Street," I said as I opened the door in the wall. "Are you sure you'll be all right? Go straight to bed when you get home, won't you?"

He was looking down at me. "Good night, dear wife, kind child."

"Oh, but I am nearly sixteen," I said immediately as if that were terribly important.

I caught the gleam of his eyes in the darkness and perhaps he was smiling. Then he took one of my hands and kissed it lightly. "Goodbye, Dinny. Thank you, thank you for everything. And don't forget, go on being kind and wise always."

The door closed with a clang. I could hear his foot-steps on the pavement as he moved away and I felt rather sad for a moment. I went back to the den and drank some tea out of the cup which he had used, not sentimentally, but simply because there wasn't another one.

I wished I had asked him who he was. I could have asked his name, anyway. I coned over my clues and knitted them together.

This wog which he had picked up abroad. That must be in the East, you did not hear of people catching wogs in Europe. And he had known Paula Gibbs, so he must be something to do with the Press, so Q.E.D., as my maths book said so smugly, he must be one of the foreign correspondents invited to the party.

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY:
Week starting May 11

ARIES

MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, green, gold.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

TAURUS

APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, red, white.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

GEMINI

MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, blue, grey.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.

CANCER

JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, orange, tan.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

LEO

JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, rose, lilac.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.

VIRGO

AUG. 23-SEPT. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

★ You may as well say that muddle and confusion rule the week. The best part is the weekend. Tighten the purse strings and ignore the requests of friends and partners.

★ This is an important time for you, but the prevailing wind is a treacherous one. If you must act, do so during the weekend. Someone could be blackening your image.

★ You'll have to keep your razor-sharp wit about you — you could be deceived, and that's saying a lot about a Gemini. Postpone any legal activities for a little while.

★ Don't drop your guard — Cancerians usually keep it up, anyway — there's a lot of double-dealing and forked tongue about. Resist the sly blandishments of Cupid.

★ You'll have to curb your flair for organising anything novel and concentrate on safe but colorless routine. There's a lot of underground deception around you at this time.

★ Those born September 8-10 are advised to walk quietly for some time. You'll need your cool head this week to cope with muddled and unreliable conditions. Care travelling.

LIBRA

SEPT. 23-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, black, green.
★ Lucky days, Saturday, Mon.

SCORPIO

OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, green, blue.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Monday.

SAGITTARIUS

NOV. 23-DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, red, yellow.
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

CAPRICORN

DEC. 22-JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, blue, brown.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.

AQUARIUS

JAN. 21-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, lilac, grey.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

PISCES

FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, rose, navy.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.

★ Don't let your well-developed hump of "togetherness" get you into trouble, especially financial. Resist any hard-luck stories from friends and partners, especially 12th and 16th.

★ This week will test all your vigilance. You could find yourself in a smog and amaze of deception. Best for you to be on the alert for a possible cloak-and-dagger caper.

★ You, too, could become a victim of the unreliable influences prevailing. You'll have to try to bring everything aboveboard and not believe all you're told. There's a smell of treachery.

★ Not the week to buy real estate or sign any legal document. Family matters could get into a snarl and there's much false glamor romance-wise. Weekend best, but don't relax caution.

★ It's a deceptive time to launch any new project. Watch out for the double-dealing of associates. An upsetting and unreliable time for dalliance, love, and marriage, especially on the 16th.

★ The 12th and 16th are high-lights of a period of upset and muddle. Don't be overly credulous. Care is needed travelling, and watch out for accidents. Weekend is the best time.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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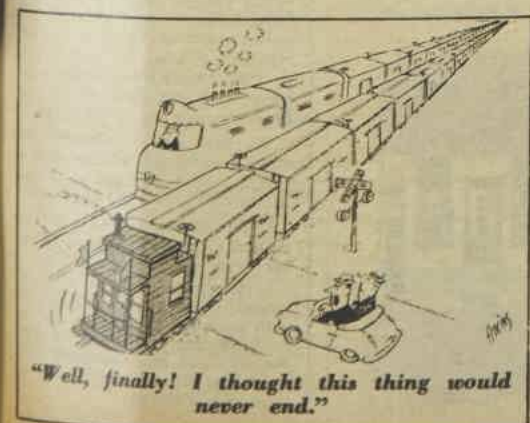
SYDNEY: 2-0248
ADELAIDE: 23-2891
PERTH: 21-3113

CANBERRA: 7-0413
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MELBOURNE: 63-1941
BRISBANE: 31-0101
HOBART: 34-3957

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Well, it had been an exciting little adventure, something to tell Selina about. But even as I thought that, I knew that I was not going to tell her, nor anybody. If I questioned Father I might give something away, so I gave up that idea, too. Besides, there was the little matter of Paula Gibbs, whom Father detested, so perhaps the fewer questions I asked about the reception the better.

"Ships that pass in the night," I told myself, and for a little while I went around looking soulful like the heroine of a tragic novel.

When you are sixteen, seventeen, life is too busy, too exciting for going around looking soulful for long. O-levels loomed, then A-levels. At last it was time for me to leave the school and life blossomed very pleasantly.

Mother and Father gave a dance

Continued from page 71

for me, I made the acquaintance of several charming young men, and the memory of the young man whom I had dosed with tea and aspirin became fainter. Indeed, I blushed sometimes to think how I had behaved, though I knew that sophisticated young lady, as I imagined myself to be by now, would still take things in hand in just the same bossy way.

"The trouble with you is that you always think you know," Mrs. Warren used to say when I was younger.

"Well, I do know," I would reply, and at the bottom of my heart I was still of the same opinion.

Then, unexpectedly one evening, the TV announcer said: "And now

James Craigie, our correspondent in the Far East."

I moved to switch off, then stood rooted to the spot, for there he was standing in the middle of what seemed to be pure jungle with long waving grass and a background of huge trees.

"Oh!" I said aloud, and I was glad that I was alone to stare and wonder and try to sort myself out.

He began to speak and I tried to listen intelligently, but it was no good, I could do nothing but look. He still appeared to be in great need of care and attention, you could almost see his bones as the wind flattened his clothes against him. My mind sort of wrung its hands and said, "Oh, dear, oh,

dear," over and over. His hair was blown over his brow and he brushed it back with a gesture which I remembered.

Then he turned, and that wide gay smile seemed to be aimed directly at me, I could have sworn that he could see me . . . And those puffs in the distance must be gunfire, and oh, do be careful, won't you?

The picture faded and I switched off feeling that something momentous had happened. Now what? Well, nothing. Everything was still the same except that now I knew his name. Yes, and I knew where he was and what he was doing and that there was plenty of reason to worry about him.

Worry? Why? I reminded myself that we had met once. In rather unusual circumstances perhaps, but that did not change the situation. Anyway, he had known who I was, where I lived, he could have contacted me if he had wanted to.

Oh, look, be reasonable. Why should he want to contact that schoolgirl? He had said thank you at the time, oh, very nicely, he had kissed my hand, had he not? A charming gesture, calculated to flatter that schoolgirl, and he had probably not given me a thought since. All right, all right.

All the same, it was nice to know his name, I could contact him, write to him at the BBC — saying what, for heaven's sake? Saying, "Do you remember one evening?" Oh, don't be silly. No doubt he would remember if I gave his memory a violent jog, and from politeness he would write back.

At that point I realised that I did not want to engineer a contact with him. Our one and only meeting had taken place in a fantasy world which I inhabited in those days, a world in which I had no inhibitions about what I said or did.

Looking back, I found all that I had said and done that evening quite improbable, from getting rid of Paula Gibbs to settling him on the sofa and plying him with tea and aspirin and sponge cakes.

For a while, perhaps, he had grinned to himself at the memory of that brisk officious child, then forgotten. So now if we were ever to meet again it must be through the manoeuvres of Fate, not through mine. In the meantime, I watched TV news hoping that he would appear again, but he never did.

I did, however, come across a series of articles by James Craigie in one of the newspapers and before they came to an end I was very well informed about those rather troubled parts of the world where he seemed to wander.

SOON

afterwards I went across to France, where I spent a year with Mother's sister who had married a Viscount. They had a tall, old house in Paris and a fairytale chateau in the Dordogne. There were young cousins of about my age and with one of them I had a gay little affair. It came to nothing, like all my love affairs.

Somehow, I had never found myself so much in love with a man that I wanted to marry him. This worried Mother a little. My friend Selina was already married, so were one or two other girls with whom I had been at school. I was getting quite professional as a bridesmaid.

"Never mind," I said to her, "I'll find a job. My French is very good, I could be an interpreter or maybe work for one of those firms that say, 'Good French essential' in the advertisement."

"But I would so much like you to be married. It is nice to be married," said Mother.

"I suppose it is, if you find the right man."

"But, Dinny, you've met heaps of nice young men. There was that nice Fergus, you remember, his father is one of the big bankers. I was almost sure you were in love with him."

"Well, I was, a little," I said. "But not enough to last through a whole lifetime of being married to him. I mean, you just need to be quite a lot in love to face that, wouldn't you say?"

"Oh, Dinny, you have always been such an odd child," said Mother, with her youthful giggle.

We were in her secretary's office making out a list of invitations for one of those receptions, and perhaps it was that which reminded her.

"I'd like a teeny-weeny baby diplomat," you said once. I remember it so well," she said.

It reminded me, too, very well indeed. I had a brief silent struggle with myself, remembering my vow to leave any manoeuvre to Fate. But why not give the tiniest push, since Fate did not seem to be doing much about things?

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VILLAWOOL



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ENCHANTED MEETING

"Are we inviting James Craigie to this do?" I asked.

"James Craigie," said Mother, sounding a little surprised. "Do you know him?"

"I met him once," I said cautiously. "Do you know him?"

Mother shook her head. "Not really, though I fancy he came to one of these affairs once. But he was not so famous then, so I suppose I did not pay all that much attention. I'll put his name down. Miss Atherton will find an address, I'm sure. Won't you?" she added, speaking across the room to the highly efficient young woman who was her secretary.

"Though, of course, he may not be available," she went on. "He may be in one of those wild places that he goes to all the time. I hope not. I'd like to see him again."

Well, so would I, in a way. But perhaps not to meet him, to lurk somewhere and see him. See if he was still like the young man who had kissed my hand at the garden door that evening.

From the picture on TV that time, he did not seem to have altered. But I'd see. All I had to do was hang around near Father and Mother until his name was announced.

My other worry, far more acute, was that he would not recognise me. When he received his invitation, memory might stir faintly, he would recall my name and that I lived in this house, but when he had seen me I was fifteen, with my hair in an Alice band. How could I expect that he would recognise me now? I could not imagine myself going up to him and saying: "I am Dinny Lowther, remember?"

Oh, no, never. I began to wish heartily that I had not suggested his name to Mother, or that he would not come. But he had accepted the invitation, I had seen his name ticked off on Miss Atherton's list. Well, then, perhaps something would happen to prevent him from coming. Yet, in my heart, I knew that if he did not come I was going to be bitterly disappointed.

I bought a new cocktail blouse for the occasion. It was white with broderie anglaise ruffles at the elbow, and I felt very sophisticated and feminine in it and hoped that that was how I looked, for once.

I was reasonably good-looking, not a beauty, as my mother was. My hair was still my best feature, falling thick and smooth and shining and I still kept up the routine of a hundred brush strokes at bedtime which had been drilled into us at school.

Passable, I thought, giving myself a last glance, just passable.

By now the reception was well under way. There were crowds of notable people, some of whom I knew, decorations flashing all over the place, Mother looking exquisite as she always did. I stood around chatting with this one and that one, but my mind was not really on the job. . . . I was searching the room.

He hasn't come, I thought — and in the same moment I saw him heading my way. Long, lankily graceful, and, oh, so thin.

"Dinny Lowther," he said, and whoever I had been talking to seemed to fade out of my existence.

I beamed at him, forgetting that I had thought of putting on an act of not being quite sure of him—but I was never any good at pretending.

"Oh, you remember me?" I said in a great rush.

"Certainly I remember you. How could I forget anyone who looked after me so well without fuss —?"

"Yes, but I think I was bossy," I said, interrupting.

"When you feel as I did that evening you are only too willing for somebody to take you in hand and boss you about a bit. But I did wonder if you would have remembered me."

Remember you, James Craigie, I thought. Because I remembered you I did not fall in love with the eldest

son of a merchant banker, nor with other young men before him and afterward. . . . Was that true? Was that how it was? Never mind now. It was something to be worked out later.

"I remembered you all right," I said, "but I was a schoolgirl. I thought — well, I am surprised that you recognised me."

I was not aware of having moved, but we had drifted into the less populated end of the drawing-room. Timson, ever observant, emerged from behind his bar and with the air of someone doing a little tidying up pushed two of the little gilt chairs into an alcove.

"Let's sit here for a minute," I said, trying not to wink at Timson.

"You have not altered," James said, "only grown a little, and you are not wearing an Alice band." He turned sideways toward me and said, "Tell me, what made you do it? Wading in and getting rid of the Gibbs woman? What made you think I was on my last legs?"

"You looked like it," I said. "Even from the back you looked awful. Shuddering right down your back, and I knew how you felt and I just thought I had better do something about you."

I stopped abruptly. Any minute now I was going to say something which would reveal quite clearly how well I had remembered him.

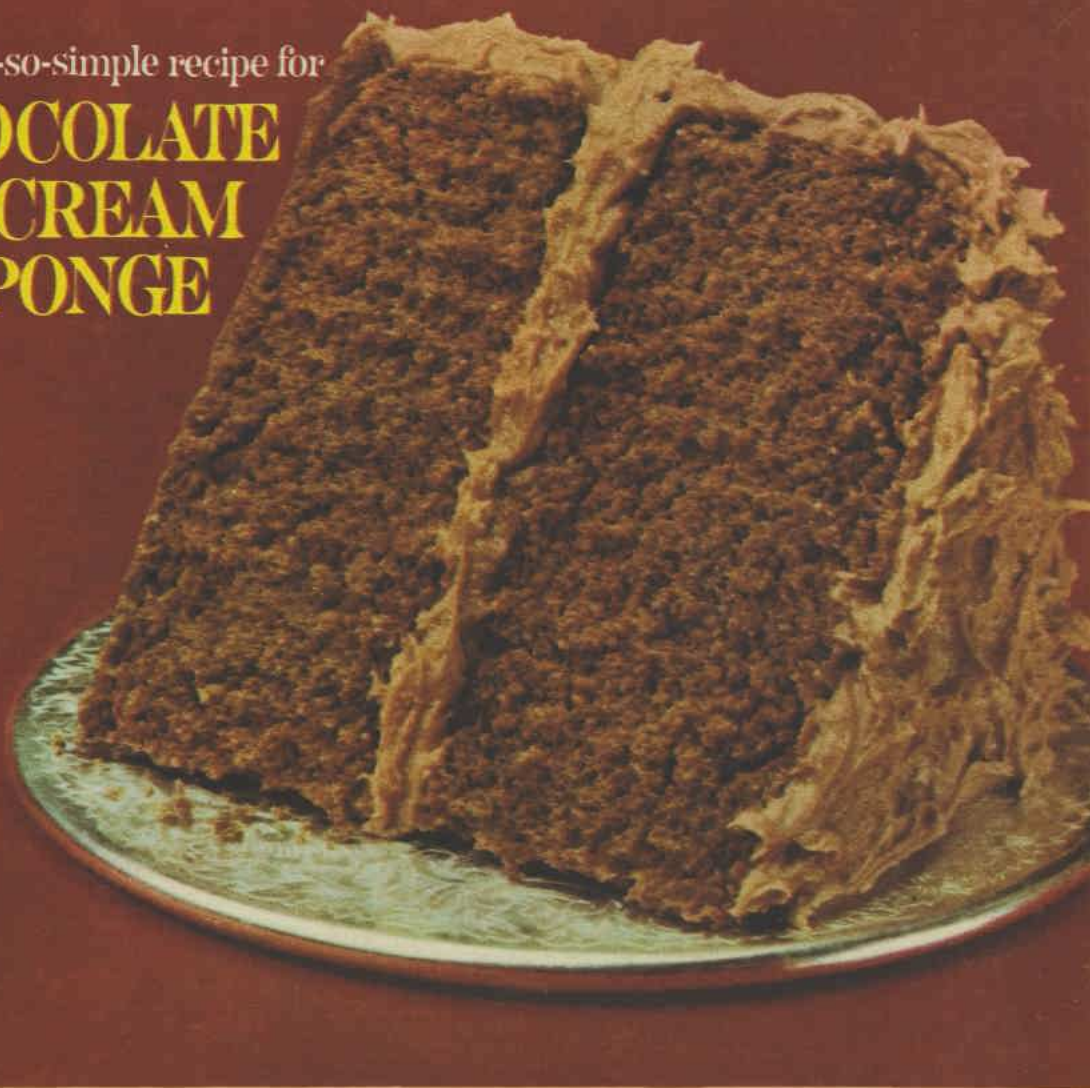
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THE BOYFRIEND



Try this ever-so-simple recipe for

CHOCOLATE CREAM SPONGE



Rich with old-style chocolaty flavour. So light and fluffy it melts in your mouth!

INGREDIENTS: 3 eggs, 4 ozs. castor sugar, 4 ozs. self-raising flour — minus 1 tablespoon, 1 tablespoon Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons boiling water.

METHOD: Separate the whites from the yolks of the eggs. Add a pinch of salt to the whites and beat until stiff, but not dry. Add the castor sugar in three portions, beating after each addition until dissolved. Beat in the egg yolks. Sift the flour and cocoa together three times and add to beaten egg mixture making sure to fold in and not stir. Add the boiling water and fold in. Divide into two 7" sandwich tins greased with melted Cofa and dusted with plain flour. Bake in a moderate oven 350° or

Regulo 5 Gas, 400° Electric for 15-20 minutes. Turn out immediately and when cold fill and decorate with Chocolate Cream or Chocolate Butter Icing.

CHOCOLATE CREAM: 1 pint cream, 4 tablespoons icing sugar, 1 tablespoon Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa 1 teaspoon vanilla. Place the ingredients in bowl and beat until thick.

CHOCOLATE BUTTER ICING: 4 ozs. butter, 1 lb. icing sugar, 1½ heaped tablespoons Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa, 2 teaspoons vanilla, boiling water. Cream the shortening. Gradually add the sifted icing sugar and cocoa. Add vanilla, then sufficient boiling water to make a spreading consistency.



**CADBURY'S
BOURNVILLE
COCOA**

B1/FPC/6



"I guess I better say goodbye, Edith. George is getting impatient."

Continued from page 73

"I saw you on TV once, so, of course, I recognised you now," I said, scrambling for a common-sense footing. Then on I went again: "You did not look very robust then. You don't now, really, you're so thin..."

"Conditions in these hot countries are trying, but I have always been thin and I am all right now," he said absently.

Was he bored by now? I was stricken with dismay. He must not think that because I had once given him tea and aspirin, he was in duty bound to sit talking to me. I sat forward preparing to rise, then he said: "You know, I

have often wondered whether we would run into each other again."

"But you knew who I was, you knew where I lived, you could have looked me up," I cried, my voice faltering at the end as I realised how completely that remark gave me away.

He gave me a wry glance. "Be reasonable, Dinny. Or are you Miss Lowther by now, or even Mrs. Somebody?"

"No, no, no," I said passionately.

"Well, anyway, be reasonable. You were a schoolgirl then. I was, and am, at least ten years older. You took

it into your head to be kind to me, but I had no reason for supposing that you would want to see me again, then or ever. Only one day, I thought, we might just happen to meet, and you might have remembered, as I had. Then I had this invitation

"I managed to restrain myself from telling him that it was I who had engineered it. Some day, perhaps I would

"Even this evening, coming here, I told myself, 'she won't know me, she won't have remembered'."

I fiddled with the tiny gold sequins on my bag, wonder-

ing what to say next and settling at last for the truth.

"I never forgot you," I said quietly. "I used to read your articles, I used to wonder — oh, well, I just never forgot you, that's all."

"And I never forgot you, Dinny dear." There was a pause, then he said: "That must mean something, don't you think so?"

I was dumbstruck for once, from joy perhaps at what I thought he meant!

"I am taking six months' leave," he was saying, "I shall be in London, giving some talks on TV and getting on with a book I have been commissioned to write. We would meet and perhaps start getting to know each other better. Would you like to do that?"

"I would like that very much," I said. "Come tomorrow."

As he stood up he gave me that sparkling smile. "Until tomorrow, then. I'll telephone you, if I may. We'll get on with something that started a long time ago."

I watched his slow progress along the room. James Craigie. The man I was going to marry. I was as sure of that as I was of being Dinny Lowther. So what was this nonsense about getting to know each other better? We knew all we needed to know. I knew that I loved him and if he did not yet know that he loved me he would soon realise it. Oh, he had to. Why else had he remembered me all this long time?

I SAT there, wondering suddenly whether in the great excitement of seeing him again I had taken leave of my senses. Was I in love with him? Was it possible to be in love with a man I had met exactly twice? Or possible for him to be in love with me? Common sense pooh-poohed and said "Rubbish."

I saw him in the distance talking to my mother and the pang that I felt gave me the real answer. Time did not come into it. You could fall in love in the twinkling of an eye, as I had, with the back view of a dear thin neck, with a long body collapsed on my sofa, with dark eyes looking sideways at me, with any of that or all of it.

In some secret place in my heart I had known that I loved James Craigie. I hoped it had happened to him in the same way, though I could not be sure of this. A leggy schoolgirl in an Alice band, not very romantic after all. Yes, yes, but this was not supposed to be romantic.

This was fact, one of the facts of life from now on for him and for me. Something to be accepted because that was how it was and nothing was going to alter it.

Remembering that I had not been doing my duty very well, I began to mingle with the guests, wishing they would go home, wishing it were tomorrow when I would see James again. Then suddenly he appeared and was standing right beside me.

"I thought you had gone," I said, for I do not have fancy words, though my thoughts and feelings are often extremely fancy.

"I thought so, too," said James, "I just had to make sure that I had found my dear kind girl again."

I thought he might kiss me, quite regardless of the section of fashionable London surrounding us.

"Go now," I said, "I love you, James Craigie. Is that what you want to know?"

He gave a little nod. "Just that." And as he turned away he did not have to tell me that he loved me. It was there in his eyes for me and the whole world to see.

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A challenge to Mothers

(Who like to add something to children's milk)

Are you quite sure the product you use to flavour the children's milk is the best value available? Value, remember, is a matter of what you get for what you pay.

Only one tonic food drink gives you the extra goodness of malt, milk, eggs, vitamins and minerals—Ovaltine.

Only one gives you the choice of two flavours—malt or chocolate—Ovaltine.

Only one tonic food drink has been officially recognised at Olympic Games around the world—Ovaltine. It's the chosen drink of champions.



Only one tonic food drink is enjoyed in 165 countries—Ovaltine is the world's largest-selling tonic food drink.

It's your best buy for delicious flavour and extra goodness. So help your children be happy and healthy, let them drink their milk the Ovaltine way.

But don't let them have it all to themselves. Make hot Ovaltine your nightcap. It's light and nourishing, promotes sound sleep and gives you energy the next day. Ovaltine—the family drink for health, strength and energy.



ELEGANT dress and coat are in pale pink wool. Penny Pardy loves this simple long-sleeved dress, with its smart matching double-breasted coat.



CHIC little black dress is made of crepe. The white organdie collar can also be worn with the long evening dress. Penny made them both.



SLACK SUIT of grey-and-white check wool has hip-length jacket, grey collar and buttons. Penny also made a grey skirt to team with the jacket.

THE STORY OF A MODEL LIFE

By MARGARET KANDAL

● *Who wants to be a model? Just about all girls who have pretty faces and good figures — and even those who haven't.*

BUT it's not all fun and games, as attractive, up-and-coming model Penny Pardy can tell you.

Penny, who is 19, had no thoughts of modelling at all. She was what you might call "discovered" at a party by a photographer, who convinced her she had potential.

Her mother sent her to deportment classes at a leading modelling agency. After completing the course she was asked to join the modelling course, during which she got her first job and began her modelling career.

"Parents are indispensable for beginners, particularly money-wise. It costs a pot of money for photographs in the first year. My first lot cost \$60 before I'd even started," said Penny.

"In fact, you're lucky if you break even in the first 12 months, and not until

after that do you begin making a profit."

Finance fluctuates throughout the year, according to seasons. In busy times, Penny averages over \$80 a week.

"Slack times are not the best. They can be very boring. Luckily I do have jobs going nearly all the time, but you have to be prepared to weather all the elements in winter and summer. Modelling swimsuits in water at 44 degrees is not fun, but it's part of our job," said Penny.

"You must also be prepared for night work and travelling interstate. I once did a television commercial that started at one in the morning. I got home in time for breakfast.

Teenagers WEEKLY

"And you have to be patient! In photographic modelling, you can spend a whole day retaking one shot!

"You have to accept having your hair dyed, too, and having your face made-up to suit the sponsor, which can be pretty awful. I've had my hair dyed pink, brown, and buttercup-yellow.

"There is too much competition to do modelling part-time — unless you are so much in demand that employers will accept your times, which isn't often.

"You have to have push and self-assurance," she said.

"When you start," said Penny, "you take your photographs round to all the agencies. If they don't ring

you, you keep going back. You can't be at all self-conscious. I used to be terrified, but modelling does improve your personality and assurance."

Penny makes most of her clothes, including formal wear. She has found her dressmaking an essential part of her career, because models need really abundant wardrobes as well as a great deal of make-up.

On the list of essentials are wigs, switches, and false eyelashes. Penny, who sets her own hair most of the time, recently had her long, blond hair cropped and shingled and now owns two long-haired wigs, one in her natural color and the other dark brown.

"I got tired of always looking the same in photographs. You must learn to adapt from teenage to sophisticated, but because of

Continued on page 76



FEMININE terrace dress is gathered on to a yoke with a front slit. In a pretty blue cotton, it is ideal for summer parties. Penny says it didn't take long to make.



DANCING TIME — in a long navy evening dress of gently gathered crepe, accented by the crisp white collar. "Great to twist in," says Penny.



FIRESIDE CASUALS team a long red skirt and lace-edged blouse trimmed with narrow red ribbon, both made by Penny.



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When a good-eater turns
finicky, suspect
childhood constipation.
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chocolate Laxettes, given
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Get rid of laming corns, callouses,
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creme called DERMA-SOFT. This
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hard to remove growths so they
rub right off leaving skin smooth &
soft. So don't suffer another minute.
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Teach Asian languages at school

THESE days Australia is becoming more and more involved in Asian affairs. Wouldn't it be sensible to begin teaching Asian languages, including the official languages of Malaysia and Indonesia, in high schools?

This would help a great deal in building understanding and better relations between our country and the countries of Asia.—M. Winship, Annerley, Qld.

Accident signs

WITH so many teenagers being killed on the roads, why not erect a sign saying, "Three people have lost their lives here," or whatever the case may be, where fatal accidents have occurred?

People seeing the signs may take heed and thus cut down on our shocking road toll instead of adding to the total already on the sign.—Christine Carroll, Waverley, N.S.W.

New word

SOME years ago my English teacher expressed the introduction of a new word into the English language as one of her ambitions. I agreed, and decided to make the attempt.

My new word was "reld," meaning to criticise somebody for doing something that one does oneself. It sounded neither clumsy nor

BEATNIK



slangy, and I invented a noun form, "reldist," meaning a person who relds.

Now the problem is to get it into the language. I have tried using it in my own conversation and explaining, but this alone will not work. So I am asking other teenagers to do the same if they would like to help.

There are ample opportunities for using both the verb and the noun, for there are reldists in every class of people, from politicians to children, indicating that there is a need for this new word.—Ian Davies, Wellington, N.Z.

National Anthem

IN Melbourne there has been a controversy over the playing of the National Anthem at cinemas and concerts. It started when the London Symphony Orchestra, at their concerts here, did not play it at all.

Many people were amazed. Members of the orchestra, however, said that they never play it unless royalty is present and that it is never played in theatres and cinemas in England.

I feel that in Australia it is being played far too often. Only the other day I was at an outdoor concert where the anthem was played not only at the start but also at the end of the performance.

It obviously was ridiculous to play it twice, as it does nothing to show our respect for the Queen. I see no point at all in playing the anthem at cinemas, either, and feel it should be dropped.

What do other teenagers think?—M. Swift, Camberwell, Vic.

A poem

THIS poem was written after watching a TV report on the Ku-Klux-Klan. I watched sadly the burning cross and the white-robed figures as they made their childish vows. I saw the horrors my race had made for their dark-skinned brothers. I saw the violence and the hatred which they held. And realised silently that I was ashamed to be white.—Rexeen Garry, Bowral, N.S.W.

Help parents

I WAS proud when I heard the other teenagers say what terrific parents I had, and they liked them more because they were "with it."

So if you think your parents are square, don't be against them. Help them to understand just what teenagers are all about.—Gidget Moxon, Grafton, N.S.W.

Useless uniforms

HEADMASTERS and teachers mouth platitudes urging students to think for themselves and to be critical and say that education is the development of understanding and reason. Yet they make a fetish worship of conformity by forcing the young adults in their charge into largely unimaginative and often outdated uniforms.

Why encourage individualism on the one hand and straitjacketed conformity on the other?

Let's have a look at the three most common arguments for school uniform. Students themselves have argued that uniform encourages loyalty and fellow-feeling for a school. However, it has yet to be shown that abolition would necessarily entail a decline in these worthwhile sentiments.

You often hear it said that school uniform removes social and economic status differences that are apparent in non-school clothes. But a family that can't afford to clothe its school-age offspring in ordinary clothes that don't look old also can't afford to clothe them in school uniforms that don't look old.

Lack of school uniform won't remove visible social and economic status differences. Neither does the existence of school uniform remove them.

It has been argued that discipline—and hence obedience—flows naturally from wearing uniform. I maintain that these qualities are more readily and lastingly obtained from students through a rational approach and a respect for the intelligence and dignity of the individual.—John Boyd, Rydalmere, N.S.W.

Don't drink

WOMAN'S average life-span is longer than man's. Women are supposed to be healthier than men, too. So, girls, don't drag yourselves down by drinking and smoking at an early age (or at all, for that matter).

Just because boys think it tough to smoke and drink, girls don't have to do it. After all, girls want to be feminine—not big and tough.

I'm a mod, I have the latest hairstyle and wear all the latest gear and love it. I have never smoked a cigarette, but I have had one little drink. Never again. I am proud of this, having heard stories about girls who become drunk and make stupid fools of themselves in the process.

Please, girls, don't put yourself in a position like this. Burn those cigarettes and pour the drink down the sink.—"Up in Smoke," Palm Beach, Qld.

Mod boyfriends

BEING 14, I have been out many times and have noticed different types of boys. But the ones who I think would be the ideal boyfriend are the mod type. They're really "with it," but still look neat and tidy. They treat their girls with gentleness and respect. Their mod gear looks fab, and their hair is just the right length and is always shiny and clean.

I have met a few of these boys, and they have terrific personalities and are perfect gentlemen. If any mod boys are reading this, I would like to congratulate them on their manners and personalities, and also on their fab gear.—J. Glanville, Lalor Park, N.S.W.

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay \$2 for each letter used.

Don't laugh

HAVE you ever laughed at some poor girl or boy trying in vain to read one sentence without stuttering? If so, be ashamed of yourself.

Being one of these sufferers I can only tell you of the agonies I have gone through while reading aloud to a class, and being only too well aware of the sniggers. Please, teenagers—and adults—in future be more considerate and have a little thought for our suffering.

Then we would be so much better off, and would soon learn to speak without this continual stuttering.—D. M. Littlewood, Moorabbin, Vic.

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To Beautify your neck



TO maintain a beautiful smooth neck massage in a film of rich vitalizing night cream before retiring, using a gentle upward and outward movement. As you sleep the vitalizing Ulan night cream will carry on the task of beautifying the neck, overcoming any tendency to sallowness and crepey skin. Continue the beautifying treatment during the daytime by smoothing on your moist oil of Ulan.



★ This wool-and-cotton cap was in a green-and-black check and Carnaby St. style.

Hats on heads for snug style

★ Time was when teenage heads were crowned with nothing more devastating than a beehive of back-combed hair. Not any more. These days you can't "get ahead" if you want to be a slick chick, without a helmet, bonnet, madcap, or hood to put you in the fashion picture. Try these for size—they were some of this winter's hat pops paraded at a discotheque club in London recently.



★ A hat in red plastic with the leather look.



★ Hats off to this gay helmet in printed linen.

He's at home on the range

● A kitchen is usually a woman's realm... but in the Pfitzner household at Griffith, N.S.W., 13-year-old David shares the stove with his mother.

YOUNG David is not just the "boil an egg" kind of male cook—he's a whizz with cakes, and sponges are his specialty.

A student at Griffith High School, and still less than five feet tall, he whips up cakes which would delight the palate of an expert—and swims and plays tennis in his spare time.

Like most young boys who would rather be out playing than sitting in a classroom, David hates school.

"But I realise it is necessary and I don't like missing days," he says.

"I don't want to go to university, though—school's hard enough!"

David has two brothers and a sister. The eldest brother, Graeme, also tries his hand at cooking—mostly fruit cakes—but is not in the class of David.

"My sister, Wilma, cooks occasionally, but she makes too much of a mess," said David scornfully.

Unlike most cooks, David admits to some failures. "Plenty of them, in fact," he said, "but someone always eats them!"

"I made one for Mum for her birthday, but it was under such hurried conditions—it was a secret—it 'went-in' at the middle."

For a cook who likes to bake sponges and chocolate cakes, David has a very lax sweet tooth—he doesn't believe in over-sampling the results.

"I eat them occasionally, but only when I feel hungry. The neighbors and my friends think my cooking is a very good idea, though—they always come over and help eat my cakes."

David is also a cook who likes to experiment. "I try all sorts of things, and if they work, good. Other



● Boy cook David Pfitzner at work.

times I stick to the recipe."

The big clean-up for a cooking session is the bane of all cooks, and David is no exception. "But if Mum doesn't clean up, I do," he said.

David has been cooking for four years now, but only started in competitions last year.

He has entered and won places in various cooking competitions, and recently reached the finals of the sponge-baking section of the

Country Women's Association cookery contest—the only male to make it.

"I enter for fun," he said, "but, of course, it's nice to win."

"And I don't get nervous, really—except just before the winners are announced."

Despite David's culinary successes, he hasn't quite made up his mind what he wants to do later on. "Being a chef is an idea, but I haven't any definite plans."

—JACKIE LEE LEWES

GOING THROUGH CHANNELS ROUND ROBIN

● I see that TV is playing an increasingly important role in politics.

THE late President Kennedy's more impressive TV image is supposed to have helped greatly in his defeat of Richard Nixon.

In the recent British elections Mr. Wilson apparently won votes by shaping better on the screen than his opponent, Mr. Heath.

(Politics, of course, have ancient links with TV.

Guy Fawkes' attempt to light up a whole House of Lords inspired a current TV cigarette commercial.)

If, as it seems, politicians feel their careers can be affected vitally by TV, they may really identify themselves with the business.

A Speaker of a House who wanted to have Tommy

Hanlon's popular appeal could well adopt the star's style.

He could "give the floor" to a member, after announcing: "It could be YOU—Hon. Joe Blow, Member for Bandywallop!"

Television ads could influence the behaviour of politicians, too.

Picture the handling of a political party faction fight to get rid of an older leader in favor of a younger man...

The feud comes to a head when a member says to the old leader: "John, I thought you said that you and Dennis entered politics together? But he looks much younger than you do!"

The leader thinks: "I could have died—because it was true!"

He wins the battle, however, by changing soaps.

Which, of course, is not the first time that using soft-soap has helped a politician win.

—Robin Adair

PONYTAIL BY LEE HOLLEY



Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

"Revolting" father

"WHAT on earth are you supposed to do with a revolting father you absolutely hate? I am 14. Dad and I argue about stupid things, and as long as he can find something to argue about he will. He criticises me all the time and I am fed-up. He says anything I say is stupid. My little sister told me something and I answered saying, 'Thrills' or 'Goody for you,' and he said, 'There is nothing smart about that,' and off we went again—arguing. He gives me great, long lectures on speech and how to make up a correct sentence. It's getting that way where I hate the sight of him. You most probably think I'm childish, but I aren't. I have tried not taking

any notice, but it doesn't work."
"Father Hater," W.A.

You are supposed to try to understand him. Your grammar IS appalling (see second last sentence for one) and he is rightly worried about it. Also, it takes two to argue. Before you argue next time, stop for ten seconds first and just ask yourself if he could be right in his complaint. He won't always be right—but by doing this you should cut down on the fights, and your more reasonable behaviour and greater understanding will take care of the rest. Teenage girls are sometimes infuriating, often oversensitive, and nearly always far too sure that they are very smart and know everything.

Rude boys

"WE are three girls of 14 who like three boys of 14. They talk to us at school and asked us out on Saturday. We were to go skating with them, but when we arrived they ignored us. We tried to attract their attention, but they still ignored us. They didn't go near any other girls. We felt like fools and want to know what to do in future."
"Fools," Qld.

In future do not accept an invitation from these boys. They are obviously uncouth and immature. If possible you should always try to arrange that you all meet at one of your homes first and then go on to the skating rink, or wherever you are going, together. If you do arrange to meet anywhere else, wait for the boys to approach you, and if they do not, ignore them and go home.

Differing interests

"I AM puzzled over a change that has come over me during the past year. I have two very good friends. I have always found them interesting and absorbing companions, but over the past year we have been drifting apart because our interests are different. All they seem to want to talk about is boys, clothes, or records—all of which bore me. I have tried to be interested, but when I try to introduce mathematics, archaeology, or theology into the conversation they groan and say, 'Not THAT again!' Am I being unfair in pressing my interests on to my friends? I am 15."
"Puzzled," N.S.W.

Fairness or unfairness does not come into it very much. The fact is that they bore you and you bore them, and unless you are willing to forget mathematics, archaeology, and theology while you are with them (or they're willing to forget clothes and boys) there does not seem much future in the friendship. It would be a pity to lose them as friends altogether, but I do suggest that you look for others with whom you would be more compatible. Take care that you do not feel superior because of these interests, for that would make you unpopular very quickly.

Girls at the gate

"I AM a boy of 15 and I have not been on very good terms with Dad lately. Although he does not know my girlfriend, he knows that she comes round to my gate with two other girls to talk to me. It is obvious he does not like them coming round, and now he calls me inside. These girls do not have a bad reputation, so I don't know why he stopped me talking to them. He does not stop me talking to boys outside. I love this girl."
"Separated," S.A.

He possibly feels that a boy of 15 should not be spending too much time hanging around the front gate talking to girls, and he probably does not like the idea of your having a girlfriend at 15. After all, you are very young—too young for romantic attachments. Boy-friends are another matter altogether. Until you are older you will have to do as your father wants—stop seeing girls and attend to other things.

Does he like her?

"I AM 15 and travel to school by train. I like a certain boy, who also liked me. We did not see each other over the holidays, but now I see him on the train. He acts quite friendly and often says 'Hello' and grins at me. Do you think he still likes me? The way he says hello makes me feel as though he does. Sometimes I feel shy and I want to say more than 'Hello.' Do you think he feels the same way?"
"Anxious," N.S.W.

I'm almost sure he does.



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For really clear skin, free of blemishes, use pHisoHex. It really helps clear pimples, black-heads, acne. This medicated antibacterial cleanser removes dirt, grease—and germs—from your skin and can keep tiny blemishes from developing into unsightly pimples. Wash with pHisoHex, exclusively, 3 or 4 times every day. This keeps an invisible germ-fighting film on your skin. No other soaps or cleansers, please; they remove the protective film. Do use pHorac cream in the morning and at bedtime to help heal and cover pimples. And even though your skin clears, go right on using pHisoHex every day to help keep it that way. Winthrop Laboratories, Ermington, N.S.W.

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BUTTERICK PATTERNS

6425



3568



6425.—Long dress and bonnet are part of an attractive layette which includes patterns for bib, booties, long and short slips, nightgown tying at bottom and at wrists, matinee jacket and long coat, and short dress. Cut in one size only. The transfer is not included. Price 5/- or 50 cents includes postage.

3568.—Tab front, step-in shirt shift with roll collar and three-quarter-length sleeves. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/6 or 65 cents includes postage.

3457.—Sleeveless, Empire-seamed, semi-fitted, slightly A-line dress, and front-buttoned, short-sleeved blouse with scalloped collar and sleeves. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/- or 60 cents includes postage.

3776.—An original by children's designer Bill Atkinson, has eyelet-trimmed, elasticised sleeves, contrast skirt, and attached tie belt. Sizes 2 to 6 (21, 22, 23, 23½, 24in. chest). Price 5/- or 50 cents includes postage.

3046.—High-yoked maternity smock dress. Pattern also has sleeveless version with patch pockets. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/- or 60 cents includes postage.

3232.—Warm skirt with stitched centre-front pleat, and pullover blouse with scooped neckline, ideal for wearing over winter woollies. Sizes 7 to 14 (25, 26, 28, 30, 32in. chest). Price 5/- or 50 cents includes postage.

3457



3776



3046



3232



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(N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.B.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE
ADDRESS		

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

DISGUISED as one of the Cobra's agents, Mandrake enters the Cobra's hideout, a funeral home called Vann Ohmm. Lothar waits outside. NOW READ ON..



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Not sufficient tucker (5, 7).
- A vassal in a Belgian city (5).
- Firedog and a common metal (7).
- Square pilasters on either side of a door, starting with an insect (5).
- Straits separating Isle of Anglesea from Caernarvon, Wales (5).
- Clumsy fellow (6).
- Oriental market (6).
- Loch off the coast of Inverness-shire, Scotland (5).
- More prevailing (5).
- Managing with care in rungs (7).
- Projecting recess with a window made of an oiler (5).
- They remain on the ground even during test matches (5-7).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Essential part of every cloud (6, 6).
- Dramatic musical performance produced with a rope (5).
- Three at a playhouse (7).
- There is no rage in a wild ass (6).
- Polite, formal address to woman (5).
- Town in Quebec Province, Canada (7).
- Waterproof leggings take large potions (12).
- Munich is the capital of this part of Germany (7).
- Open insult (7).
- Calamitous (6).
- Lampoons produced by a tub in a steamer (5).
- Elevate (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

Arnott's chunky Scotch Finger Biscuits
have the kitchen-rich buttery flavour of home-
made shortbread, baked to golden perfection



Arnott's
famous
**SCOTCH
FINGER**
Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality



The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents . . .

Ski-slope Styles to knit

ST. MORITZ. A spectacular double houndstooth design zipped to the neck. Directions for 32 to 40in. bust measurements are overleaf.

Fifteen zingy new ski fashions, some boldly patterned for the slopes, others elegantly comfortable for after-ski hostessing.



<http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4939468>

PERISHER ... See page 4

Materials—Fair Isle Sweater: 13 (14, 15) balls Emu Filigree, white, 1 ball each blue and red. Plain Sweater: 14 (15, 16) balls Emu Filigree, 1 pair each Nos. 1 and 2 needles.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust.

Tension: $4\frac{1}{2}$ sts. and 5 rows to lin.

Abbreviations: W, white; b, blue; r, red.

FAIR ISLE SWEATER

BACK

* Using size 8 needles and b cast on 71 (75, 83) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1 in.

Change to size 5 needles and st-st. and continue for 8 rows.

Join in w, and proceed in st-st. as graph for 18 rows.

Cont. in st-st. and using w until work measures 14 (14, 14) in. or required length, from beg., ending with p row.

To Shape Raglan Armholes:

1st Size Only: Dec. 1 st. each end of next row, work 3 rows st-st.

Work as follows for all sizes: Dec. 1 st. each end of the next and every following alternate row until 33 (33, 37) sts. remain, ending with p row.

To Shape Back Neck:

Next Row: K 2 tog., k 7 sts. and turn, leaving remaining sts. on spare needle.

Next Row: Cast off 3 sts., p to end.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k to end.

Next Row: Cast off 2 sts., p to end.

Next Row: K 2 tog. and fasten off.

Join yarn to remaining sts., cast off loosely 15 (15, 19) sts., work to correspond with other side.

FRONT

Follow instructions for back until 35 (35, 39) sts. remain, ending with p row.

To Shape Front Neck:

Next Row: K 2 tog., k 8 and turn, leaving remaining sts. on a spare needle.

Next Row: Cast off 2 sts., p to end.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k to end.

Next Row: Cast off 2 sts., p to end.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k to end.

Next Row: P 2 tog., p to end.

Next Row: K 2 tog., and fasten off.

Join yarn to remaining sts., cast off loosely 15 (15, 19) sts., work to correspond with other side.

SLEEVES

Using size 8 needles, cast on 45 (47, 51) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2 in., ending with wrong-side row. Change to size 5 needles and st-st. for 8 rows. Join in w and follow graph for 18 rows.

Inc. 1 st. each end on the 18th row, taking increased sts. into Fair Isle.

Cont. to inc. 1 st. each end every foll. 13th row until there are 55 (57, 61) sts. on needle. Continue without further shaping until work measures 17 (17, 17) in. or required length from beg., ending with p row.

To Shape Raglan Top: Dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every following alt.

row until 9 (9, 9) sts. remain, ending with p row. Cast off.

COLLAR

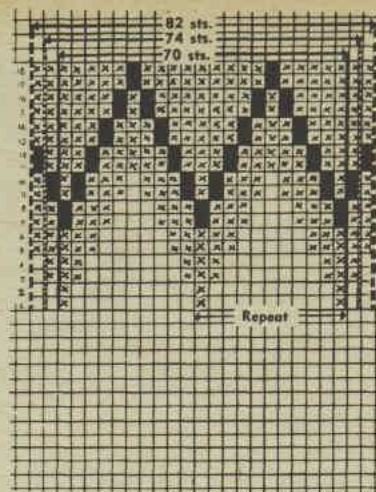
Using size 8 needles and w, cast on 110 (112, 114) sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3 in. Change to size 5 needles and continue in rib until work measures 6 in. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press very lightly on wrong side with warm iron over damp cloth. Using back-stitch, join raglan sleeves. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Stitch cast-on edge of collar to neck, beginning and ending at centre back. Join back seam neatly and allow to roll back on to right side. Press all seams lightly.

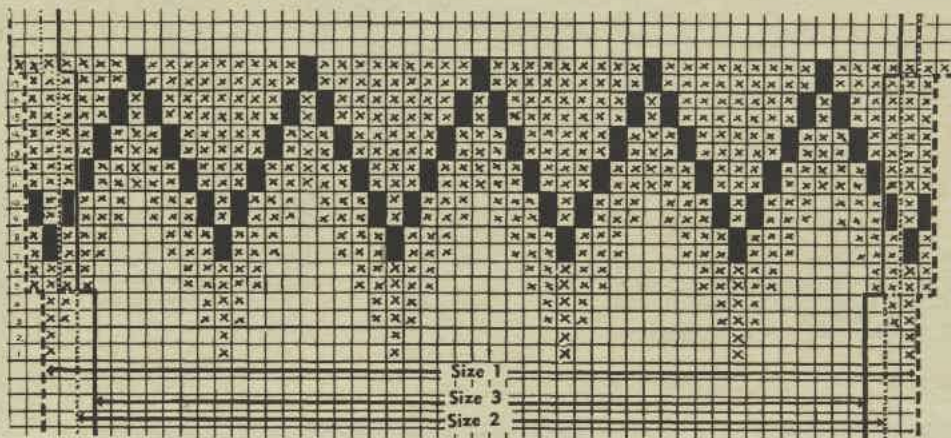
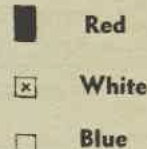
PLAIN SWEATER

Work as Fair Isle Sweater, omitting 1st and 2nd contrast colors.



SLEEVE

Key:



THREDBO ... See pages 4, 5

Materials: 25 (31, 37) balls Patons Ariel Triple Knitting Yarn; 1 pair each Nos. 5 and 8 knitting needles; 1 stitch-holder; cable needle.

Measurements: To fit 33 (37, 41) in. bust or chest; length, 24 (25, 26) in.; sleeve, 17 (19, 20) in.

Tension: 9 sts. to 2 in. over st-st.

BACK

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 84 (96, 108) sts.

1st Row: * K 1 t.b.l., p 1. Rep. from * to end of row.

2nd Row: * K 1, p 1. Rep. from * to end of row.

Rep. last 2 rows 4 times.

Change to No. 5 needles and knit 1 row, inc. sta. evenly along row to 99 (113, 127) sts.

Next Row: Purl. Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: Purl.

Twist Row: * K 1, slip 3 to cable needle and place at back, k 3, then k 3 from cable needle, k 1, slip 3 to cable needle and place at front, k 3, then k 3 from cable needle, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Next 9 Rows: St-st., beg. with a purl row.

Rep. last 10 rows until work measures 16 (16, 17) in. or length required to underarm.

To Shape Armhole: Right side facing, keeping pattern correct, cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 4 (6, 8) rows and next 2 alt. rows, 79 (89, 99) sts.

Cont. in patt. until armholes measure 7 (8, 9) in. on the straight.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 8 (10, 11) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off 9 (9, 11) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

FRONT

Work same as back to underarm.

To Shape Armhole and Neck: Right side facing, keeping pattern correct, cast off 4 sts. work 45 (52, 59) sts., turn. Work on this side only, leaving rem. sts. on holder.

Next Row: Purl to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

Cont. in patt., dec. 1 st. at armhole

edge on next 5 (7, 9) rows and next 2 alt. rows, and at same time dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next row and every 3rd foll. row to 25 (29, 33) sts. Cont. in patt. until armhole measures 7 (8, 9) in.

To Shape Shoulder: Right side facing, cast off 8 (10, 11) sts. at beg. of next row and next alt. row. Cast off 9 (9, 11) sts. at beg. of next alt. row.

Return to sts. on holder, slip 1 st. (centre front st.) on to safety pin for neckband, and work on rem. sts. to end of row.

Next Row: Cast off 4 sts. and purl to end. Cont. on this side to correspond with first side, reversing shapings.

SLEEVES

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 34 (38, 42) sts. and work first 2 rows same as back 7 times.

Next Row: Change to No. 5 needles and k 1 row, inc. sta. evenly along row to 45 (49, 53) sts.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: K 1 (3, 5) sts., work twist row on next 43 sts., k 1 (3, 5) sts.

Next Row: Purl.

Work 8 rows st-st., inc. 1 st. at each end of next and 4th foll. rows.

Cont. as before, twisting 49 centre sts. every 10th row, and at same time inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row to 63 (69, 75) sts., then every 6th foll. row to 75 (83, 89) sts., working all inc. sts. in st-st.

Cont. until sleeve measures 17 (19, 20) in. or length required.

To Shape Top of Sleeve: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 4 alt. rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of every row to 45 sts.

Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

NECKBAND

Seam right shoulder. Using No. 8 needles, pick up and knit 42 (46, 50) sts. down left side of neck, knit centre front st. from safety pin, pick up and knit 42 (46, 50) sts. up right side neck and 29 (31, 33) sts. across back of neck.

1st Row: (K 1, p 1) to end of row.

2nd Row: (K 1 t.b.l., p 1) to within 2 sts. of centre front st., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o.,

knit centre front st. t.b.l., k 2 tog., (p 1, k 1 t.b.l.) to last st., p 1.

3rd Row: (K 1, p 1) to within 2 sts. of centre front st., k 2 tog., p 1, k 2 tog., (p 1, k 1) to last st., p 1.

Rep. last 2 rows twice. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Seam left shoulder and neckband. Using a back-stitch seam, join sides and sleeves and sew into armholes.

ST. ANTON ... See page 4

Materials: 11 (12) balls Patons Totem Knitting Yarn; 1 pair No. 8 needles; 1 button; 1 stitch-holder; 7 in. Lightning zip fastener; waist length of 1 in. elastic.

Measurements: Waist, 24 (26) in.; length, 15 in.

Tension: 11 (12) sts. to 2 in. over st-st.

BACK

Cast on 132 (138) sts. and knit 4 rows. Cont. in st-st., commencing with a k row until work measures 3 in.

Next Row (right side): K 38 (40), sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 48 (50), sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 38 (40) sts.

Next 5 Rows: St-st.

Next Row: K 37 (39), sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 46 (48), sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 37 (39). Next 5 Rows: St-st.

Next Row: K 36 (38), sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 44 (46), sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 36 (38). Next 5 Rows: St-st.

Cont. thus, dec. 4 sts. for seams every 6th row having 1 st. less between side decreases and 2 sts. less in centre panel, at same time, when work measures 8 in., dec. 1 st. each end of next row and every 8th foll. row until 6 dec. have been made at side edge and 12 decrease rows for seams, 72 (78) sts.

Cont. in st-st. until work measures 14 in. or 1 in. less than length required. Cont. in st-st. for 2 in. Cast off.

FLAP

Cast on 2 sts. and knit 7 rows, inc. 1 st. each end of every row.

Next Row: K into front and back of next st., k 6, p 2, k 6, k into front and back of last st.

Next Row: K, inc. 1 st. each end of row.

Next Row: K into front and back of next st., k 6, p until 7 sts. remain, k 6, k into front and back of next st.

Rep. last 2 rows to 42 sts.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K 6, p to last 6 sts., k 6.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K 4, p to last 4 sts., k 4.

Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 4 in. from commencement, ending on wrong-side row. Leave on stitch-holder.

FRONT

Cast on 172 (178) sts. and knit 4 rows. Next Row: K 20 (23), * (p 1, k 5, sl 1, k 11) 3 times, p 1, k 5, sl 1, k 10, (sl 1, k 5, p 1, k 11) 3 times, sl 1, k 5, p 1, k 20 (23).

Next Row: P 20 (23), (yarn to back sl 1, yarn to front p 17) 3 times, yarn back sl 1, yarn front p 22, (yarn back sl 1, yarn front p 17) 3 times, yarn back sl 1, yarn front p 20 (23).

Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 8 in. Cont. as before, dec. 1 st. each end of next row and every 8th foll. row until 6 dec. altogether have been made each side.

Cont. in patt. until work measures 13 in., ending on wrong-side row.

Next Row: K 9 (12), (cast off 11, k 7) 4 times, k 5, (cast off 11, k 7) 4 times, k 2 (5).

Next Row: Purl across rem. 72 (78) sts., pulling pleats up so there are no spaces between the sts.

Next Row: K 15 (18), place flap sts. in front of work and knit tog. 1 st. from flap and 1 st. off needle until all flap sts. are knitted. K rem. 15 (18) sts.

Work in st-st. for 13 more rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side, pressing pleats into position 4 on each side, folding each pleat at slipped sts. Stitch pleats into position at top. Seam right side. Fold hem 1 in. over at top edge and sl-st. into place. Thread elastic through waistband and stitch inside at each end. Seam left side, leaving opening for zip. Sew zip into position. Press all seams and hems. Sew button on flap.



KLOSTERS. Total-look skimmer, stockings, and separate hood in narrow stripes with low-key color interest. Knitting directions for 32, 34, and 36in. bust measurements are on page 2.



ST. ANTON. Brief ski skirt (right) makes the Shrimp look old-hat. It's a new idea direct from European snowfields. Knitting directions for 24 and 26in. waist measurements are on page 3.



PERISHER. Easy-to-pack mohair in classic roll-collar style can be knitted plain or with a contrast vandyke border. Directions for 34, 36, and 38in. bust measurements are on page 3.

THREDBO. Double-cable casual for girl or boy (right) is at home on beginner slopes or mountain peaks. You'll love the easy-action comfort. Directions for 33, 37, 41in. sizes begin page 3.



... total stripes, dashing little ski skirts, heavy cable classics, light-as-air mohair, boldly patterned tops, ankle-length hostess gear, afghan sweaters, mad-caps to go with everything.



KITZBUHEL. Tyrolean sweater and cap with embroidered contrast will beat blizzards and below-zero temperatures. Directions for 34 and 36in. measurements page 6.

ZERMATT. Feminine afghan au go-go (below) for gluwain parties. Handy, too, for winter nights back home. Directions for 34in. bust measurements are on page 6.



KOSCIUSKO . . . see page 8

Materials: Villawool Slalom Sports and Ski Yarn: light color (l.c.), 12 (13) balls; dark color (d.c.), 6 (6) balls; 1 pr. Nos. 5, 6, and 7 needles; 1 set No. 7 needles.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36) in. bust; length, 24in. (all sizes); sleeves, 15in. (all sizes).

Tension: 9 sts. to 2in.
Note: Use individual balls for each stripe.

BACK

With l.c. and No. 6 needles cast on loosely 84 (90) sts. and work in st-st. Work 1 1/2in., then change to No. 5 needles. Cont. in st-st. and diagonal stripes as follows:

1st Row: L.c. 7 (8) sts., * d.c. 14 (15) sts., l.c. 14 (15) sts., rep. from * to last 7 (7) sts., l.c. 7 (7) sts.
2nd Row: As 1st row.
3rd Row: L.c. 8 (9) sts., * d.c. 14 (15) sts., l.c. 14 (15) sts., rep. from * to last 6 (6) sts., l.c. 6 (6) sts.
4th Row: L.c. 6 (6) sts., * d.c. 14 (15) sts., l.c. 14 (15) sts., rep. from * to last 8 (9) sts., l.c. 8 (9) sts.
5th Row: L.c. 9 (10) sts., * d.c. 14 (15) sts., l.c. 14 (15) sts., rep. from * to last 5 (5) sts., l.c. 5 (5) sts.
6th Row: L.c. 5 (5) sts., * d.c. 14 (15) sts., l.c. 14 (15) sts., rep. from * to last 9 (10) sts., l.c. 9 (10) sts.

Cont. in diagonal stripes working an extra stitch in l.c. at beg. of every knit row until l.c. 14 (15) sts. have been worked, then bring in the d.c. at beg. of every knit row. Cont. diagonal stripes until work measures 18in.; this allows for hem of 1 1/2in., or length required, ending on a purl row. Tie a marker in last row from where armholes are measured. Cont. until armholes measure 7 1/2in. from marker, ending on a purl row.

To Shape Shoulder and Neck — Next Row: Cast off 9 (10) sts., k 24 (26) sts., cast off the centre 18 sts., k 33 (36) sts. Cont. on last 33 (36) sts. and cast off from shoulder edge at beg. of the next and alt. rows 9 (10) sts. 3 times, at the same time cast off on neck edge at beg. of every 2nd row 3 sts. twice. Ret. to the rem. 24 (26) sts., join yarn at neck edge and work as other side in reverse.

FRONT

Work as back until armholes measure 5 1/2in. from marker, ending on purl row.
To Shape Neck—Next Row: K 36 (39) sts., cast off centre 12 sts., k 36 (39) sts. Cont. on the last 36 (39) sts. and cast off at neck edge on every 2nd row 3 sts.

KITZBUHEL . . . see page 5

Materials — Sweater: 19 (21) balls Patons Jet Tripleknit in main color (m.c.), 8 (9) balls first contrast (c.c.1); 2 (2) balls second contrast (c.c.2); 1 pr. each Nos. 8 and 3 needles; 1 stitchholder. Cap: 2 balls m.c., 2 balls c.c.1, 1 ball c.c.2; 1 pr. each Nos. 8 and 4 needles; 1 stitchholder.

Measurements — Sweater: To fit 34 (36) in. bust; length from shoulder, 23 (23 1/2) in.; length of sleeve, 17in. Cap: To fit average head.

Tension: 4 sts. to 1in. on No. 3 needles; 8 1/2 sts. to 2in. on No. 4 needles.

BACK

Using No. 8 needles and c.c.2 cast on 74 (78) sts. and work in k 1, p 1, rib for 1 1/2in. inc. 1 st. in last st. of last row. 75 (79) sts.

Change to No. 3 needles and m.c. Right side facing, k next row.

Place 5 markers, one on 8th, 23rd, 38th, 53rd, and 68th (10th, 25th, 40th, 55th, and 70th) sts. (These sts. are embroidered later to form vertical stripes.)

Next Row: M.c., purl.
Next 3 Rows: St-st. in m.c.
Comm. patt. working in st-st.

1st Row (wrong side facing): 4 (6) m.c., * 2 c.c.2, 3 m.c., 2 c.c.2, 8 m.c., rep. from * to last 11 (13) sts., 2 c.c.2, 3 m.c., 2 c.c.2, 4 (6) m.c.

2nd Row: As 1st row. **3rd Row:** M.c.
4th Row: C.c.1. **5th Row:** M.c. **6th Row:** As 1st row. **7th Row:** As 1st row.

Work 11 rows st-st. in m.c.
Rep. these 18 rows for continuity of patt. Cont. in patt. until work is 15 1/2in.

To Shape Armholes: Keeping patt. correct, cast off 3 sts. at beg. next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end next 3 rows and next 2 alt. rows. 59 (63) sts.

Cont. in patt. until armhole measures 7 1/2 (8) in. on straight.

once, 2 sts. twice, 1 st. twice. Cont. until armhole measures as back, ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 9 (10) sts. 3 times. Ret. to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge, and work as other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using l.c. and No. 7 needles cast on 40 (42) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 1/2in. Change to No. 5 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of 9th row, then every 6th row thereafter until 58 (60) sts. Cont. until work measures 15 1/2in. (or length required), ending on purl row. Cast off at beg. of next and every row 8 (9) sts. twice, 10 sts. 5 times.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using small back-stitch, sew up shoulder seams. Press seams open.

COLLAR

Right side of work facing, d.c., and set of No. 7 needles, neatly pick up and knit 88 sts. evenly divided on 3 needles. Work in rounds of k 1, p 1 for 2in. Change to l.c. and work a further 2 1/2in. Cast off loosely ribwise.

TO FINISH OFF

Press collar. Fold collar in half to right side. Using small back-stitch seam sleeves to armholes between markers. Press seams. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams. Turn 1 1/2in. hem and st-st. down.

CAP

Materials: 3 balls Villawool Speediknit; 1 pr. No. 7 needles; cable needle (c.n.).

Measurements: To fit average head.
Tension: 11 sts. to 2in.

Abbreviations: Pc3, pattern 3 sts.; pa20, pattern A20 sts.; pb13, pattern B13 sts.; k.i.b., knit in back of st.; p.i.b., purl in back of st.

PATTERN A (PA20)

* **1st Row (right side):** (P 2, k 1) rep. to last 2 sts., p 2.
2nd Row: (K 2, p 1) rep. ending k 2.
3rd Row: (P 2, sl. next st. on c.n. to front, k 1, p 2, k 1 from c.n.) rep. ending p 2. **4th Row:** As 2nd row.
5th to 10th Rows: Rep. 1st and 2nd rows. * Rep. from * to * inclusive.

PATTERN B (PB13)

1st Row (right side): K.i.b., k 1, p 4, sl. 1, p 4, k 1, k.i.b.
2nd Row: P.i.b., sl. 1, k 4, p 1, k 4, sl. 1, p.i.b.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 5 (7) sts. at beg. next 2 rows, 6 sts. at beg. next 4 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

FRONT

Work as back until armhole measures 4 1/2 (5) in. on straight.

To Shape Neck: R.s.f., work 24 (26) sts., cast off 11 sts., work to end of row. **Next Row:** Work 22 (24) sts. p 2 tog., turn, leaving rem. sts. on holder. Cont. in patt. dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 2 rows and every alt. row until 17 (19) sts. rem. Cont. until armhole measures 7 1/2 (8) in. on straight.

To Shape Shoulder: W.s.f., cast off 5 (7) sts. at beg. next row and 6 sts. at beg. next 2 alt. rows. Return to sts. on holder and work to correspond with first side in reverse.

SLEEVE

Using No. 8 needles and c.c.1, cast on 40 (42) sts. Work in k 1, p 1, rib for 2in., inc. 1 st. in last st. of last row.

Change to No. 3 needles and m.c., knit 1 row. Place markers on 6th, 21st, 36th, (7th, 22nd, 37th) sts. Purl next row. Cont. in st-st. and m.c. for 7 rows. Comm. pattern:

1st Row: W.s.f., work 2 (3) m.c. * 2 c.c.2, 3 m.c., 2 c.c.2, 8 m.c., rep. from * once, 2 c.c.2, 3 m.c., 2 c.c.2, 2 (3) m.c.

2nd Row: As 1st row. **3rd Row:** M.c.
4th Row: C.c.1, inc. 1 st. each end of row. **5th Row:** M.c.

6th Row: Work 3 (4) m.c., rep. from * to * of first row twice 2 c.c.2, 3 m.c., 2 c.c.2, 3 (4) m.c. **7th Row:** As 6th.

Work 11 rows m.c., inc. 1 st. each end of 12th row.

Cont. keeping patt. correct inc. 1 st. each end next row and every 6th foll. row to 59 (63) sts. Cont. in patt. until sleeve measures 17in.

To Shape Top of Sleeve: R.s.f., cast off 2 sts., at beg. next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end next 3 alt. rows. Dec. 1 st. each end next 10 (12) rows. Cast off 3 sts.

* **3rd Row:** K.i.b., sl. next st. on c.n. to front, p 1, k 1 from c.n., p 3, sl. 1, p 3, sl. next st. on c.n. to back, k 1, p 1 from c.n., k.i.b.

4th Row: P.i.b., k 1, sl. 1, k 3, p 1, k 3, sl. 1, k 1, p.i.b.

5th Row: K.i.b., p 1, sl. next st. on c.n. to front, p 1, k 1 from c.n., p 2, sl. 1, p 2, sl. next st. on c.n. to back, k 1, p 1 from c.n., p 1, k.i.b.

6th Row: P.i.b., k 2, sl. 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, sl. 1, k 2, p.i.b.

7th Row: K.i.b., p 2, sl. next st. on c.n. to front, p 1, k 1 from c.n., p 1, sl. 1, p 1, sl. next st. on c.n. to back, k 1, p 1 from c.n., p 2, k.i.b.

8th Row: P.i.b., k 3, sl. 1, k 1, p 1, k 1, sl. 1, k 3, p.i.b.

9th Row: K.i.b., p 3, sl. next stitch on c.n. to front, p 1, k 1 from c.n., sl. 1, sl. next stitch on c.n. to back, k 1, p 1 from c.n., p 3, k.i.b.

10th Row: P.i.b., p 1, k 4, p 1, k 4, p 1, p.i.b. *

Rep. from * to * inclusive.

PATTERN C (PC3)

1st Row (right side): K.i.b. to end.
2nd Row: P.i.b. to end. Rep. these 2 rows inclusive.

With No. 7 needles cast on 112 sts. and knit 1 row. Proceed to establish 3 patts. as follows:

Next Row: (PA20, place marker in, PB13, place marker in, PA20, place marker in, PC3, place marker in) rep. once.

Cont. in patt. as est. and move markers progressively. Cont. until work measures 4 1/2in. ending on wrong side.

Next Row: (PA over 18 sts., p 2 tog., PB13, p 2 tog., PA over 18 sts., PC3) rep. once. (108 sts.)

Cont. to dec. dec. 1 st. each side of PB13 on every 2nd row until 36 sts. rem. Cast off in patt.

TO MAKE UP

Lightly press work on wrong side. Fold top cast-off edge in half and neatly over-sew edges tog. Neatly join side edges. Press seam.

SOCKS

Materials: 5 (6) balls Villawool Slalom Sports and Ski Yarn; 1 set each of four Nos. 6 and 8 needles.

Measurements: Foot length, 9 1/2 (11) in.

Tension: 10 1/2 sts. to 2in.
Using No. 6 needles cast on 50 sts. (16, 16, 18), 56 sts. (20, 20, 16) on each needle. Work in rounds of k 1, p 1 rib for 6 (8) in. Change to No. 8 needles and proceed as follows:

at beg. next 4 rows. Cast off rem. 17 sts.

COLLAR

Seam right shoulder. Using No. 8 needles and c.c.1, pick up and knit 46 sts. round front neck, 30 round back neck. Cont. in st-st. for 4 rows. Cont. in 'k 1, p 1 rib for 4 1/2in. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press all st-st. on wrong side. With a darning needle work in satin-stitch, using c.c.1 along all marked stitches from basque to shoulders thus making vertical stripes. (This may be made with crochet needle and chain-stitch.) Seam left shoulder and collar. Seam sides and sleeves. Set in sleeves. Press seams and embroidery.

CAP

Using No. 8 needles and c.c.1, cast on 90 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1 1/2in. Change to No. 4 needles and m.c. and knit 1 row. Place a marker on 8th, 23rd, 38th, 53rd, 68th, 83rd sts. **Next Row:** Purl. Cont. in st-st. for 3 rows. Cont. in st-st. in patt. thus:

1st Row: 4 m.c. * 2 c.c.2, 3 m.c., 2 c.c.2, 8 m.c., rep. from * to last 11 sts., 2 c.c.2, 3 m.c., 2 c.c.2, 4 m.c. **2nd Row:** Same as first row. **3rd Row:** M.c. **4th Row:** C.c.1. **5th Row:** M.c. **6th & 7th Rows:** As first row.

Cont. in st-st. in m.c. only until work measures 6 1/2in.

Next Row: R.s.f. (k 2 tog.) 3 times, * k 3, (k 2 tog.) 6 times, rep. from * to last 9 sts., k 3, (k 2 tog.) 3 times. P 1 row.

Next Row: K 2 tog., across row. Break off wool leaving a long thread. Thread wool into darning needle, run needle through rem. sts., pull up firmly, end off. Embroider vertical stripes up marked sts.

TO MAKE UP

Press st-st. on wrong side. Seam back. Press seam. Make pompon of two contrast shades and stitch to crown.

Next Round: Knit. Rep. this round for 1in. for short socks and 6 (8) in. for long socks.

Next Round: K 1, k 2 tog., k to last 3 sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1. **Work 5 (3) rounds.** Rep. last 6 (4) rounds until 44 (48) sts. rem.

To Commence Heel: Knit first 12 sts. of round on one needle, slip last 12 sts. of round on other end of same needle (these 24 sts. are for heel), divide rem. sts. on 2 needles and leave for instep. **Work 19 (21) rows** on heel stitches in st-st., always slipping first stitch purlwise on purl row and knitwise on knit row.

To Turn Heel: K 13, k 2 tog., k 1 turn, p 4, p 2 tog., p 1 turn, k 5, k 2 tog., k 1 turn, p 6, p 2 tog., p 1 turn, k 7, k 2 tog., k 1 turn. Cont. thus, until all stitches are worked on one needle, then knit back 7 sts. thus completing heel. Slip instep sts. on one needle then with another needle knit rem. 7 sts. of heel and knit up 10 (12) sts. at side of heel, with 2nd needle knit across instep sts., then with 3rd needle knit up 10 (12) sts. at side of heel, then rem. 7 heel sts.

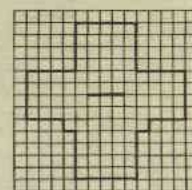
To shape instep:

1st Round: Knit.
2nd Round: 1st needle: Knit to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2; 2nd needle: Knit; 3rd needle: K 2, sl. 1, p.s.s.o., knit to end.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rounds until 10 (12) sts. rem. on 1st and 3rd needles. Cont. without further shaping until foot measures from side of heel where stitches were knitted up as follows: 6in. for 9 1/2in. foot, 7 1/2in. for 11in. foot.

To Shape Toe—1st Round: 1st needle: Knit to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1; 2nd needle: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1; 3rd needle: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to end.

2nd Round: Knit. Rep. these 2 rounds until 20 sts. rem., then divide stitches evenly on 2 needles and graft these stitches tog. Press lightly on wrong side.



ZERMATT . . . see page 5

Materials: Emu Magnum 10-ply, 12 balls main color (m.c.), 4 balls 1st contrast (c.c.1), 10 balls 2nd contrast (c.c.2); 1 each Nos. 7 and 8 crochet hooks.

Measurements: To fit 34in. bust; length, 22in.; sleeve seam, 11 1/2in.

Tension: 1 motif measures 3 1/2in. square.
Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; sl-st., slip-stitch; y.o.h., yarn over hook.

PETAL

* Y.o.h., insert hook into stitch and draw up a loop lin. in length, rep. from * once more, y.o.h. and draw through all loops.

1st MOTIF

Using No. 7 hook and c.c.1, make 6 ch. Join into circle with sl-st.

1st Round: 12 d.c. into circle, join in c.c.2 for last d.c. loop.

2nd Round: Pull up d.c. on hook 1 1/2in. in length, * 1 petal into next d.c., 3 ch., rep. from * to end of round. (12 petals).

3rd Round: Join in m.c., * 3 ch., 4 tr., 1 ch., 4 tr. into next space, 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next space, 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next space, rep. from * 3 times more. Join with sl-st., break wool.

2nd MOTIF

Work as 1st motif to end of 2nd row. Cont. thus: 3 ch., 3 tr. into next loop, 1 ch., 1 sl-st. into corner of 1st motif, 3 tr. into same loop of 2nd motif, 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop of 2nd motif, 1 ch., 1 sl-st. into centre loop of 1st motif, 1 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop of 2nd motif, 3 ch., 3 tr. into next loop of 2nd motif, 1 ch., 1 sl-st. into corner of 1st motif, 1 ch., 3 tr. into same loop of 2nd motif. Complete the motif.

3rd MOTIF

Work as 2nd motif.
Continue until motifs are joined at graph above, leaving an opening of 3 motifs for neck. Crochet side and sleeve seams together, folding gusset diagonally before joining.

Work 2 rows d.c. round neck edge, 4 rows d.c. round lower edge, 6 rows d.c. round sleeve edges.

MT. HOTHAM... page 8

Fair Isle design

Materials: 16 (20) balls Woolworths Nylo Sports main color (m.c.), 2 (2) balls 1st contrast (c.c.1), 3 (3) balls 2nd contrast (c.c.2); 1 pair each Nos. 7 and 9 knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit 34 (38) in. bust (actual measurement 2 in. larger for easy fit), length, 23½ (24½) in.; sleeve seam, 18½ (19½) in.

Tension: 5 sts. to 1 in.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles and m.c., cast on 92 (102) sts. Work 1½ in. k 1, p 1 rib.

Change to No. 7 needles and st-st. When work measures 15½ (15½) in. shape armholes by k 2 tog. each end every row 8 times to 76 (86) sts. Cont. in st-st. until armhole measures 4½ (5½) in. inc. 4 (5) sts. evenly across last row to 79 (91) sts.

Work in Fair Isle patt. thus:

1st Row: * K 3 m.c., 1 c.c.1, 8 m.c., rep. from * to last 7 sts., k 3 m.c., 1 c.c.1, 3 m.c.

2nd Row: * P 2 m.c., 1 c.c.1, 1 m.c., 1 c.c.1, 7 m.c., rep. from * to last 7 sts., p 2 m.c., 1 c.c.1, 1 m.c., 1 c.c.1, 2 m.c.

3rd Row: * (K 1 m.c., 1 c.c.1) 3 times, 3 m.c., 1 c.c.1, 2 m.c., rep. from * to last 7 sts., (k 1 m.c., 1 c.c.1) 3 times, 1 m.c.

4th Row: * (P 1 m.c., 1 c.c.1) 3 times, 2 m.c., 3 c.c.1, 1 m.c., rep. from * to last 7 sts., (p 1 m.c., 1 c.c.1) 3 times, 1 m.c.

5th Row: * K 1 c.c.1, 1 m.c., (3 c.c.1, 1 m.c.) twice, 2 c.c.1, rep. from * to last 7 sts., k 1 c.c.1, 1 m.c., 3 c.c.1, 1 m.c., 1 c.c.1.

6th Row: * P 2 m.c., 3 c.c.1, 2 m.c., 5 c.c.1, rep. from * to last 7 sts., p 2 m.c., 3 c.c.1, 2 m.c.

7th Row: * K 1 m.c., 5 c.c.1, 2 m.c., 3 c.c.1, 1 m.c., rep. from * to last 7 sts., k 1 m.c., 5 c.c.1, 1 m.c.

8th Row: * P 7 c.c.1, 2 m.c., 1 c.c.1,

2 m.c., rep. from * to last 7 sts., p 7 c.c.1.

9th Row: * K 8 c.c.1, 1 m.c., 1 c.c.1, 1 m.c., 1 c.c.1, rep. from * to last 7 sts., k 7 c.c.1.

10th Row: * P 3 c.c.1, 1 c.c.2, 5 c.c.1, 1 m.c., 2 c.c.1, rep. from * to last 7 sts., p 3 c.c.1, 1 c.c.2, 3 c.c.1.

11th Row: * K 3 c.c.1, 1 c.c.2, 5 c.c.1, 1 m.c., 2 c.c.1, rep. from * to last 7 sts., k 3 c.c.1, 1 c.c.2, 3 c.c.1.

12th Row: * P 2 c.c.1, 3 c.c.2, 7 c.c.1, rep. from * to last 7 sts., p 2 c.c.1, 3 c.c.2, 2 c.c.1.

13th Row: * K 1 c.c.1, 2 c.c.2, 1 c.c.1, 2 c.c.2, 6 c.c.1, rep. from * to last 7 sts., k 1 c.c.1, 2 c.c.2, 1 c.c.1, 2 c.c.2, 1 c.c.1.

14th Row: * P 3 c.c.2, 1 c.c.1, 3 c.c.2, 5 c.c.1, rep. from * to last 7 sts., p 3 c.c.2, 1 c.c.1, 3 c.c.2.

15th Row: * K 2 c.c.2, 1 c.c.1, 1 c.c.2, 1 c.c.1, 4 c.c.2, 1 c.c.1, 2 c.c.2, rep. from * to last 7 sts., k 2 c.c.2, 1 c.c.1, 1 c.c.2, 1 c.c.1, 2 c.c.2.

16th Row: With c.c.1, purl.

17th Row: * K 7 c.c.1, 5 c.c.2, rep. from * to last 7 sts., k 7 c.c.1.

18th Row: * P 2 c.c.2, 1 c.c.1, 1 c.c.2, 1 c.c.1, 7 c.c.2, rep. from * to last 7 sts., p 2 c.c.2, 1 c.c.1, 1 c.c.2, 1 c.c.1, 2 c.c.2.

19th Row: * K 3 c.c.2, 1 c.c.1, 5 c.c.2, 1 c.c.1, 2 c.c.2, rep. from * to last 7 sts., k 3 c.c.2, 1 c.c.1, 3 c.c.2.

20th Row: * P 3 c.c.2, 1 c.c.1, 5 c.c.2, 1 c.c.1, 2 c.c.2, rep. from * to last 7 sts., p 3 c.c.2, 1 c.c.1, 3 c.c.2.

21st Row: * K 8 c.c.2, 1 c.c.1, 1 c.c.2, 1 c.c.1, 1 c.c.2, rep. from * to last 7 sts., k 7 c.c.2.

22nd Row: * P 9 c.c.2, 1 c.c.1, 2 c.c.2, rep. from * to last 7 sts., p 7 c.c.2.

23rd Row: * K 9 c.c.2, 1 c.c.1, 2 c.c.2, rep. from * to last 7 sts., k 7 c.c.2.

24th Row: With c.c.2, purl.

Cont. in st-st. with c.c.2. When armholes measures 7½ (8½) in. shape shoulders by casting off 8 (9) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off 7 (8) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cont. st-st. on rem. 35 (41) sts. for 1 in. inc. 1 st. each end of every row. Cast off loosely.

FRONT

Work same as back.

SLEEVES

With No. 9 needles and m.c., cast on 46 (50) sts. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 2 in. Change to No. 7 needles, inc. 1 st. and cont. in st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end every 4th row to 79 (91) sts. When sleeve seam measures 15½ (16½) in. work Fair Isle patt. as for back. Begin sleeve shaping on 21st row by dec. 1 st. each end every row 8 times. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth on wrong side. Join shoulder seams, turn back neck facing and slip-st. into position. Sew in sleeves, sew up side and sleeve seams.

Lace-edged style

Materials: 21 (23, 25, 27) balls Woolworth Flash; 2 pr. Nos. 7 and 3 needles.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust — actual measurement will be 2 in. larger for an easy fit; length from top of shoulder, 22½ (22½, 23, 23½) in.; sleeve seam, 17 (17½, 17½, 18) in.

Tension: 7 sts. to 2 in.

BACK

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 76 (80, 84, 88) sts. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 2 rows; increase 1 st. on last row. 77 (81, 85, 89) sts. Cont. in following pattern:

1st Row: * K 2 tog., w.fwd., repeat from * to last st., k 1. 2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: K 1, * k 2 tog., w.fwd., rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2. 4th Row: Purl.

Repeat these 4 rows. When work measures 4 in., decrease 16 sts. evenly across last p row. 61 (65, 69, 73) sts. Change to No. 3 needles and st-st. When work measures 15 in. or required length, shape armholes by casting off 2 (2, 3, 4) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

Next Row: Purl.

Repeat last 2 rows until decreased to 47 (51, 53, 55) sts. Cont. in st-st. until armholes measure 7½ (7½, 8, 8½) in.

To Shape Shoulders and Neck—Next Row: Cast off 4 (5, 6, 5) sts., k 13 (13,

13, 15) sts., leave rem. sts. on a spare needle. Cast off 2 sts. at neck edge of next row and k 2 tog. at neck edge on following alternate row; at same time cast off 5 (5, 5, 6) sts. at armhole edge, every alt. row twice. Join yarn at neck edge, cast off 13 (15, 15, 15) sts. K to end. Work to correspond with other side.

FRONT

Work same as for back until armholes measure 5½ (5½, 6, 6½) in.

To Shape Neck—Next Row: K 18 (19, 20, 21) sts., leave remaining sts. on a spare needle. Continue on these 18 (19, 20, 21) sts. K 2 tog. at neck edge every alternate row 4 times. When armhole measures 7½ (7½, 8, 8½) in. shape shoulder by casting off 4 (5, 6, 5) sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row twice. Join yarn at neck edge, cast off 11 (13, 13, 13) sts., k to end. Work to correspond with other side.

SLEEVES

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 33 (35, 35, 37) sts. Work as back until work measures 3 in. Decrease 5 sts. evenly across last purl row to 28 (30, 30, 32) sts. Change to No. 3 needles and work in st-st., increasing 1 st. each end of every 5th row until increased to 50 (52, 56, 60) sts. When sleeve seam measures 17 (17½, 17½, 18) in. or required length, shape top by casting off 2 (2, 3, 4) sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 3, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 5 sts. K 2 tog., k 3. Next Row: Purl. Rep. these 2 rows until decreased to 14 sts. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 84 (86, 86, 86) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 rows; increase 1 st. and work in pattern same as for basque until work measures 3 in. Work in st-st. for 2 in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth on wrong side of work. Join shoulder seams, stitch sleeves round armholes, sew up side and sleeve seams. Join collar neatly up back, stitch round neck on wrong side and allow to roll back on to right side.

MT. BUFFALO... page 8

Materials: Patons Nyllette Crepe yarn: Top: 11 (12, 13) balls; Skirt: 12 (13, 14) balls; Milwards Phantom crochet hooks Nos. 8 and 9; elastic for waist of skirt; 7 in. Lightning zip fastener (Gold Pack).

Measurements: Top: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length, 21 (21½, 22) in.; sleeve, 17 in. (all sizes). Skirt: To fit 33 (35, 37) inch hips; length, 35 in.

Tension: 9 tr. to 2 in.

TOP FRONT

Use No. 9 hook; make 118 (124, 130) ch.

1st Row: 1 tr. in 7th ch. from hook, * 2 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 tr. in next ch. Rep. from * to end, 3 ch., turn.

2nd Row: Miss 1st tr., 1 tr. in ch. sp., * 1 tr. in tr., 1 tr. in ch. sp. Rep. from * to end, 3 ch., turn.

3rd Row: 1 tr. in each tr., 3 ch. turn. Rep. 3rd row once.

5th Row: Miss 1 tr., 1 tr. in next tr., * 2 ch., miss 1 tr., 1 tr. in next tr. Rep. from * to end, 3 ch., turn.

6th Row: As 2nd row. Rep. 3rd row until work measures 12 in. from beg.

To Shape Armholes: Cont. in tr., sl-st. over 5 tr., work to last 5 tr., turn. Dec. 1 st. at each end of next 4 (5, 6) rows. Work 1 (2, 3) rows.

To Shape Neck: Patt. 20 sts., turn. Dec. 1 st. at neck edge and beg. of next and every row until 12 decs. have been made. Cont. without shaping until armhole measures 7½ (8, 8½) in. Fasten off. Leave centre 20 (22, 24) sts. unworked, join in yarn and work on rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

BACK

Work as front until work measures 11 in. **To Shape Neck:** Work 16 (17, 18) tr., turn. Next Row: Work to end.

To Shape Armholes—Next Row: Slip-st. over 5 tr., work to end. Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge of every row until 7 sts. remain. Cont. without shaping until armhole measures as front armhole. Fasten off. Leave 44 (46, 48) tr. unworked, join in yarn to rem. 16 (17, 18) tr., work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

Use No. 9 hook; make 42 (45, 49) ch. 1st Row: 1 tr. in 4th ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each ch. to end, 3 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 1 tr. in each tr., 3 ch., turn.

3rd Row: As 2nd row.

4th Row: 1 tr. in next st., * 2 ch., miss 1 tr., 1 tr. in next st., rep. from * to end, 3 ch., turn.

5th Row: 1 tr. in next st., * 2 tr. in next 2 ch. sp. Rep. from * to end, 3 ch., turn.

6th Row: 1 tr. in each tr., 3 ch., turn. Rep. 6th row 4 times. Cont. in tr., inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every foll. 4th row until there are 58 (62, 66) sts. Cont. without shaping until sleeve measures 17 in.

Next Row: Slip-st. over 3 (4, 5) sts. Work to last 3 (4, 5) sts., turn. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 7 rows. Dec. 2 sts. each end of next 3 rows, and 3 sts. at each end of next row. Fasten off.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. Right side of work facing, join in yarn at shoulder edge, 4 ch., miss 2 sts., 1 tr. in next st., * 2 ch., miss 2 sts., 1 tr. in next st. Rep. from * to end, join with a sl-st.

2nd Round: 3 ch., * 1 tr. in centre ch. of previous row, 1 ch., miss 1 tr. Rep. from * to end of round, join with a sl-st.

3rd Round: As 2nd round. Work 1 round d.c. Fasten off.

Press work on wrong side. Join seams. Sew in sleeves. Work foll. round lower edge of bodice: R.s.f., join in yarn at side seam, 4 ch., 1 d.tr. in same st., 2 d.tr. in each tr. of foundation row, join with a sl-st. Fasten off. Finally, press all seams.

SKIRT BACK AND FRONT (Alike)

Use No. 8 hook; make 95 (101, 107) ch.

1st Row: 1 tr. in 5th ch. from hook, * 2 ch., miss 1 ch., 1 tr. in next ch. Rep. from * to end, 3 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 1 tr. in each tr., and 1 tr. in each ch. sp. to end, 3 ch., turn.

Work 2 more rows of tr., then 1 row holes, working 1 tr. in every 2nd tr. * Work 7 rows tr., dec. 1 st. each end of 4th row, then 1 row holes; 3 rows tr.; 1 row holes. Rep. from * twice. Work 7 rows tr., dec. as before in 4th row, then 1 row holes. Cont. in tr., dec. each end of foll. 4th row, then each end of every 5th row 3 times, then every 3rd row until work measures 34 in., or lin. less than length required. Fasten off.

Join side seams, leaving 7 in. on left side open for zip fastener. Herringbone elastic to waistline. Hem Edge: Work 1 row d.tr. around lower edge, making 2 d.tr. in each tr. of foundation row.

DAVOS... page 8

Materials: Patons Holiday knitting yarn: 8 (9) balls main color (m.c.); 6 (7) balls 1st contrast color (c.c.1); 6 (7) balls 2nd contrast color (c.c.2); 4 (4) balls 3rd contrast color (c.c.3); 1 pr. each Nos. 9 and 11 needles; 1 stitchholder; 18 in. Lightning zip fastener.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36) in. bust; length, 53½ (54) in.

Tension: 13 sts. to 2 in.

Color Sequence: 27 rows m.c., 27 rows c.c.1, 27 rows c.c.2, 9 rows c.c.3.

FRONT

With No. 9 needles and c.c.1, cast on 118 (126) sts., work st-st. for 16 rows.

Next Row: Form a hem: Fold cast-on edge up behind work and knit tog. each stitch with corresponding st. of cast-on edge all across row.

Next Row: Purl. Work in st-st. for 17 rows. Join in c.c.1 and cont. in st-st. for 27 rows. Join in c.c.2 and cont. in st-st. for 27 rows. Join in c.c.3 and cont. in st-st. for 9 rows. Cont. in color sequence until work measures 46½ in. or length required to underarm.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 4 (5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 6 rows. Cont., dec. 1 st. each end of 4th row and every 4th foll. row to 78 (84) sts. Cont. until armhole measures 5½ (6) in. on straight.

To Shape Neck: R.s.f., knit 26 (28) sts., cast off 26 (28), k 26 (28).

Next Row: P 24 (26), p 2 tog., turn — work on this side only, leaving rem. sts. on holder.

Cont. in color sequence and st-st., dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row to 18 (20) sts. Cont. until armhole measures 7 (7½) in. on the straight.

To Shape Shoulder: Wrong side facing, cast off 9 (10) sts. at beg. of next row and next alt. row. Return to sts. on holder and work this side to correspond.

FRONT COLLAR

R.s.f., using No. 9 needles and c.c.3, pick up and knit 48 (50) sts. around front of neck.

Next Row: P 2 (3), * p in front and back of next st., p 1, p in front and back of next st., p 2. Rep. from * to * to last 1 (2) sts., p 1 (2). 66 (68) sts.

Next Row: Change to No. 11 needles, (k 1, p 1) in first st., k 1, p 1 rib to last st., (k 1, p 1) in last st.

Next Row: K 1, p 1 rib to end of row.

Cont. in k 1, p 1 rib, inc. 1 st. each end of every alt. row until collar measures 5 in. Cast off loosely in rib.

BACK

Work as front to 37 (37½) in.

To Divide for Zip: R.s.f., k 59 (63), turn — work on this side only, leaving rem. sts. on holder. Cont. in st-st. and color sequence until work measures 46½ in.

To Shape Armhole: R.s.f., cast off 4 (5) sts. at beg. of next row. Dec. 1 st. at same edge on next 6 rows and then every 4th foll. row to 39 (42) sts. Cont. until armhole measures 7 (7½) in. on straight.

To Shape Shoulder: R.s.f., cast off 9 (10) sts. at beg. of next row and next alt. row.

Next Row: Wrong side facing, and using c.c.3, p 1 (0), * p in front and back of next st., p 1, * rep. from * to * to end of row. 31 (33) sts. Change to No. 11 needles.

Next Row: (K 1, p 1) in first st., k 1, p 1 rib to end of row.

Next Row: K 1, p 1 rib to end.

Cont. in k 1, p 1 rib, inc. 1 st. at shoulder edge every alt. row for 5 in. Cast off in rib. Return to sts. on holder and work this side to correspond.

Armhole Facing: Seam shoulders and ends of collar. Using No. 9 needles and c.c.3, r.s.f., pick up and knit 108 (114) sts. evenly round armhole, work in st-st. for 5 rows, inc. 1 st. each end of every alt. row. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Fit zip fastener to centre back, omitting collar. Using fine back-stitch, seam sides. Slip-stitch armhole facings in place. Press all seams. Make a belt in French knitting thus: Take cotton reel with hole in centre, hammer 5 nails equal distances apart around hole. Thread end of yarn through hole and hold. Wind yarn around each nail clockwise. * Place yarn outside nail but resting on it, and lift loop over it*. Rep. from * to * along each nail in turn for as long as felt desired, pulling it through centre hole as you go.

SKI-SLOPE STYLES TO KNIT — Page 7

SNOW HOLIDAYS

Daytime clothes need to be warm, comfortable, and designed for complete freedom of action; at night you can go all out for easy-going glamor.



DAVOS. Loosely clinging elongated sweater dress (above) for after-ski elegance is caught at the waist with a self tie. Directions are on page 7.

MT. HOTHAM. Fair Isle sweater, below right, is for 34 and 38in. bust sizes; lace-edged style, below left for 32-38in. Directions on page 7.



Page 8 — SKI-SLOPE STYLES TO KNIT



KOSCIUSKO. Op-art sweater (above) with bold diagonal stripes in black and white worn here with brilliant red. Directions for 34 and 36in. bust measurements are on page 6.

MT. BUFFALO. For nights in front of a blazing fire, a long glamorous hostess skirt and matching top lined with contrast silk (right). Directions for 32, 34, and 36in. bust sizes are on page 7.



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The boy was hairy or acting